THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in the U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. LXXXVIII, No. 4 New York, January 23, 1926 Whole Number 1866

TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

WHY THE ANTHRACITE STRIKE MUST GO ON

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH is now envisaged as a result of the failure of the anthracite miners and operators at their New York conference to agree on any plan for ending the strike. "The coal strike apparently is to go on to a knockout," remarks the New York *Sun*, which is grieved to see the public interest sacrificed and months of negotiation brought to a futile and fruitless end by "obstinacy and arrogance." The continuance of the struggle, we are warned, may mean attempts to operate mines in spite of the union, with resulting violence and destruction of property. "Feeling between the miners and operators is even more bitter than before the resumption of conferences," reports the Washington *Star*. But, "when two opposed forces are so completely opposed as these two, there is, after all, but one solvent," says the Newark *News*, "and that is economic pressure." Already the people of the East, we are reminded, have gained a knowledge of the use of substitutes and a realization that anthracite is a luxury rather than a necessity. This realization, in the opinion of the New York *Herald Tribune*, amounts to a "victory" for the public, because it frees it from the "bluff" of the anthracite industry. Consequently there is a growing section of public opinion, according to newspaper observers, that feels that a continuance of the strike leading to an ultimate permanent settlement is to be preferred to an early makeshift peace to be followed as hitherto by periodical stoppages of mining. Meanwhile the anthracite-using public turns, in hope of legislative relief, to Washington, where Congress is in session, and to Harrisburg, the capital of the anthracite-producing State of Pennsylvania, where the Legislature is in special session at the call of Governor Pinchot to consider the anthracite situation.

FACTS ABOUT ANTHRACITE COAL STRIKE

Strike began September 1, 1925.
Workers involved, 158,000.
Area affected, 10 counties in northeastern Pennsylvania, covering 500 square miles, practically the only commercial anthracite section in the United States.
Maintenance men remaining on duty to preserve property, 8,000.
Loss in wages per day, $1,150,000. Loss in daily production, 266,000 tons.
Cause of suspension: expiration of two-year contract, August 31, 1925, and failure to reach new agreement.
Demands for miners: 10 per cent. increase in tonnage rates; $1 a day additional for day men; check-off; equalization of day rates; two-year contract, and other features.
Reply of operators: would not consider demands that increased cost of mining, and suggested arbitration.
Conference between operators and miners in New York, December 29 to January 12.

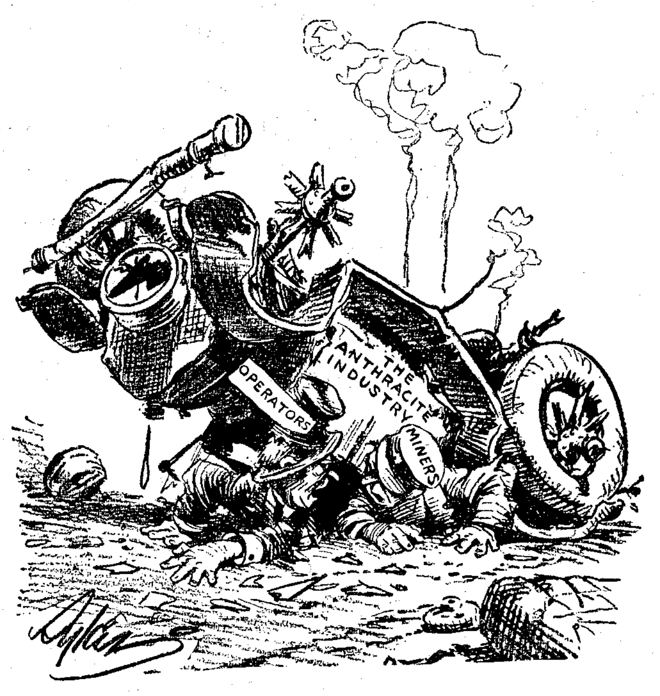
FORMER COAL STRIKES AND SUSPENSIONS

1900—September 12 to October 29.
1902—May 12 to October 23.
1906—April 1 to May 7.
1909—No suspension during wage negotiations.
1912—April 1 to May 20.
1916—No suspension during negotiations.
1920—"Vacation strikes" for varying periods in September.
1922—April 1 to September 11.
1923—September 1 to September 19.

—*From the Springfield Republican.*

But while the public learns, with some irritation, to put up with substitutes, the real victims of the strike seem to be the operators, whose profits are vanishing; the miners, whose wages have been cut off since August; and northeastern Pennsylvania, where the mines are located. While the Eastern cities are enshrouded in an unaccustomed pall of soft-coal smoke, this anthracite-producing section of Pennsylvania lies under the figurative but none the less real shadow of the indefinite continuance of a strike that has already brought business to a standstill. Business maps of the United States published at the beginning of the new year showed all sections of the country either white or gray (meaning "good" and "fair" business conditions) except the anthracite region, where the business situation was indicated by black. Since the beginning of the strike the daily loss in anthracite production in this section has amounted to 266,000 tons, and the daily loss in wages to $1,150,000. The day after the break-up of the coal conference a dispatch from Wilkes-Barre, in this section, reported that an atmosphere of depression and pessimism had settled over "this city and every other community in the Wyoming Valley, where the mining of coal is the basic industry." In a Scranton dispatch to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, we read that "soup and bread lines are increasing, and many cases of suffering from lack of food and fuel have been reported to relief organizations." But the dispatch adds that "despite the depression and suffering the miners have indicated they will stand by the decision of their representatives and remain idle until ordered back to work by the union heads." "On the future calendars of the anthracite country January 12, 1926, should be marked as Black Tuesday," declares the New York *Evening Post*, which goes on to say:

> "The shadow that has come and gone over the hard-coal regions for years is darker to-day than ever before. Its cities, towns and villages, its shops, banks, schools and churches are built upon coal. Anthracite is their life. Coal is their foundation. In ten Pennsylvania counties hundreds of communities depend upon coal.
>
> "It is the dominant industry. Hundreds of thousands are fed, housed and clothed by it. Take it away or destroy or limit its markets, and a great region will be the shell of its former self.
>
> "Anthracite has been destroying its markets for ten years. Strikes, suspensions and high prices have done their dangerous work. There is a limit to the consumer's patience and to the prices he will pay. When that limit is reached he hunts for substitutes and finds them.
>
> "This is not about to happen. It has happened. The trend has been faster and faster for five years. In the past autumn it



"NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!"
—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post.*

speeded up enormously. There are villages where half the homes are now oil-heated. There are city blocks where six homes in ten have quit anthracite for good. Hundreds of dealers realize semi-anthracite has come into the old anthracite markets to stay.

"The time for worrying over the possible 40,000,000 would-be hard-coal users of last September has gone by. They refuse to freeze to death while there is oil, coke, gas, electricity or soft coal left in the world. An insane industry has forced them to look after themselves. That, exactly, is what they have done, are doing, and will do in the future. They are writing the death-warrant of the industry in New England, and up and down the Atlantic seaboard.

"The situation is dwindling until it vitally concerns only the operator, the miner and the hard-coal country. Ten Pennsylvania counties depend almost wholly, or in part, on the mines. Three of these produce 75 per cent. of all anthracite. Their 125,000 miners are about 80 per cent. of all hard-coal workers. An industry with 828 mines controlled by 125 companies centers in these three.

"What of the future for the 390,000 people in Luzerne County, for Schuylkill's 217,000 and Lackawanna's 268,000? What of Scranton, third city of the State, with its 137,000? Of Wilkes-Barre, with its 73,000? Of the lesser coal cities, such as Hazleton, with 32,000; Pottsville, with 21,000, and Shamokin, with as many?

"Had operators and miners, the trustees of the industry, loosed an armed invasion instead of a coal strike on the anthracite country last fall, financial losses would hardly have been greater. Had they been decreeing yesterday [January 12], the continuance of an armed occupation, they could not have hurt the coal regions more."

Turning to the press of this stricken region, we find the Carbondale *Leader* attributing the failure of the New York conference to the fact that both the miners and the operators "were fighting like hell for their respective sides, their respective interests," and both "left out of consideration the fact that the public's interest was greater than their private interest." Consequently "there is a great deal of bitterness by each side against the other, and a great deal of bitterness on the part of the public against both sides." As this paper sees it:

"Public opinion must again force these men together to submit their causes to a commission appointed by the highest authority in the land, the President of the United States; and that court should be composed of the wisest and best qualified men in the nation. If such a court is created, each side will receive just treatment. The public mind is set upon justice to all."

"The break-up of the anthracite conference has cast a pall of gloom over the anthracite region," says the Wilkes-Barre *Record,* which sees little hope of any immediate relief from either Washington or Harrisburg. We read:

"What shall be the next step? Some people look to the President of the United States to end the suspense, but the Executive appears to be disinclined to act, or he realizes that there is nothing much that he can do in time to avert calamity in this region. He might suggest mediation, but other efforts toward mediation have failed. By the time proposed legislation ran through the course of committee deliberation and debate on the floor of Congress and, possibly, a test in the courts on the ground of constitutionality, much time would be consumed.

"The same is true of possible action by the Pennsylvania Legislature. One plan advocated is to classify coal as a public utility and bring it under the jurisdiction of the Public Service Commission. But if the commission were so empowered, it would require time for it to formulate regulations, and then a long period of litigation would follow.

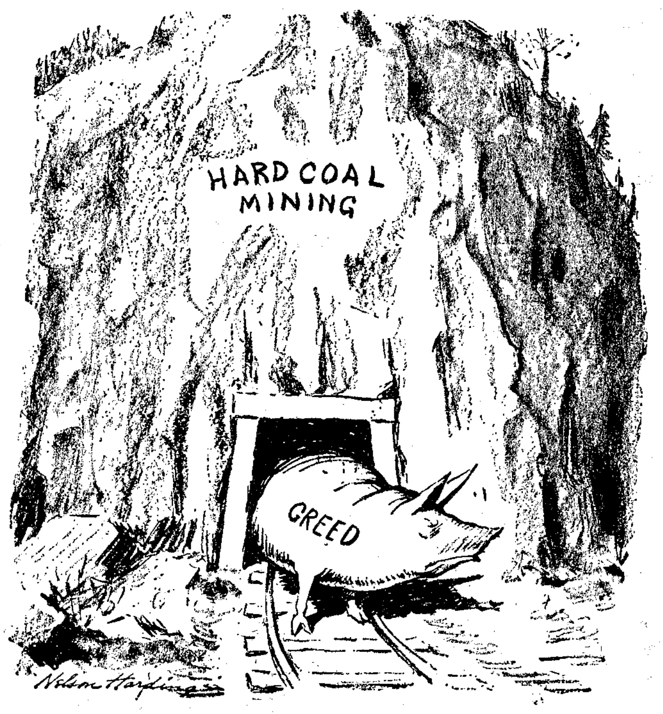
"It is hardly likely that either Federal or State legislation would result in the opening of the mines in time to secure fuel for the winter. Other methods must be depended upon."

Pessimism, regret and anxiety chilled the hearts of thousands when the coal conference adjourned, reports the Shamokin *News,* in which we read further:

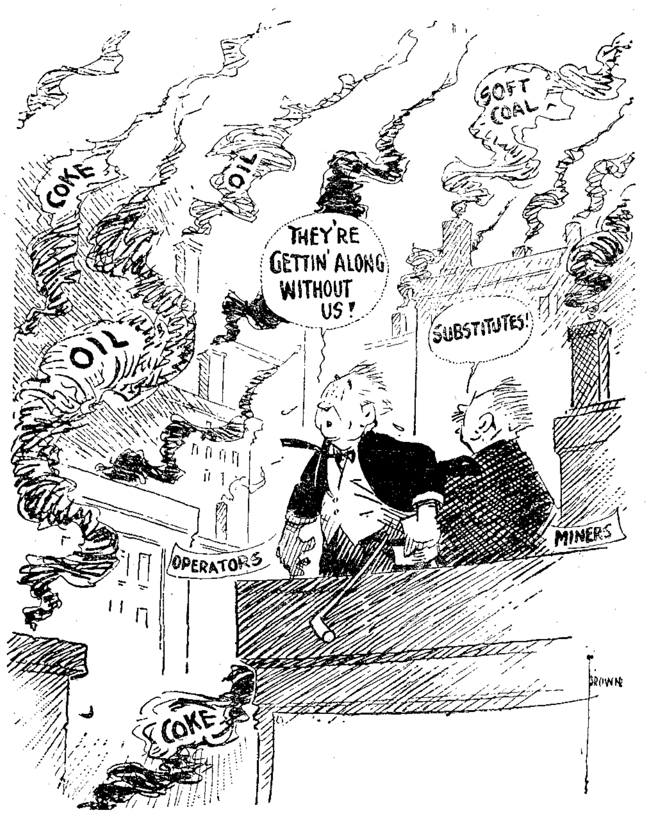
"Merchants received the ill tidings with deep regret, and stated that unless a settlement is reached very shortly many of the stores will be compelled to close their doors. Conditions in this section are rapidly growing worse, and unless some action is taken there will be thousands of people compelled to beg or steal in order that they may not starve to death."

In Pennsylvania's hard-coal regions "eager hopes have turned to sullen despair and a bitter determination not to surrender," reports the Sunbury *Daily,* which warns the operators against any attempt to open the mines without the consent of the union. Says this Pennsylvania paper:

"With soup kitchens for the starving in every big town, with bankruptcy sales a daily commonplace, with finance companies taking back thousands of used cars, with mortgages placed on homes won through years of industry, with hunger and privation in a hundred thousand homes, the effects of five months of idleness are apparent. There is more than a suspicion in the region



BASIC INDUSTRY INCREASES ANNUAL OUTPUT
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*



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THIS VIEW MIGHT HELP
—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

that the operators feel that now is the time if ever to break the union. They have few wages to pay and the coal stock in trade stays in the ground.

"The people of central Pennsylvania have had little sympathy or patience with either miners or operators in the constant bickerings and frequent strikes, but they will have less over any attempt to break the union and open the mines without its sanction."

The strike of the anthracite miners began on September 1, 1925. After it had been under way some time, Governor Pinchot attempted to bring about a settlement, but failed. Then on December 29 representatives of the miners and operators began a series of conferences at the Union League Club in New York. After important concessions by both sides had seemed to promise an agreement, the conferees came to a deadlock over arbitration on January 12, and the conference was adjourned "*sine die* subject to the call of the Chair at the request of either party." Each side blames the other for the break-up. According to a statement issued by the operators, President John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers adopted throughout the conferences a "rule or ruin" attitude and "refused to consider any constructive policy." To quote this statement further:

> "While the operators were pressing for practical measures to end the strike and put the industry on a permanent basis, Mr. Lewis dragged in unconstitutional proposals for Federal price-fixing and wage-fixing. . . .
>
> "The operators offered to open the mines, pay the old wages, and while production is going on submit every issue in dispute to arbitration. The utmost effort has been made to meet Mr. Lewis's views, but he will consent to no settlement on a basis on which the industry could reasonably be expected to exist.
>
> "The breaking up of the conference is due to just one cause—the refusal of Mr. Lewis to accept any form of settlement that would bring some assurance of peace to the industry. Until his attitude changes, further discussion is useless."

Mr. Lewis, speaking for the miners, offers a very different explanation of the deadlock. In a statement to the press he says in part:

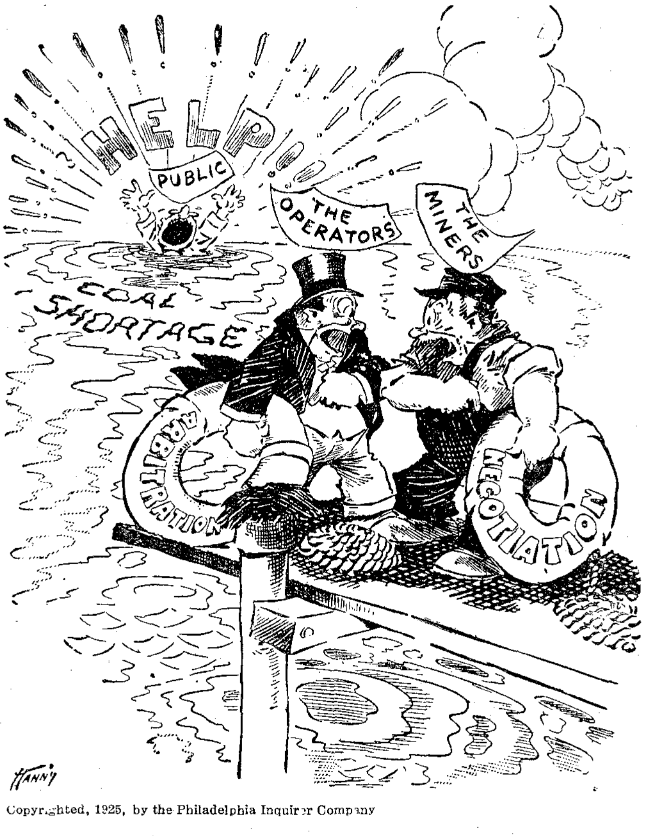
> "The operators from the start offered only their own brand of arbitration as a basis of settlement. They refused to include in this arbitration the fixing of their profits or the arbitration of the prices which they would charge the public for their coal. The mine workers maintained that arbitration of the human rights involved, without similar arbitration of the property rights, lacked the elements of justice and was in itself no panacea for the problems of the anthracite industry.
>
> "The mine workers are more than ever firmly resolved to continue their struggle for justice and an honorable working agreement in the anthracite industry that will preserve for them the wage standards and conditions for which they have struggled and sacrificed."

In the anthracite district we find the Pottsville *Republican* agreeing with Mr. Lewis and arguing that: "If it is proper to arbitrate how much a miner shall eat, what kind of a house he shall dwell in, and what comforts and education his family shall have, it must be conceded as proper to arbitrate the price of coal, the profits of which have been sufficiently high to give the operators the most lavish of all of these."

But in the New York *Times* we find the answering argument that "while wages and standards of living present no insuperable difficulty to the arbitrament of fact and reason," the arbitration of prices and profits does present such difficulty. Says *The Times:*

> "The matter of regulating profits, of fixing prices, involves delicate and complex problems of administration, of the interplay of economic forces, of constitutionality. The question is not whether it shall be but whether it can be made subject to reasonable adjustment."

Among the daily papers generally, the miners seem to have sacrificed some sympathy by their rejection of the operators' arbitration offer. "Mr. Lewis may rage and storm against the operators," remarks the Springfield *Union,* "but so long as he persists in his stubborn opposition to arbitration, he can not escape the responsibility for prolonging the strike and inflicting misery upon the families of the strikers."



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WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN THE METHOD; WE WANT TO BE SAVED
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

PLANNING RAILROAD PEACE

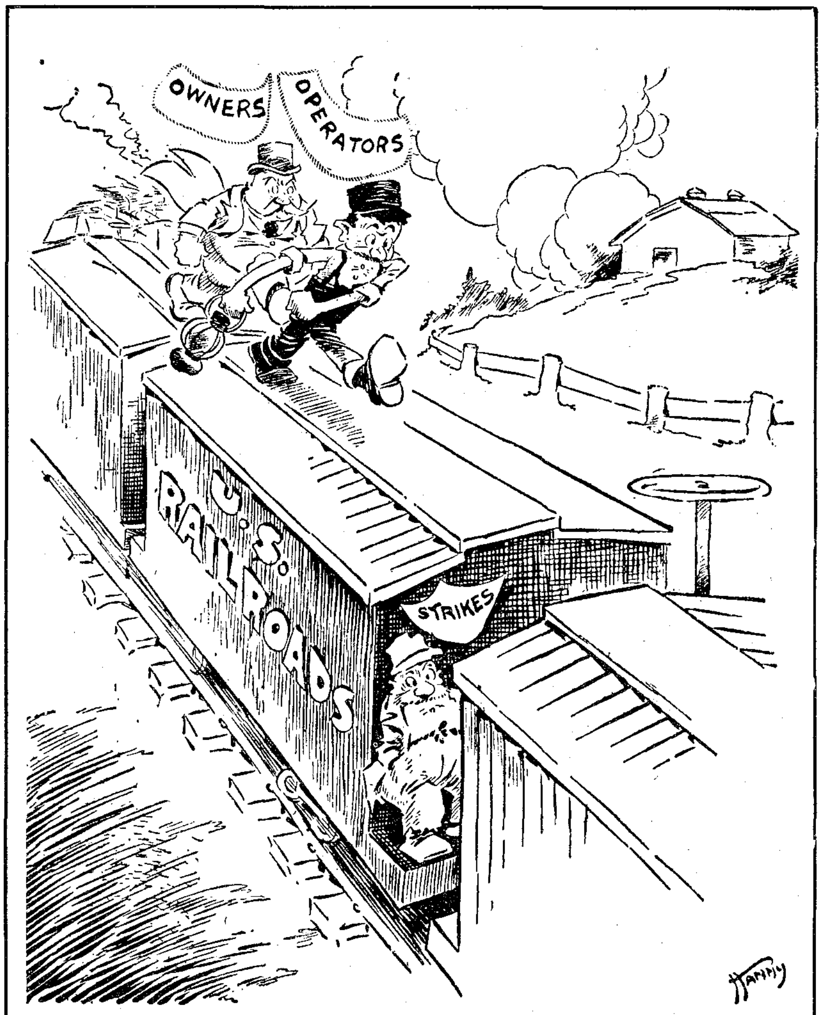
LOCARNO IS STILL SUCH A MAGIC WORD that our editors can not help using it in speaking of the agreement of railway operators and workers on a new plan for preventing strikes. It seems, for instance, to the Birmingham *News*, that the proposal is a sort of "Locarno pact" for the transportation workers of America, and both the New York *Sun* and the Denver *Rocky Mountain News* like the phrase "an economic Locarno." The point is that the railway brotherhoods and a group of executives representing a majority of the railroads have agreed to ask Congress to institute new mediation machinery to take the place of the old Railway Labor Board. To the most of our newspapers in all parts of the country the new plan seems of obvious merit and they give it a hearty welcome. "Peace in the transportation world, long the goal of those who guide the destinies of capital and labor, is at last in sight," writes David Lawrence in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches from Washington. As this writer reviews some of the events leading up to the agreement on a new formula:

"Back of the La Follette third-party movement last year were the railway brotherhoods. They had resorted to political warfare because of a belief that railroad executives were engaged in a systematic effort to wipe out the labor standards achieved during war-time control of the railroads by the Government. All during the Wilson Administration, the railroad brotherhoods and affiliated organizations had found a sympathetic attitude in Washington.

"When the Transportation Act of 1920 really began in succeeding years under the Harding Administration to operate, some of the railroad executives thought an opportunity had come to break down what the railroad brotherhoods had gained. The struggle before the United States Labor Board revealed that both sides could not be expected to obey the edicts of that tribunal. The ill-fated shopmen's strike of 1922 found the country without adequate machinery to bring industrial peace on the railroads. Some of the effects of that strike are still being felt in defective equipment and inefficient service, tho the railroads counted as a real victory their ability to check the rising power of the unions.

"Now the heads of the union and the railroad executives have discovered that it is far better for them to agree on a machinery to maintain peace than to be subjected to what they consider the arbitrary acts of a governmental body like the United States Labor Board.

"With the railroad executives and labor leaders in agreement now on a practical plan for industrial peace, there is little doubt that Congress will enact the necessary legislation and that it will have the active support and approval of President Coolidge."



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A NON-PAYING PASSENGER WHO IS ABOUT TO GET OFF

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

The provisions of the bill which the railway executives and workers have agreed to recommend to Congress are summed up as follows in the Washington dispatches:

"1. That it shall be the duty of the parties to exert every reasonable effort to make and maintain agreements.

"2. Any and all disputes shall be first considered in conference between the parties directly interested.

"3. Adjustment boards shall be established by agreement, which shall be either between an individual carrier and its employees, or regional, or national. These adjustment boards will have jurisdiction over any disputes relating to grievances or to the interpretation or application of existing agreements, but will have no jurisdiction over changes in rates of pay, rules or working conditions.

"It is, however, provided that nothing in the act shall be construed to prohibit an individual carrier and its employees from agreeing upon settlement of disputes through such machinery of contract and adjustment as they may mutually establish.

"4. A board of mediation is created to consist of five members appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, with the duty to intervene, at the request of either party, or on its own motion, in any unsettled labor dispute. If it is unable to bring about an amicable adjustment between the parties, it is required to make an effort to induce them to consent to arbitration.

"5. Boards of arbitration are provided for, when both parties consent to arbitrate, also the method of selecting members of the boards and the arbitration procedure. Any award made by the arbitrators shall be filed in the appropriate district court of the United States and shall become a judgment of the court, binding upon the parties.

"6. In the possible event that a dispute between a carrier and its employees is not settled under any of the foregoing methods, provision is made that the board of mediation, if in its judgment the dispute threatens to substantially interrupt interstate commerce, shall notify the President, who is thereupon authorized, in his discretion, to create a board to investigate and report to the President within thirty days from the date of the creation of the board. It is also provided that, after the creation of such a board and for thirty days after it has made its report to the President, no change, except by agreement, shall be made by the parties to the controversy in the conditions out of which the dispute arose."

Both sides, according to the Washington dispatches, believe that this machinery will result in the amicable adjustment of future labor disputes without interruption of transportation. The plan, observes *The Nation*, provides instead of the existing Railroad Labor Board "a less pretentious but more practical medium for railroad peace." The Springfield *Republican*, however, insists that "the Labor Board has been far from in-effective and was in particular an important factor in steadying public opinion." This union paper goes on to predict that the railroad brotherhoods are likely to present new wage demands after the new legislation is well on the road to enactment, and that the management will probably meet them half-way, so that "the first thing that seems certain to follow the abolition of the Labor Board will be an advance in wages." Having railroad finances in mind, *The Wall Street News* is pleased over the prospect of legislation promising to stabilize the railroad business, and deems it unnecessary "to recount the beneficial results which investors in railroad securities can visualize in a program aimed to prevent interruption of transportation." The chief merit of the recommendations, observes the New York *World*—and here the New York *Sun*, *Times*, and Baltimore *Sun* agree—"is that they are actually desired by the two parties whose interests they immediately concern."

The decision of the brotherhoods and the railway executives that they have a common interest in avoiding industrial warfare, is not wondered at by the Denver *Rocky Mountain News*, which observes:

> "The dividing line between railroad labor and railroad capital or management is imaginary, a hangover from scrapped economic doctrines. The brotherhoods are capitalists in their own rights. They are in the banking business, and own buildings and real estate. They have large incomes from their investments. They are becoming factors in Wall Street even. The big brotherhoods stand apart in their dealings with employers because they have larger responsibilities. They are thinking maybe of the investments which stand behind them and the jeopardy of radical actions."

Reason for optimism is seen by the New Haven *Register* in the fact that a process similar to that recommended in the railway field "has been in successful operation in the State of Colorado under a State law since the spring of 1915." And when the Connecticut paper goes on to recommend the example to the attention of the anthracite miners and operators, the Boston *Globe*, New York *Times* and Jersey City *Journal* heartily agree.

And yet, there are the pessimists. The Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, with the history of the Railway Labor Board in mind, "can not feel the rosiest hopes for the success of this new legislation." And the Montgomery *Advertiser* thinks it perfectly safe to predict that the new scheme "will not work."

The one weakness of the plan, in the opinion of papers like the New York *Evening Post*, Newark *News*, Brooklyn *Times*, Syracuse *Post-Standard*, and Macon *Telegraph* is the lack of consideration for the public. The Georgia daily sees the public "left out in the cold." In its opinion, "if the law is to be effective, it must make provision that the President of the United States shall, when other methods have failed, and an economic struggle becomes a gorgeous luxury for the people to support, force arbitration."

Something of the same idea is back of protests from representatives of shippers and manufacturers who like the new plan, but think it ought to afford better protection "to the paramount public interest." They suggest these three changes:

> "1. That the board of mediation created under the act be authorized to summon witnesses and examine books of the parties to controversy.
>
> "2. That the provision which provides that there shall be no 'change in the status quo' for thirty days after the facts in any controversy have been published by the executive shall be amended directly to 'prohibit strikes or walkouts during that period.'
>
> "3. That instead of the mediation commission determining when a deadlock exists and acting accordingly, that power be imposed directly on the President."

We are reminded that this peace pact does not apply to all railroad labor by the fact that the Federated Shop Crafts, the American Federation of Labor group in the railroad ranks, have just filed demands for increased wages.

FINDINGS OF THE *S-51* NAVAL COURT

THE WORST SUBMARINE DISASTER in the history of our Navy—the sinking of the *S-51* by the steamship *City of Rome*, on a moonlight night last September—may, we read in Washington dispatches, result in legal action by the Department of Justice against the owners and operators of the *City of Rome*. For a naval court of inquiry now holds the steamship to be wholly responsible for the disaster. Among other things the court finds that the submarine was rammed and sunk by the steamer, with the loss of thirty-three officers and men, under circumstances which, according to the rules of the sea, required the steamer to "keep out of the way." Other points emphasized in the findings, as summarized in the New York *Herald Tribune*, are:

> "The *City of Rome* failed to provide and maintain an adequate lookout.
>
> "The *City of Rome* did not slacken her speed or stop or reverse until after the collision with the *S-51*.
>
> "The *City of Rome* left no marker after the wreck, and failed to call for assistance."

The *S-51*, says the naval report, was sunk at 10:24 o'clock at night near Block Island, R. I., after its white light had been visible to and observed by officers of the *City of Rome* from a distance of five miles. Says the report, in part:

> "At 10:03 P. M., Adamson, the lookout on the *City of Rome*, sighted a bright white light four points on her starboard bow, which he immediately reported to Third Officer Dreyer, then on watch in the pilot-house. This light, which later developed to be on the *S-51*, was estimated by Adamson to be about five miles off when first sighted.
>
> "The light when sighted bore four points on the starboard bow of the *City of Rome*, and this bearing remained constant until the collision occurred.
>
> "No danger of collision was deemed to exist, and nothing was done to avoid collision by the officer of the watch of the *City of Rome* between the time the white lights were sighted and the instant immediately preceding the blowing of the first whistle signal, which was about 10:23 P. M., notwithstanding the fact that during this interval of twenty minutes the white light had been visible at all times, the bearing of the light had not changed, the light had increased in intensity, and the distance of the light had decreased from five or six miles to 500 or 600 feet.
>
> "The respective courses of the *City of Rome* and of the *S-51* places this collision under the classification of crossing vessels, covered by Article XIX of the rules of the road. The *S-51* was on the starboard side of the *City of Rome* and the *City of Rome* was required to keep out of the way.
>
> "When the *S-51* and the *City of Rome* were about five or six hundred feet apart, the helm of the *City of Rome* was put to starboard (changing course to the left) and almost immediately was changed by order of the master of the *City of Rome* to hard aport (changing course to the right). The vertical rudder of the *S-51* was found by divers to be 'hard right.'"

Like the *Shenandoah* naval court findings, however, the report of the *S-51* naval court comes in for some criticism. As the Springfield *Republican* reminds us:

> "Here is a naval court of inquiry conducting an investigation to determine whether a naval vessel or a merchant vessel was responsible for an accident. The immediate public question, of course, is whether a naval court can always be assumed to render full justice to operators of merchant ships."

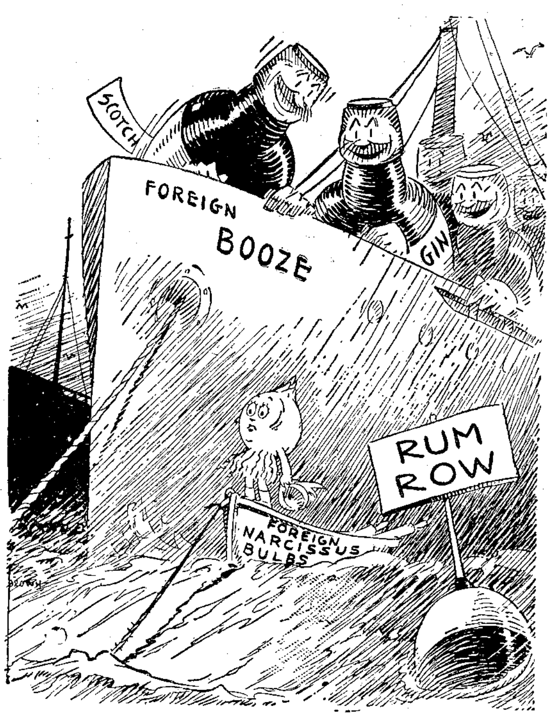
In Philadelphia, however, which has a Navy Yard at its back door, the *S-51* finds a defender in *The Inquirer*. Says this paper:

> "The *City of Rome* should have 'stood clear' under the universal rules of navigation. A white light on the *S-51* bore steadily four points on the starboard bow of the *City of Rome*. That meant to any navigator that the ships were going to meet. Where such an intersection was imminent the rules of the road made the *City of Rome* the overtaking vessel, as it had the submarine on its 'starboard hand.' As an overtaking vessel its duty was to keep clear."

THE NARCISSUS—UNDESIRABLE ALIEN

LOVERS OF THE NARCISSUS, versus lovers—and growers—of the onion. These are the forces which have been contending for and fighting against the importation of narcissus bulbs from Europe, on the ground that they do, or do not, bring into this country such pests as large and small narcissus bulb flies and the bulb eelworm. The lesser bulb fly, according to no less an authority than Secretary of Agriculture Jardine, "is an important onion pest." He therefore has overruled the protests of American horticulturists and narcissus bulb importers, by putting into effect on January 1 the ban declared against foreign bulbs three years ago by Secretary Wallace.

The decision of Dr. Jardine came after extensive hearings. Experts of the Department of Agriculture showed how pests introduced into the United States in imported narcissi had increased, until they are a menace not only to flowers, but to farm crops, particularly onions and alfalfa. This was the beginning of the end, for, remarks the New York *Telegram*, "while we can get along without narcissi, we must have our onions." The "tearful sympathies" of the Fort Wayne *News-Sentinel* are also with the onion. Says this Indiana paper:



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WILL IT COME TO THIS?
—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

> "The narcissus is a pretty blossom, but the onion—ah! It is monumentally contributory to the gastronomic delights of humanity—particularly male, middle-aged humanity. And, for all its beauty, the narcissus, if it carries worms about its person, is an unclean thing, to which the succulent onion ought not, on any account, to be sacrificed. The onion is a friend of man—a strong friend."

The Cincinnati *Times-Star*, in the neighboring State of Ohio, also alines itself on the side of the succulent onion, when it says:

> "We don't know whether the eelworm uses the narcissus as an ambush whence it may attack the onion, but our prejudice is all in favor of the onion. Modest, shrinking plant, which digs its way into the ground that it may become succulent for plucking, and eventually contribute to the gastronomic delights of man, the onion possesses a character in contrast to that of the narcissus."

The hard-hearted American grower of narcissus bulbs, who has made heavy investments in land, buildings, and so forth, is also—quite naturally—in favor of the Jardine ban against foreign bulbs. And, adds the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, "he should be protected against European competition."

So the narcissus, that modest little flower, henceforth will be barred from these shores as an undesirable alien. Its friends, however, have not given up the fight. From Europe come reports that the narcissus has been freed from pests, says the Detroit *Free Press*. Many friends of the narcissus see in the ban on this flower "discrimination in favor of a small group of American growers," and this arouses the ire of the Chicago *Evening Post*, which thinks American horticulturists, if they can not compete with European narcissus growers, should have Congress place a tariff on imported bulbs. There is also the American importer with investments in European narcissus districts to be thought of, suggests the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, and the Springfield *Republican* agrees that the European bulb should not be banned unless it is a serious menace to plant life.

A "LIVING WAGE" NOT ENOUGH

THE NATION'S FURTHER ADVANCEMENT and industrial expansion, declares William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, depends upon the maintenance of a high standard of living and a high standard of workmanship. Capital's old theory that the cost of production can be reduced by reducing wages is all wrong, and will not work out under modern industrial conditions, adds Mr. Gompers's successor. Mr. Green is not satisfied with the "living wage" so often spoken of, and he also rejects what is called the "saving wage." In a recent Chicago speech he said:

> "Organized labor is committed to a definite, concrete program. It is irrevocably committed to the maintenance of high wages and high-living standards.
>
> "Labor is basing its demand for high and still higher wages upon reasons that are clearly basic and fundamental. It lays claim to a just and equitable share of the products of industry. It contends that labor's reward shall not be merely enough to meet the requirements of the family budget, but that in addition it shall be representative in full measure of labor's contribution to the industry.
>
> "This shifts the whole wage basis from the places where it has been erroneously placed, namely, the cost of living, a living wage or a saving wage. All of these bases are too intangible, too indefinite and too susceptible to conflicting interpretations."

"Unquestionably Mr. Green is right about the nation's further advancement being dependent upon a high standard of living and workmanship," observes the Pittsburgh *Gazette Times*. "And it is right that the Federation maintain a stand for high wages." But, the Pittsburgh paper goes on:

> "Shall we define high wages as always higher wages? This is the point on which the anthracite conferees have come to an impasse. A too high wage rate means no wages."

"What Mr. Green wants," explains the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "is the amount that labor is 'justly entitled to' or what it has 'produced.'" Continues *The Journal of Commerce:*

> "The point at which the Federation president's whole argument breaks down is found not merely in the vagueness and lack of definition of which he is guilty, but also in the fact that he apparently identifies labor with the American Federation of Labor or with labor organizations in general. Unfortunately there are vast masses of labor outside of his organization, and labor's hostility has been far more directly visited upon these outside elements than it has upon capital. In fact, most of the demands that are made by organized labor at the present time can be accepted by capital and merely passed on to other elements of labor in the form of higher prices. That is what is occurring all the time.
>
> "If it be difficult to find out exactly what the just share of labor in production is, how much more difficult is it to ascertain exactly what proportion of that share should go to a highly organized exclusively monopolistic group in the labor ranks and how much should go to the rank and file of labor. Difficult as the drawing of a general line of distinction is, the drawing of another line between the returns of organized or skilled labor and those of unorganized is much more highly conjectural and difficult. Mr. Green himself not only does not propose any principle for drawing such line, but he apparently even fails to recognize, or at least ignores the fact, that any such distinction exists."

THE OSAGE MURDERS

ONE OF THE BLACKEST CHAPTERS in the history of the white man's dealings with the American Indian, in the opinion of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, is to be found in the sinister chain of murders which has terrorized the wealthy Osages in northern Oklahoma since February, 1922. Federal and State authorities, it seems, after almost four years, have made some arrests and secured a confession from a prisoner in the Federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, and Oklahoma newspapers credit a certain wealthy ranchman with being the "master mind" in the plot. In any event, "it is a story of organized murder on a large scale and for high stakes," declares the New York *World*. "Nothing so far-reaching in murders has ever before been known in the United States," avers one of the Federal prosecutors; "a condition has been revealed that will astound the nation when the details are known." According to a special article by George Buchanan Fife in the New York *Evening World:*

"The efforts of an evidently well-organized band, diabolic in its ruthlessness, to destroy with bullet, poison and bomb the heirs to the rich oil-lands of the Osage Indians in Oklahoma have already resulted in eleven murders, and the number may reach a score.

"At present there are three prisoners in the hands of the authorities, and 165 witnesses have been summoned to give such evidence as they may in what the Government charges is a bloody conspiracy against the rich Osages.

"The wanton murder of these Indians began early in 1922 with the killing of Anna Brown, a wealthy member of the tribe. She was found dead, shot through the head from behind, in a ravine. The oil-lands she owned were valued at about $2,000,000. There was an investigation, but nothing seemed to come of it, and there the matter ended.

"There was a like result when, a few weeks later, Henry Roan, a cousin of Anna Brown, was also shot from behind. One singular fact in connection with this tragedy is that W. K. Hale, a rich ranch owner of Fairfax, Osage County, held Roan's life-insurance policy for $25,000 as collateral for a debt of $1,200. Hale is one of the prisoners now in the Guthrie jail.

"The third victim was Charles Whitehorn, a distant relative of Anna Brown. He also was shot, and his body was discovered on the outskirts of Pawhuska, the county seat of Osage County and principal home of the Osage Indians. There was an investigation of the crime, but it dissipated into thin air.

"So much for bullets; now for poison. George Bigheart was the first victim. He became ill and was taken to a hospital. With him were Hale and Ernest Burkhart, his nephew, the husband of a sister of Anna Brown. Bigheart was mortally poisoned but, before he died, he made a statement to Charles Vaughn, an attorney. The price of this was Vaughn's life; the lawyer's body was found beside the railroad tracks.

"Next comes the bombing. In a terrific explosion on the night of May 21, 1922, the home of W. E. Smith, married to another of the Brown sisters, was utterly demolished. The blast killed Smith and his wife and a servant girl in their employ. After that, William Stephan, an intimate friend of Roan's, was found dead in his home. Next, Anna Sanford died of a puzzling illness. Then came the death of Lizzie Queue, mother of Mrs. W. E. Smith and of the wife of Ernest Burkhart. She was the heir to the rich Osage property of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith. Upon the death of Lizzie Queue, the sole survivor of the Brown family and heir to its interests and holdings is Mollie Brown, Burkhart's wife.

"As to the prisoners in the Guthrie jail, in addition to Hale, they are Burkhart and Bert Lawson, the latter being the one who confessed to the bombing of the Smith home. They are charged with murder. The fourth man, similarly charged in the warrant, is H. M. Bloyd, former Deputy Sheriff of Osage County, and its jailer. Hale, known as 'King of the Osage Hills,' has brought suit to recover the amount due on the insurance policy on Roan's life."

At the present moment, says a Guthrie dispatch to the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

"The United States Government is handling the charge that a conspiracy exists against the interests and lives of the Indians, over which the Government retains more or less control. The Department of Justice may attempt to obtain indictments for murder.

"The State of Oklahoma will prosecute persons already arrested and others to be arrested on charges of murder."

"The murder of two or three heirs to bring a fortune or a title into the hands of a scoundrel," notes the New York *World,* "is a familiar theme with fiction writers. But even lurid fiction pales beside the story of these Osage murders." "In justice to the Indians and in exoneration of our sense of justice and decency," maintains the Macon *Telegraph,* "the Government should act quickly and firmly." In the Osage country itself, the Tulsa *Tribune* has this to say:

"A sordid story has been written in blood in Osage County. SOMEBODY murdered helpless, trusting Indians for their money. If the men now under arrest did not commit the murders—and no direct evidence other than the statement of a felon has been produced that they did—this is all the more reason why the officials and the people themselves should take the trail of the real slayers and stick to it until judgment is rendered in a court of law.

"It is easy to blame the Osage County officials for their repeated failures to catch the slayers. It will be easy to blame the State and the national forces now at work on the cases if they fail to produce convictions. But it shouldn't be very satisfactory to Osage County citizens to pass the buck in this fashion.

"In the final analysis, the people of Osage County get the kind of government they stand for—and in some of the years just passed they haven't demanded a very high quality."

In an Associated Press dispatch from Oklahoma City we learn that—

"The Osages came to Oklahoma in the 'eighties, and to-day their tribe is melting away faster perhaps than any other Indian race.

"Long before Oklahoma became a State the Osages were given a reservation by the 'Great White Father' in northeastern Oklahoma. The land was hilly and offered little inducement to agriculture.

"After statehood was declared in 1907, the Osages continued to live their easy, simple life, largely secluded from the remainder of the State by the size of their large reservation. But in 1912 and in 1913 oil was discovered in widely scattered parts of their domain. Almost in a day the tribe became rich.

"Unaccustomed to riches, the Osages fell an easy prey to all manner of tricksters. Stringent laws barring liquor from the Osage country were passed, but whisky continued to flow in.

"The average Osage income is $1,000 monthly. The money is paid to them by the Government, and represents incomes from the oil-wells on their land."

"The white man's Government has undertaken to see that its Indian wards, in the Osage nation as elsewhere, get justice," remarks the Pittsburgh *Post:* "these Osage murders would seem to call for still more supervision." "The Indians themselves and their wealth must have proper protection," adds the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* At present, asserts the Grand Rapids *Press,* "the Indian is the plaything of clever lawyers, the fair game of anybody who can beat him out of his possessions." As we read in the Milwaukee *Journal:*

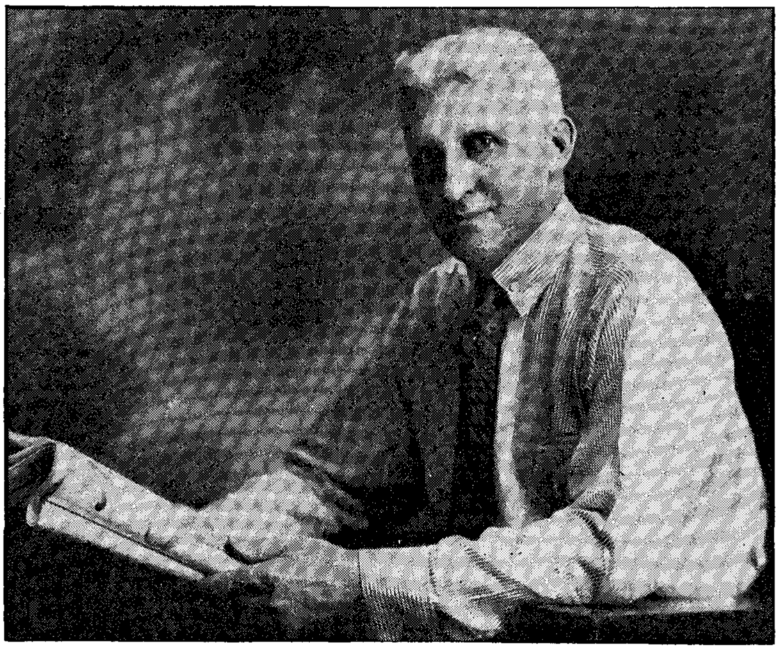
"The murder of Osage Indians in Oklahoma, presumably to get possession of their wealth, calls attention to one of America's unsolved problems.

"As conquerors we took from the Indian most of his wealth, but we salved our conscience by leaving him a small part of his lands. Part of the Indian lands yielded oil, and on other lands the timber became immensely valuable. He has seen a constant struggle by white men to get possession of that wealth, even in this case through resort to murder.

"A complete overhauling of Indian affairs is imperative. Just to keep men and women and children penned up under unwholesome conditions on reservations is not enough. The Indian must be fitted into American citizenship and American life."

HOW THE UNION CAME TO THE "GOLDEN RULE" FACTORY

A LANDMARK in the history of unionism in America was set up, it is remarked, when Arthur Nash who had been conducting his famous "Golden Rule" clothing factory in Cincinnati on "open shop" lines personally brought about the unionization of his employees. This is a hitherto unheard-of thing in the history of American industry, says *The Post* in Mr. Nash's city, and it calls the manufacturer's speech "a social document." The Cincinnati daily sees Mr. Nash representing a new attitude of capital toward organized labor, an attitude which it pictures in this way:



Keystone View Company

"YOU ALL JOIN A LABOR UNION"

Was the demand this employer, Arthur Nash, made of his employees after operating his clothing factory according to the "Golden Rule," on an "open shop" basis for six years.

> "Labor and capital have been often as two groups of men throwing stones at each other over a fence, tho neither group can see the other. If the two groups tore down the fence and got together they might become acquainted with each other, and from acquaintance there would flow respect and understanding. As friends they would be in a position to point out each others' faults and to correct them for their mutual good."

Arthur Nash as a *Survey* editorial reminds us, "was born in a log cabin, was at one time tramp and atheist, a minister of the Seventh Day Adventists Church, later a clothing salesman, then a direct-to-the-public dealer, and finally a manufacturer on his own, with the Golden Rule his slogan." As the story of his recent career is told by Robert W. Bruère in *The Nation:*

> "In 1919 the A. Nash Company was one of the smallest concerns in Cincinnati. To-day it employs between three and four thousand workers, and has some two thousand salesmen scattered over the country. There has never been a strike in that plant. Repeated efforts to organize it both by the Amalgamated and the United Garment Workers failed. The present enterprise got its real start when during the war Mr. Nash bought out a man who wanted to return to his people in Europe. The shop he took over was a typical sweat-shop; wages were low, working conditions wretched. In the name of the Golden Rule he immediately increased wages, in some cases by 300 per cent. at once. By stabilizing employment, by making remarkably successful efforts to keep his workers employed the year round, by paying good wages, and maintaining clean and comfortable working conditions, Mr. Nash won the loyalty of the rank and file of his employees to an unusual degree.
>
> "But his relation to them was a purely personal one. As the working force grew in numbers, and more especially as Mr. Nash spent more and more of his time going about the country preaching the Golden Rule, this informal arrangement proved less and less satisfactory. The pastoral relation that had been possible with a few score, or even a few hundreds of workers, proved cumbersome and inadequate with more than three thousand. Wages like everything else had been subject of individual arrangement. 'The workers fix their wages themselves,' Mr. Nash used to say. But it was obvious that the foremen and straw bosses had an increasing hand in them. Rumors of favoritism began to spread about. Churchmen as well as trade unionists began to place large question marks against Mr. Nash's assertion that democracy existed in his factory and that in the matter of wages the principle of the Golden Rule was being scrupulously applied."

Whether these criticisms or activities of union organizers played the greater part in influencing Mr. Nash, this writer can not say. But at any rate, on December 8, Mr. Nash called his workers together. As Mr. Bruère, an eye witness, informs us in *The Survey*, Mr. Nash opened the proceedings with silent prayer, according to his custom, and then read the message, of which the more significant sentences follow:

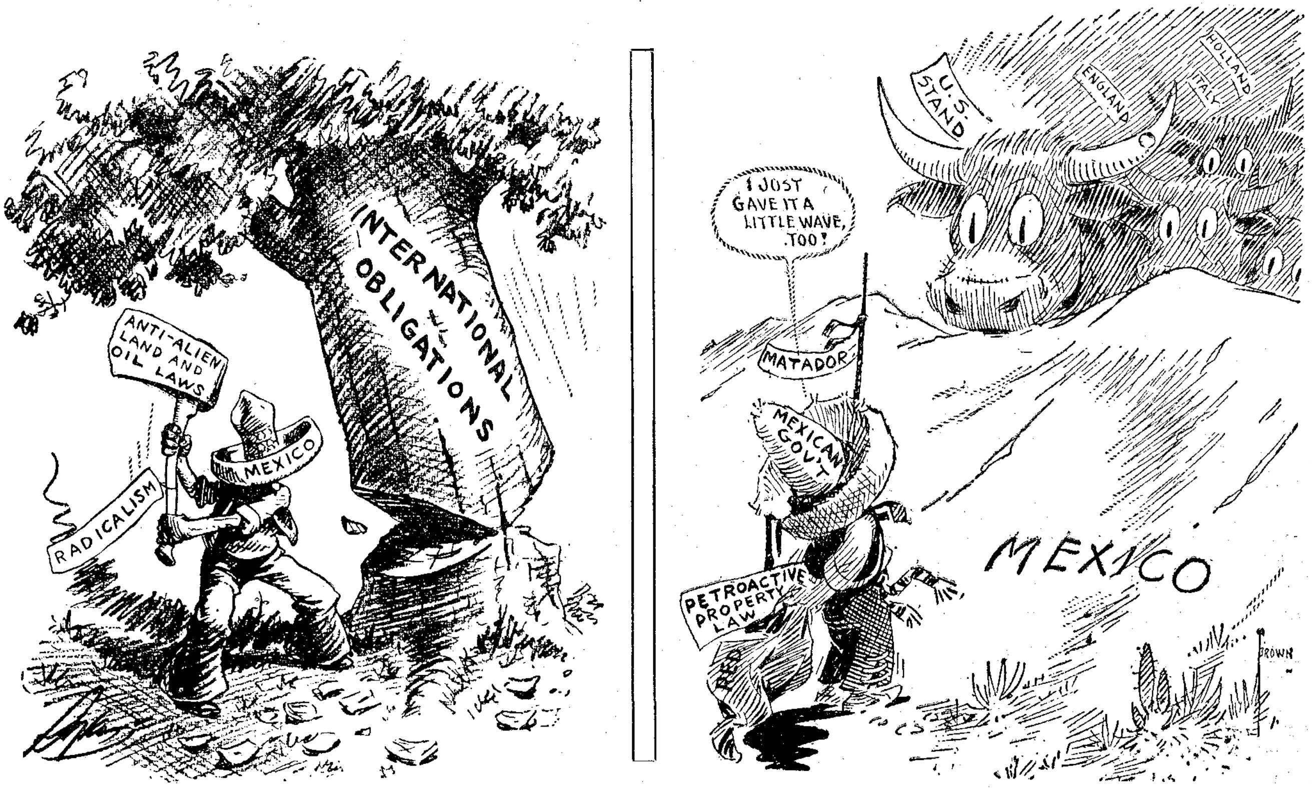
> "My fellow-workers, I have called you together for the purpose of requesting that you all join a labor union. So far as I know, this is the first time that the head of a great industry has positively and aggressively taken the initiative by not only requesting but urging that all of his workers join in the great organized labor movement. As I see it, every move on our part to isolate ourselves from the great labor movement, or to shirk its responsibilities, would be the personification of selfishness itself. The great mass of toilers in this world have only one channel through which to make themselves heard. That channel is organized labor."

At a later meeting President Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America was present. There was strong opposition to Mr. Nash's proposal on the part of foremen and officials of the Nash Company, we read on in the *Survey* article. The issue was vigorously debated. Finally, Mr. Nash asked the workers to vote on entrance into the union, with the understanding that they could reverse their action after trial of a month or of a year, later extended to three years. The proposition was carried by a decisive, tho not unanimous vote. This month the Nash plant is being reorganized on a union basis, with a leveling up of the wages of certain of the lower-paid employees to a union standard, and without price increases. President Hillman of the Amalgamated is convinced that long before the trial period is over the "golden rule" factory will be cited "as a foremost example of what union management cooperation can accomplish not only in the individual plant and the garment industry, but also in all industry."

Mr. Nash, says *The New Republic*, came to realize that "he needs collective relationship with a union organization in order to stabilize business." And it adds that if more of the same kind of conquest could be won by unions in other industries, a great social gain could be made and a great economic waste diminished.

But that unionism and Christian philanthropy are really compatible seems not quite so self-evident to the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

> "Perhaps they are. But the Golden Rule is not compatible with class warfare. If the unions exist to fight employers, as devoted to their own selfish interests as employers can possibly be, then the spirit of Christianity is as far from one side as from the other. We suppose Mr. Patterson at Dayton had as kindly a feeling toward those who worked for him as Arthur Nash has, yet unionism made his philanthropic ideas a vain hope of industrial peace. *Absit omen* will be the prayer of those who expect much from the Cincinnati agreement."



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TAKE CARE!
—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post.*

QUICK ACTION
—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

PERILOUS PORTENTS ON THE RIO GRANDE

ANOTHER WARNING TO MEXICO

LOST—South of the Rio Grande, a few tail-feathers. Return to American Eagle, care of Uncle Sam, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

THIS AD WAS NEVER PUBLISHED, so far as we know. But the New York *Evening Post* recently observed, following the dispatch of "formal representations" through our Ambassador at Mexico City, that "Mexico is once again engaged in the pleasant pastime of pulling a few tail-feathers from the American Eagle." In other words, the Mexican Senate and House have passed two new bills known as the petroleum and anti-alien land acts. In the opinion of the State Department, says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*, "these laws interfere with our treaty rights and are inimical to American property owners in Mexico." Furthermore, we are told, "the representations made by Ambassador Sheffield are believed to carry the implication that, should the Mexican Government be unwilling to abrogate or amend the sections deemed harmful to American interests, America may withdraw its official recognition, which was granted in 1923, on the understanding that Mexico would protect American lives and American 'rights.'"

According to the Washington *Star*, estimates of the aggregate value of American investments in Mexico jeopardized by the retroactive provisions in these two enactments run as high as $500,000,000. The land act, declares *The Evening Post*, would, if signed by President Calles and strictly enforced, "ultimately take from all aliens the right to own a single square inch of Mexican soil. And among those aliens Americans are in a vast majority."

The recent action of the State Department in filing formal representations against retroactive features of the two laws, says an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, was taken after diplomatic negotiations had failed to remove those features of the two laws which are said to violate pledges made to the envoys of the Harding Administration who conducted the negotiations which led to recognition of the Obregon Government. To quote the Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun:*

"When President Calles took office he gave assurances that his Administration would do all possible to insure complete understanding and the protection of American interests.

"Following final passage of the land bill, there have been reports that American interests are adversely affected and that the pledges which accompanied recognition have not been kept."

Prior to 1917, it is explained, Mexican law recognized that the owner of land also owned whatever petroleum or mineral deposits might lie beneath the surface. Article 27 of the 1917 Constitution, about which the "Mexican controversy" has centered, provides that, regardless of the ownership of any given tract of land, the oil and other mineral deposits beneath the surface belong to the nation. The new law would deny recognition of legally acquired rights under the old law to subsurface deposits of oil or minerals, and would make retroactive the application of Article 27. According to a Mexico City dispatch to *The Wall Street Journal:*

"The new law came, in its original form, like a bolt from the blue, out of the Presidential offices of General Calles with a request that the deputies give it their earliest discussion and approval; then, and before the deputies had time to consider the measure, it was withdrawn by the President and later returned for approval with alterations going to the very root of the project; then the Chamber devoted two afternoon sessions to its discussion and approved a proposal upsetting the previous foundations of the question of the rights of foreigners to hold or acquire property within the United States of Mexico.

"It would appear that the law is clearly retroactive, and unless Mexican nationality is declared for, the holder of rights will lose them in favor of the Mexican nation.

"Translation of the new property laws follows, in part:

"'Article 1—No foreigner will be able to acquire the direct ownership of lands and waters in a strip of 100 kilometers along the frontiers and of fifty on the coasts, nor be a member of

Mexican companies that may acquire such ownership in the same zone.

"'Article 2—In order that a foreigner may form part of a Mexican company that may have or may acquire the ownership lands . . . or concessions for exploiting mines or mineral fuels in the territory of the Republic, he will have to . . . make an agreement before the Department of Foreign Relations to consider himself as a national in respect to the part of properties that may belong to him in the company, and not to invoke the protection of his Government with reference to said properties, under the penalty, in case of violating the agreement, of forfeiting to the nation the properties that he might have acquired or might acquire as a member (or stockholder) in the company referred to. . . .'"

In a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*, dated January 11, we learn that—

"It is the view of the State Department that under the new provisions many Americans who have paid for Mexican lands or for stock in Mexican companies would be forced out in a manner amounting to indirect confiscation.

"Secretary of State Kellogg made his position perfectly clear with regard to Mexico at the time he assumed office in June, and there is nothing to indicate that he has in any way deviated from the firm attitude he assumed at that time, when he made an announcement which was taken as a definite warning to Mexico. At that time he said:

"'It is now the policy of this Government to use its influence and its support in behalf of stability and orderly constitutional procedure, but it should be made clear that this Government will continue to support the Government in Mexico only so long as it protects American lives and American rights, and complies with its international engagements and obligations.'

"It has been emphasized often by the Washington Government, and was reiterated in official quarters to-day, that the United States has no desire to interfere in the internal concerns of Mexico; also, that it is not for this Government to suggest what laws she shall have relating to the future, our attitude being that Mexico, like ourselves, must be the judge of her own domestic policy.

"The American Government does not deny the right of the Mexican people, either by constitution or law, to nationalize their oil and mining lands. But it insists that such legislation should not be confiscatory or retroactive."

In the United States, points out the Kansas City *Star*, bills similar to those passed by the Mexican national legislature, if enacted into law, "would take property without due process of law." Continues *The Star:*

"Naturally this avowed policy on the part of Mexico has given the Administration at Washington much concern. Americans are more interested than other foreigners, but hundreds of millions of alien investments are involved and their value impaired by the procedure. The United States not only is compelled to protect the interests of its citizens in foreign countries but in the case of Mexico it has an implied moral obligation, arising from the Monroe Doctrine, to safeguard the interests of other nationals.

"The arbitrary course of President Calles in this regard has been a surprize and a disappointment. While he has done many progressive things for his country, has shown himself to be a leader of vision and ability, he has seemed to fail in the first great international question that has confronted him. His course invites a reckoning with the United States. Uncle Sam can not stand by and see the property of Americans virtually confiscated by any foreign Power."

"If Mexico is to take an honored place in the family of nations," adds the Manchester *Union*, "she must keep her agreements. If she is to have the benefit of foreign capital, without which she can not develop her resources, she must be prepared to treat foreigners fairly." As this New England paper remarks:

"It is hardly possible for Mexico to realize her potential wealth without financial and other assistance from outside, and in the present state of things in the world the money she must have probably can not be found elsewhere than in the United States. It is, therefore, to Mexico's own advantage not to enact legislation that will impose hardship upon Americans who have bought Mexican lands."

"The United States would like to see Mexico enjoy outside good-will and financial aid, and thus continue to develop and prosper," observes the New York *Herald Tribune*, "but we can not tolerate oppression of our nationals." It is in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, however, that we find, in an editorial headed "Bad Faith," the strongest indictment of the Carranza, Obregon, and Calles régimes:

"It was eight years ago that Mexico adopted a radically Socialistic Constitution. Among the principles laid down in it is one—embodied in the celebrated Article 27—to the effect that ownership of all land and water within the territorial limits of the country is 'originally vested in the nation.' Ever since, the Mexican Congress has been attempting to put this principle into a workable law.

"Mexicans are of two minds on the subject. The more intelligent hesitate to go the limit in this attack upon private property rights. They also realize that ridding the country of American influence will also deprive the country of American capital.

"The radicals do not care a hoot for private property rights. They bolshevized Mexico, theoretically, when they forced the adoption of the 1917 Constitution. They would like to bolshevize the country in practise as well, with confiscation of foreign-owned property as a beginning.

"Mexico's new anti-alien land and oil laws were enacted despite diplomatic protests from Washington and in defiance of decisions by the Mexican Supreme Court, which hold Article 27 can not be construed as retroactive. Mexico's Congress insists upon their passage. They are backed by President Calles, radical successor of Obregon.

"These laws cut away the ground under Washington's recognition of Mexico. They amount to an act of bad faith. Under the circumstances there may be nothing left the United States except a virtual withdrawal of recognition from Mexcio.

"Mexico is a sovereign State, free to encourage or discourage the entrance of foreign capital. That is Mexico's business. She is not, however, free to do as she pleases with foreign interests already established within her borders, nor is she free to ignore her international engagements and obligations.

"Mexico's radicals are profest disciples of Russia's Soviets. Until they are ready to keep their obligations to the rest of the world, Mexican-American relations will be filled with tribulations and irritations."

On the other hand, Mexico's supporters maintain that our neighbor to the South needs "understanding and assistance" rather than "advice." According to a syndicated article by William English Walling, "we must not take alarm at Mexico's attempt to preserve at least a minor share of the ownership of Mexico for Mexicans. President Calles is merely trying to keep something for his people. There is no crime about that." Señor Saenz, Minister of Foreign Relations in the Calles Cabinet, also declares in a statement given to American correspondents in Mexico City that "the Mexican people have the right to pass such legislation as they see fit as an independent nation, and to exercise the full rights of sovereignty. If laws are applied to American interests in Mexico, such interests have the right to appeal to our courts." "This is an unassailable position," in the opinion of the New York *World*, which declares that—

"The American Government's protest has the appearance of an attempt to interfere with domestic legislation. It comes out accompanied by American press reports that we are threatening a rupture of relations; it totally ignores the fact that we can always appeal to the Mexican courts against an actual injury to our nationals. Naturally, we find Mexican Congressmen bristling in defense of their lawmaking powers.

"All this could have been avoided had the American Government made it clear that it was merely expressing a courteous apprehension and had not the remotest idea of threats or pressure. Nations frequently question legislation pending in a foreign Parliament. But Mr. Kellogg has been in the Senate, and he should know how quickly any legislative body resents the least intimation of foreign displeasure. . . .

"There is no occasion for heat or threats till our ox is actually gored. Neither measure is yet effective; if ever effective, they may not be enforced; if enforced, they can be held up by injunction proceedings; and in a final court test they will certainly be annulled if they violate a treaty."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

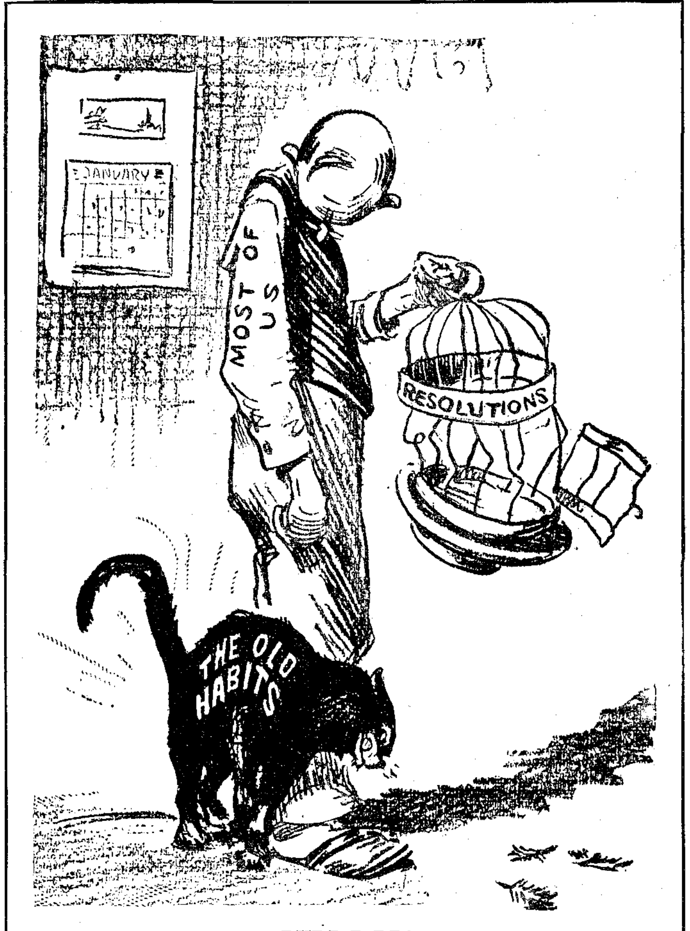
(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Rubber prices may soon be spelled with an o.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

The man France really needs as Minister of Finance is Aladdin. —*Chicago Journal.*

Perhaps the padlock is, so to speak, the key to the booze situation.—*Indianapolis News.*

Chiefly, the political dilemma of the Administration lies in the fact that while the farmer's crop has lost part of its value, his vote hasn't.—*Virginian-Pilot.*



PURR-R-RR!

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

Even dry wine falls under the ban of the Prohibition officers.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

The problem of the agricultural surplus is to take the bump out of a bumper crop.—*Wichita Eagle.*

It is reported that fewer widows are remarrying. Can it be that dead men do tell tales?—*Punch.*

Whether the pedestrian gets an even break depends largely on where he's hit.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The radio—and the padlock—are converting us into a home-loving people.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Couldn't America and England stretch a point to settle their rubber controversy?—*Detroit Free Press.*

France seems to have tried about everything on her finances except a chiropractor. —*Publishers Syndicate.*

If you want excitement, drive through Los Angeles these days with a Florida pennant on your car.—*Helena Independent.*

This country has given one awful legacy to Europe. No matter how small the town may be, in almost any country one enters, somewhere, some place, you are bound eventually to run up against the sign, boldly cynical, it seems, "American Bar."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The farmer is lucky, at that. If he were more prosperous, Government would begin to regulate him.—*Peoria Star.*

If Congress now would only amortize or do something with those bills contracted during the Yuletide.—*Knoxville Journal.*

An Indiana farmer has paid $80 for two tons of anthracite. This may throw light on why farmers are hard up.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

Governor "Ma" Ferguson granted no New Year's pardons, but perhaps there were no more prisoners left in Texas to pardon. —*Troy Record.*

The motor-car will eventually drive people underground, says a traffic expert. It often does now, if it hits a man hard enough.—*Punch.*

Palm Beach has gone in for synthetic jewelry. Plate glass diamonds and paste pearls are certainly in keeping with paper profits.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Wayne Wheeler says the drys have the wets hog-tied, but Nicholas Murray Butler will tell the world that every wet's a Harry Houdini.—*Louisville Times.*

Farms are not left when economic conditions are right.—*Wall Street Journal.*

A conservative is a man with a pull, a progressive one with push.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

The rich don't all go South for the winter. There are the coal dealers.—*Macon News.*

Arrests of coast-guard personnel for conniving with rum-runners indicate that some of the teeth in the Volstead Law are false.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

We may have to recognize Russia, after all. It has abolished tipping.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Another thing against war is that it seldom if ever kills off the right people.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Our advice to Americans visiting Italy is, when in Rome do as Mussolini says.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Of course the farmers ought to help themselves—but not at the public trough.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Still, you will never get much service out of a spade by merely calling it one.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

And just a few years ago being knock-kneed was a misfortune instead of a dance.—*Birmingham News.*

Nations keep on cheering for Locarno, as tho they were astonished at having been so reasonable.—*Kingston Whig.*

Another paradox is that many climb to considerable heights by remaining on the level.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

We have our moments of depression when we feel that the best way for us earnest and undeviating Republicans to handle the tariff question in the campaign of education now opening is to change the subject.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Russia's form of government is nobody's business; it's her form of honesty that troubles neighbors.—*Calgary Herald.*

The radio industry is in its infancy. That's why the darn things kick up such a racket when you have company.—*Columbia Record.*

Designers of women's styles evidently are not the creators of men's clothes. Golf suits still reach well below the knee.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

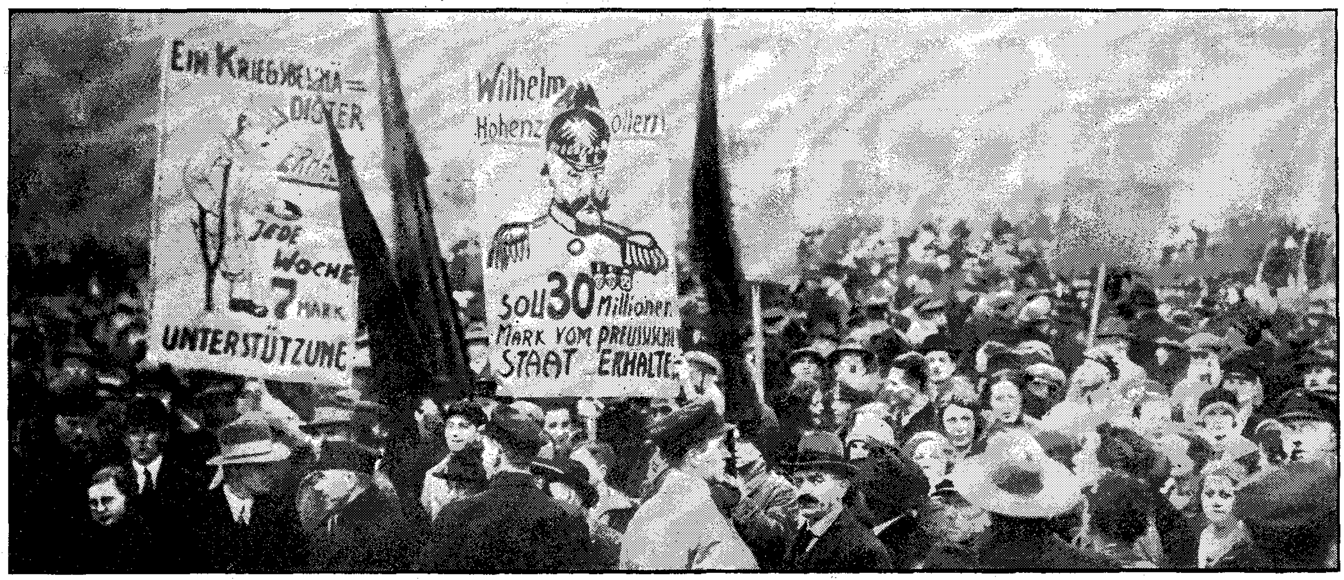
As presiding officer of the Senate, the Vice-President must treat all the pages alike, but he probably prefers the front one.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

As soon as our participation in the World Court is assured we might take steps to get our bandits into a disarmament conference.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Attempts are being made to discover a non-inflammable wood for houses, but some of our match-manufacturers seem to have known the secret for years.—*Punch.*

It must be borne in mind that these Florida strawberries, selling for three or four dollars a quart, are raised on land selling for about the same price.—*Detroit News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



Keystone View photograph

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF GERMANS PROTEST AGAINST CLAIMS OF EX-ROYALTIES

If all the claims of the ex-Kaiser and other German ex-potentates were to be added together, it is said that they would be found to approach the first annuity payable by Germany under the Dawes plan. Placards carried in this demonstration at Berlin contrast the millions of marks claimed by the ex-Kaiser to the seven marks weekly dole of Germany's mutilated war veterans.

THE EX-KAISER TRYING TO COLLECT

WHATEVER THE HOHENZOLLERNS and other ex-royalties and oligarchs get in the money or real estate they claim, it is said, must come from the now comparatively poor people of Germany, especially Prussia; and this is the explanation for the storm of protest raised in the Reichstag over the demands of the former Emperor and other German ex-potentates. The question debated in the Reichstag, we learn from the press, was whether the former rulers in Germany, who were overthrown with their kingdoms and principalities, are to receive from the German States indemnities running into hundreds of millions of dollars at the hands of complacent law courts, or whether they will submit to have their claims settled by far less friendly State legislatures. The London *Daily Chronicle's* Berlin special correspondent, George Renwick, advises us that:

> "At last the German people and its Parliamentary representatives have awakened to the seriousness of the amazing campaign organized by their former royal rulers to plunder—the word is not too strong—the coffers of Prussia and the various German States and to obtain possession of vast estates in a country which these same autocrats brought to the edge of the abyss of utter ruin.
>
> "Tho this campaign has been going on for seven years—I have dealt with it at intervals during that period, up to a week or two ago—it is only now that Parliament and the press here are showing alarm at the amount of property which these ex-rulers are claiming—and obtaining—as theirs, and the extent to which State wealth has been and will be required in addition, cash down, to satisfy the rapacity of the Hohenzollern and other minor families.
>
> "Now, the Reichstag, the Prussian Landtag, and various other German Parliaments are getting busy with bills and resolutions which ought to have been thought of years ago; now, the press is flooded with articles on the subject—now that it is, to all appearances, too late to prevent the completion of the most astounding piece of graft ever practised in European history."

Prussia is the chief sufferer, according to Mr. Renwick, who points out that after having spent 1,750,000 marks in law courts, it adopted the plan of arranging a settlement with the ex-Kaiser in secret, which was to be sprung upon the Reichstag and the country as something approaching a *fait accompli.* We read then:

> "According to this proposal, the Prussian State certainly does obtain something: 100,000 acres of land, some castles, a couple of museums, three theaters, a library, and a few other properties. The ex-Kaiser claimed all these at first, tho it is certain they have never really belonged to him.
>
> "But for the 'concession' Prussia will have to pay to Wilhelm von Doorn the sum of 30,000,000 gold marks in hard cash!
>
> "The property which it has been agreed belongs to the exile in Holland must make an astounding total in value. He obtains 300,000 acres of land, worth, at the very least, 100,000,000 gold marks. On these estates there are probably more castles than he can count from memory. Four of them alone are priced at 70,000,000 gold marks.
>
> "The value of the art treasures which he 'agrees to take' is almost impossible to estimate. The amount must be very large. One statement puts it at hundreds of millions. So, taking the most conservative estimate, Wilhelm's fortune must be, under this astounding agreement, 500,000,000 gold marks, the bulk of it consisting of valuable property, bringing in a vast income—property to which his claim is, at best, highly doubtful. Since Wilhelm fled he has received a sum equivalent to 12,000,000 gold marks. That is more than £85,000 per annum!
>
> "Contrast with that the 'generosity' of the German Republic to the widow of President Ebert, the man to whom Germany owes a debt beyond counting. She has to live frugally on something like 20 marks a day, while the deserter-Kaiser and his family have had an income of something like £250 a day, an income which will be greatly increased under the proposed agreement with him."

But all this does not denote the full extent of the "royal highway robbery," as one Berlin newspaper calls it, for Mr. Renwick goes on to tell us that the ex-Crown Prince has been given the magnificent estate of Oels in Silesia, which is worth 60,000,000 gold marks, and brings in a most princely income. Then, we are told also, Prince Friedrich Leopold of Prussia sued the Prussian State and obtained the vast Flatow-Krojanke estates, valued at

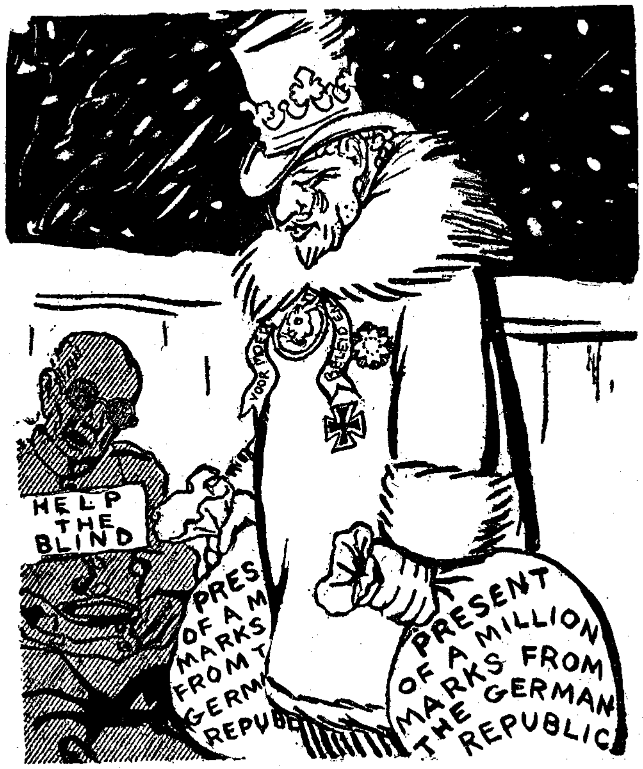
25,000,000 gold marks. Turning to the other German States, this informant relates the following:

> "The Wittelsbach House (Bavaria) has been given 60,000,000 gold marks, cash down, and castles and estates worth at least 150,000,000 gold marks.
>
> "The Duke of Brunswick, son-in-law of the ex-Kaiser and the first German prince to flee from his 'loving subjects' in 1918, receives 75,000 gold marks annually, and has been awarded large estates and a 'treasure trove' of valuable *objets d'art.*
>
> "The Grand Duke of Weimar's 'pension' is 100,000 gold marks per annum, and the Duke of Meiningen claims one of 480,000 gold marks.
>
> "The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has won his claim to 'great possessions,' including forests, estates, inns, museums, an observatory, libraries, art galleries, castles, etc. This is perhaps the most flagrant case of all, for the court has undoubtedly awarded him a vast quantity of State property to which he had not the slightest legal claim. The Duke is, of course, a former English prince (the Duke of Albany), and it is a curious thing that among the property he has won is the great and valuable Schmalkalden Forest, 'given' by the King of Prussia to one of the Duke's predecessors, Duke George II of Gotha, for military assistance against the Army of the House of Cumberland in 1866!
>
> "Two of the former ruling dukes whose little dukedoms lay in Thuringia made arrangements with the republican authorities there immediately after the revolution of 1918. But they are now carrying on actions in the courts to have these agreements set aside. In their greed they want to be in a position to claim much more. The Duke of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen claimed twenty-one estates, several castles and 50,000 acres while his 'beloved cousin,' the Duke of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, is endeavoring to obtain twelve estates and 5,000 acres of forests. The first-mentioned personage died before his case was decided, but it was carried on and won by his widow. The Duchess of Saxe-Weimar also won her claim to an annual allowance of 100,000 gold marks, tho, possessing seventy-five estates in Eastern Germany, she is one of the wealthiest women in Europe to-day."

Of the "impudent demands" of the ex-Kaiser on Prussia, the Berlin correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes:

> "Before the war the Kaiser was the world's richest potentate after the Czar of Russia. The Czar had an income of over 17,000,000 rubles, while the Kaiser had 19,230,000 marks.
>
> "The German revolution was more deferential to the monarchy than the Russian, for even now the Kaiser is one of the wealthiest men in Europe. His precise income is unknown. He pays no income tax to the German State, altho he is a German subject. He objected to paying income tax in Holland, but the Dutch authorities assessed him as liable to a tax on one million florins a year, which he has, it seems, been compelled to pay. During the war he was able to lay aside over four and a half million gold marks. Since his abdication he has received the equivalent of twelve million gold marks from the German State. He has also recovered properties and possessions of immense value."

This Berlin correspondent of *The Guardian* then makes the very striking remark that "it is probable that if all the claims of some twenty German ex-potentates were to be added together, they would be found to approach the first annuity payable by Germany under the Dawes plan."


HELP THE BLIND
PRES OF A M MARKS FROM T GERM REPUB
PRESENT OF A MILLION MARKS FROM THE GERMAN REPUBLIC

WHY HE CAN'T HELP

WILHELM (to German beggar): "I would give you something gladly—but you see that my hands are full."

—*Vorwaerts* (Berlin).

UNFOUNDED PESSIMISM ABOUT ENGLAND

CALAMITY HOWLERS at home and abroad have been saying that England's day as a great trade figure is over and have aroused the ire of English editors, who declare that the qualities which won success for the English are still alive and are beginning to produce the same effect as before. At times in surveying the situation, remarks the London *Westminster Gazette*, it is forgotten that war always brings unrest, since it inevitably brings change and distress; but "the disturbance after the Napoleonic wars was very much worse than any of which we have evidence to-day." Not a little resentment has been caused by an article of George Harvey's, our former Ambassador to Britain, in *The North American Review*, in which he said: "Britain's period of productivity has passed. Her sole function henceforth can be none else than that of the middleman." Britain's condition may be very sad, concedes the London *Daily News*, but it is really nothing like as sad as Mr. Harvey would have us think, according to this newspaper, which continues:

> "Let us take the exports alone of 'articles wholly or mainly manufactured' which have been sent out of this country in the last ten months. We exported in this period, according to the Board of Trade figures, £516,406,791 worth of manufactured goods; cotton goods accounting for about £170,000,000 of the total; woolen goods for about £51,000,000; iron and steel for £57,000,000; vehicles (including ships) for £25,000,000; while our coal exports (which come under the category of exported raw materials) exceeded £42,000,000. Really not half bad for a country whose 'period of productivity' is passed. Nor is there much sign of its passing in the immediate future. The total of £516,000,000 is an increase of over £3,000,000 on the manufactured goods exported in the same period last year, and of well over £33,000,000 in the same period the year before. We do not say that all is at the present moment well with British trade; but we do say that there is no shadow of excuse for despair nor even for despondency. Mr. Harvey's tears are quite premature."

The London *Star* declares that if what Mr. Harvey asserted were true, Britain would be a subject for pity, not to say compassion. But no one would believe from these words of his, we are told, that Mr. Baldwin had undertaken to pay the United States $33,000,000 a year for sixty years to pay for the arms supplied to our Allies. This newspaper then says:

> "Who would suppose from this that the United States has extracted far heavier payments and more onerous terms in regard to debt repayment from this unfortunate country than from France, Belgium, or Italy? Somehow we feel that Mr. Harvey has let his sympathy blind his eyes to the facts. The 'virtual monopoly of steel' which England once had, ceased many years ago, and nothing could have prevented German and American steel manufacturers applying our discoveries and improving on them. It is not on that account that our recent troubles have arisen, nor can coal-mining be fairly discust on the basis of its present abnormal condition. As for shipbuilding, the condition of the American mercantile marine is far worse than ours, and only lately there was presented an official report

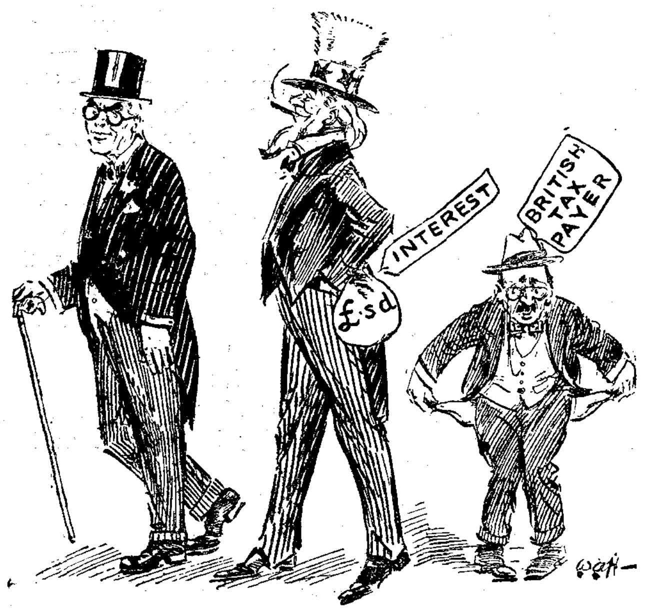
proposing that it shall be still further bolstered up by subsidies at the expense of the American taxpayer. Agriculture here is 'on the decline' simply because we have not rescued our soil from English dukes and American millionaires who prefer to use it for sport, instead of for food production; but if the measures now being considered are put into operation we see no reason why our soil, one of the best in Europe, should not yield as heavy crops and support as many men as any other country."

The president of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce, Stanley Machin, is quoted in the London *Westminster Gazette* as follows:

"I fear Mr. Harvey was not here sufficiently long to appreciate fully our national characteristics. The only part of his statement with which I agree is his calculation of the extent of the burden of the National Debt as compared with that of other countries.

"Throughout her long history Great Britain has never defaulted, and, supported—as the Government in this country always will be—by those who bear the burden, she will not default in the future.

"It is true that we are passing through a difficult time, but will any one for a moment suppose that Great Britain is played out? Signs of improvement in trade are already visible, and I am satisfied she will again come into her own as a commercial nation and hold her position in competition with other countries of the world."



A THRUST AT THE BRITISH DEBT SETTLEMENT

MR. HARVEY: "England is done, Sam."
(Seeing we are paying a large sum in interest annually at a high percentage to America, we believe we have been done.)
—*The Evening Express* (Cardiff).

It is important to note the difference between true and false pessimism, remarks the London *Daily Chronicle*, which refuses to be depress by Mr. Harvey's tone of lament in writing about England, and says lightly:

"It is not often that a man whose impending death has been announced by his doctor sits down to a chatty conversation about the nature and date of his end. But that has been the reception given to the gloomy bulletin about the approaching downfall of England signed by Mr. Harvey, formerly American Ambassador in London. For the most part we have taken it lightheartedly. Our Ambassador in Washington made a polite and formal protest, pointing out that Locarno had made all the difference. Lord Birkenhead seized the opportunity of a prize-giving at Pitman's School to assure his young audience that they might face the world 'with bright and confident eyes.' Only Sir Allan Smith drew a long face, and pointed to the increasing adverse balance of our trade.

"Still, we admit to an uncomfortable feeling when we begin to discuss, even in the most academic way, our imminent demise. We can not revel in the picture of the emptying streets of London, with its remaining citizens earning a precarious livelihood by conducting American pleasure-seekers over the ruins. Those who indulge in this kind of imagining do so light-heartedly, because they have no serious misgivings."

But it does not follow that they are right, *The Daily Chronicle* then points out, for they may be living in a fool's paradise. Mr. Harvey, with the kindly object of exciting American sympathy on our behalf, may not be utterly wrong, this newspaper avers. When he says that England's period of productivity has passed, it is asserted, he evidently exceeds the truth. But if he had said "England's period of productivity will pass if she does not soon take heroic measures to improve production," his remark would have been strictly true, in the view of this journal, which adds:

"Easy-going optimism is the broad road that leads to destruction. Britain at this moment is far from 'down and out.' But we soon should be, if we resigned all efforts to avoid that evil fate. British trade was built up by private enterprise, and on private enterprise it must rely just as much in the future as in the past. But in these days of intricate trade organization, complicated transport, and production on a national scale, it is more than ever necessary to foster enterprise by removing the restrictions on it; and that, under modern conditions, only the State can do. If we take the example of electrical power, no individual or private company is strong enough, without State aid, to provide the conditions necessary for economical production on a vast scale. Private enterprise can do the work; but the State must step in to remove the obstacles, and provide favorable conditions.

"The same thing is true in regard to the miners. And in regard to the land. It has been proved true by practise in regard to the roads. It is not the function of the State to interfere with the management of industry. But it is its function to legislate for the removal of obstructions, to lend its credit for great productive national enterprises, and to frustrate the usurpation of values by individuals who have done nothing to create them.

"It is because there are energetic men who are resolved that these public duties shall not be neglected that we refuse to be depress by Mr. Harvey's gloomy prophecies."

Two reasons influence Americans in spreading pessimistic views about England's condition, according to the Trade Editor of the London *Daily News*. One is the spirit of trade rivalry. In Mr. Harvey's case, he tells us, the reason is sometimes a real sympathy with Britain, and he goes on to say:

"Observe what he says about our integrity in shouldering massive debt obligations. These, he believes, will impair our competitive power in world trade. Now, American bankers say just the same thing with other reasons. They all grow concerned about Britain's future. Reams of forecasts, mostly gloomy, on this matter appear in American financial publications. But we must look under the handkerchief for the reason. It is this: 'American economists and bankers realize almost to a man that their country can not run high prohibitive tariffs and get any benefit from our regular instalments on debt at one and the same time. Some of them want to keep the debt and lower the tariffs. Some vote for the tariffs, but would like to sacrifice part of the debt. But both classes wish to make a virtue of necessity.

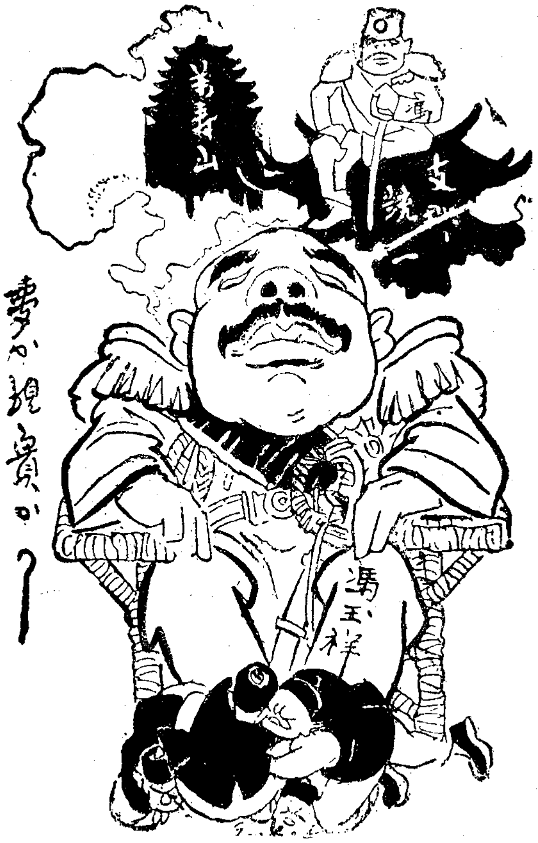
"From the political point of view the American pessimism about us is a definite preliminary to a policy along one of these lines. British students who have recently been in New York financial circles tell you on return that the most discerning American bankers view our debt settlement as overgenerous to the United States, and as bound to be modified in Britain's favor within ten years. Thus there is a growing desire to broadcast a sympathetic financial or fiscal opinion among Americans in our favor before the need of revision of either debt or tariffs becomes inevitable.

"But American business men abroad spread this pessimism about Britain with different objects in view. In September, in the weekly *Trade Survey*, I pointed to experiences I had on the Continent in July and August of encountering American commercial men who were drumming it into Continental importers that Britain was down and out and could not compete. This 'psychologizing' effort is simply a trade ruse to win markets. It should be fought in every market by British advertising, initiative, and prices."

CHINA'S "CHRISTIAN GENERAL" SPEAKS

NO OTHER PUBLIC MAN, perhaps, provides a more engrossing subject of study, it is said, than China's "Christian General," Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang. The interest in him is proportionate to the enormous nature of the whole problem of China with which he is bound up, remarks the Shanghai *North China Herald*, which adds that recently he has been somewhat under a cloud. At least his detractors have been more vocal than his friends, according to this British-owned newspaper, which says it has heard accusations against him which are scarcely printable, and certainly, whatever else might be criticized in him, are quite incredible in view of all that is known of him. By way of enlightening us on Marshal Feng's character, this weekly prints a translation of an address delivered by him to the military and civil officers under his control. From this address we quote the following:

"We Chinese people are accustomed to say 'fellow countrymen' and 'equality,' but in reality the strong oppress the weak and the rich abuse the poor. The masses of people living under this type of oppression, exploited and extortioned without reason—is not this diametrically opposed to talk of 'fellow countryman,' talk of 'equality'? There are those of the Kuomintang [the late Sun Yat Sen's Home Rule party] who use the name of Kuomintang for their own selfish ends. Some want to be enthroned, others to hold official jobs. Yet there are many whose one aim is to save the nation. This is what Dr. Sun himself has said. For instance, like the Kuomintang Club in Peking to-day, so discordant. They don't agree among themselves. Their opinions differ, and points of view clash. This is a matter of fact, and can not be helped. But the ideals of Sun Yat Sen and the purpose of Kuomintang remain intact. It is for the people. We must be clear on this point.



A JAPANESE SLAM

The Tokyo *Miyako* pictures China's "Christian General," Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang, as dreaming of his own greatness and building air-castles of future power and wide-extending authority.

"What I wish to talk about with you gentlemen to-day is that in reading, thinking and working we must have method and aim, hence we must always hold up an ideal. What is our ideal? It is to govern China with Chinese principles, precepts and traditions; to use an old-fashioned term, it is what Mencius said: 'People the most precious.' The meaning of the phrase 'noble people' does not stop with the equality of the people, because in a republic the people are the master; we governors are servants; servants must perforce respect the master."

CHINA'S "CHRISTIAN GENERAL"

Says that in China to-day "the governing officials are tyrannical, enslaving the people, instead of respecting them."

But the present situation in China, according to Marshal Feng, is that the master has nothing to wear and nothing to eat. The master eats the bark and roots of trees, he says, while the servants are clad in satin and silk and fed with delicacies many times a day. To quote further:

"Masters are like ricksha men, pulling cars with full effort, running in great speed, full of perspiration falling down in drops and, when exhausted, they vomit blood and pass out of existence. Servants are like the officials riding in automobiles and have carriages, to enjoy to the full. Ah, what an upside-down world this is! What a perverted republic this is! Again, for example, a master happens to play a game of dice; he is arrested and put in custody for from eight to ten days while the servant can play majong with open doors, gambling in big sums of tens of thousands, yet nobody dares to touch, and it is more than likely that police will be stationed at the front door to protect them. A master may be looking for some opium to stop his mother's stomachache and be arrested by the police, in which case if he has a small house of his own, he will have to sell it to meet his punishment and pay the fine. But a servant may smoke to his heart's desire in our day out of humor. If he wins a big game in gambling to-day he will smoke out of sheer happiness. Should he fall into a quarrel with his concubine to-morrow and lose his temper, he will again smoke with a view to while the time away and quiet his temper. On all occasions, nobody can interfere with him. Oh, what a conscienceless republic this is!"

China is certainly far from being a republic, and the Chinese must know it, declared Marshal Feng, and he proceeded as follows:

"The word 'Master,' as you know, is composed of three sidewise strokes with a dot on top. The upper stroke represents heaven, the lower earth and the middle man. Man is placed in the center connecting heaven to earth, with a dot on the top, signifying the importance and nobleness of man. In a monarchy it is the monarch who links up heaven with earth, hence the monarch should be respected. But in a republic, where the people link up heaven and earth, it is the people who should be respected.

"The kind of republic we have adopted is to find a man out of the whole populace and place him in power, far removed from the people, making him lord over the people, respected and glorified. This is wrong. In a real republic the whole populace is the lord and master, the whole populace should be respected and glorified. But in China to-day the governing officials are tyrannical, enslaving the people instead of respecting them as their lord and master."

Marshal Feng also told his hearers that he and his followers have been trying to promote frugality by plain living in order to save a little for the help of others. Negatively speaking, he said, they were "merely trying not to waste people's money and the country's wealth," and he continued:

"Yet whatever little negative virtue we may have been attempting to practise, we are being suspected of 'Bolshevik,' 'Red' influence.

"I must confess that people of this day are really fond of suspicion. For instance, a few years ago when I stopt off at Loyang for a little while, I was then suspected of being pro-Loyang, and when I stopt off at Paotingfu for a few days, I was suspected of being pro-Paotingfu. When I was stationed in Nanyuan, President Li paid us a visit, and I was said to be pro-Li. Because of my friendly intercourse with Mr. Hsu Chien, who is a devout Christian and follower of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, people again call me a Sun man. A few days later Fengtien sent one of the military to see me in Nanyuan, thereby starting some intercourse with Fengtien, hence people say I belong to the Fengtien party. Afterward I'm told people began to question what party does Feng belong to anyhow, for whom and against whom, and so forth and so on. I then laughed at the remark, and verily I say no one has guessed me right. If I belong to any party at all, it is that which places the love of country above party interest. If I am pro-anybody at all, it is he who has the salvation of China at heart. If I have any enemy at all, it is he who seeks to profit at the expense of the country. If I am anti-anybody, it is he who betrays his country to foreign nations. Outside of these people I have no particular inclinations. In other words, he who loves his country and seeks to save her from ruin is my friend."

The Marshal then recalled the fact that in celebrating the National Disgrace Day, the Chinese had decorations in the form of a man whose arms and legs are being dismembered, which illustrated the territory China has lost since its intercourse with foreign nations. He declared that "it is self-evident we are not against any particular nation in this commemoration," and added:

"Again the red spots on our national map show what has been forcibly taken by Russia, what by England, what by France and what by Japan. We have also training officers in our army who are nationals of different foreign nations, some of Japanese nationality, others of Italian nationality, still others of German nationality, etc. In a word, we make no distinction of nationalities. We are friendly toward all nations, neither pro nor anti any. But that does not mean we ought not to be pro-China and hold a celebration in commemoration of our lost territories. Some of you may have been disturbed by the criticism hurled against us by certain malicious papers. But let us not worry about that, for nothing can be hidden, and time alone can tell. My advice to you, therefore, is to keep upright, be honest, and honesty is always the best policy, whether dealing with nations or with individuals. Hold fast to the principle of right and truth, other things will take care of themselves."

Editorially, *The North China Herald* remarks two notable facts in connection with Marshal Feng. In the first place, it says, his army is unquestionably the best disciplined and best behaved in China. Wherever it has been stationed the people of the district have only prayed that it should remain, according to this newspaper, which proceeds:

"In the second place, Marshal Feng has repeatedly exclaimed against Chinese fighting Chinese. But in the present circumstances of China, it is idle for any one to talk like that unless he is in the position to say to those who disagree: 'If you don't mend your ways, it will be the worse for you.' Hence the building up of what is probably the best army of its size in China, and the acceptance of supplies from Moscow, not for use except in the last resort, but as a big stick, the mere shaking of which will cause the unruly to 'tremble and obey.' And this theory leads on inevitably to the belief that Marshal Feng considers China can only be brought to salvation through a period of dictatorship, and that he himself is prepared to be that dictator for the restoration of peace and unity."

The North China Herald admits that in speaking thus it is in the realm of speculation, but it asks us to remember, as is only fair to do, what he has done when he had control, and then it will be found "impossible to set him down as the terrible hypocrite he must be if all this is mere talk." We read then:

"Nor does one think his own men would have followed him so devotedly as they have done. The alternative is that he is working along definite lines toward a certain end, which might ultimately bring down blessings upon him from those who to-day curse. To take this view would mean the revising of many ideas and retraction of not a few hard words, and this paper would be among those who had to do it. But these are days for revisions of attitude in most directions, and the future may very well show that Marshal Feng is one on whom we must all learn to look with new eyes."

PROBLEMS OF BRITISH EMIGRATION

THE VACANT SPACES of the British Empire are not the most suitable spots for British emigrants, we are told, because the Englishman has become so much a "creature of the towns." According to the London *Daily News*, another point worth examining is whether it is good business to encourage the departure in large numbers of the very men who are most urgently needed in England's rural sections. Then this newspaper calls attention to a report of the Australian Trade Commissioner on the population and trade conditions of Australia, which has only twenty settlers to the square mile, as compared with 750 to the square mile in England and Wales. Now a very significant feature of the statistics, it is said, is the drift they show of the land dwellers to the great cities. We read then:

"The two cities of Melbourne and Sydney alone account for nearly one-third of the total population of a continent 'whose present cultivable fringe would accommodate all the countries of Europe, with the exception of Russia.'

"The implication in this, as in scores of other documents on the same subject, is that Australia wants British emigrants, and wants them badly. The truth is, probably, that Australia needs them more than she wants them. In his interesting book, 'The Peril of the White,' Sir Leo Chiozza Money has set forth with candor and moderation some of the real difficulties of populating Australia. There, as elsewhere, he points out, it is not easy to persuade many people that their prosperity lies, not in restricting, but in encouraging, immigration within reasonable limits. The worker on the spot, indulging a primitive human instinct, cherishes the conception of monopoly, and so sacrifices his ultimate to his present self-interest. And it is also a fact that Englishmen are not very popular in Australia, tho they may be less unpopular than the people of some other nations."

On the other hand, *The Daily News* remarks, it would be idle to ignore the unsuitablity of the average Englishman for the task of dealing with "the back-block, warm work in Australia," as with "the six-months' cold work of the Canadian prairie," and it continues:

"Sir Leo sums up the case, not unfairly, by saying that the Dominions offer difficult virgin land to people who, for the most part, do not know how to manage a suburban garden. In other words, in much of the facile talk about sending out Englishmen to people the vacant Empire spaces, there is little sense of reality, because there is no adequate appreciation of the extent to which the Englishman has become a creature of the towns. It seems to us that an essential preliminary to peopling the Empire's vacant spaces with Englishmen is to repeople England's rural spaces with Englishmen. If that enterprise is ever fully achieved it will be due largely to the enthusiasm, the courage and the pertinacity of Mr. Lloyd George."

The recent proposal to take skilled British farm workers out to Canada for the sum of $15, this journal informs us, was the subject of jubilation in numerous leading articles in the press. But, it asks, what guaranty, if any, can the Canadian Government give that permanent employment will be found for those who may risk everything by leaving England with their wives and families to take up an entirely new life in a distant land?

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

THE NATIONAL MENACE OF POOR VISION

DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT IS AFFECTING the country's industrial output, is handicapping education, and is a growing menace to human welfare, it is asserted by the Eye-Sight Conservation Council of America, in a survey of two years' duration covering the entire field of eyesight conservation. The influence of eye defects and eye diseases, it is declared, is a challenge to civilized effort in social control.

Massing all existing data, and supplementing it with the results of original research, the Council finds that "defective vision is wide-spread among industrial workers and school-children, and that it is a prolific source of waste in both industry and education."

Summarizing conditions in education, the report, called the most comprehensive of its kind ever completed in this country, says that 25 per cent. of the school-children in the public schools of the United States "have manifest defects of vision and symptoms of eyestrain." This result is said to have been reached through simple visual acuity tests. To quote a press bulletin:

"The survey covers eye tests of more than 14,200,000 school-children and students enrolled in public schools, State normal schools, universities and colleges.

"'Reports of State Departments of Education and State Boards of Health since 1907 furnished data covering 9,023,000 eye examinations of public-school children,' said the report explaining the basis upon which it concludes that a situation justifying alarm exists.

"'Various municipal and rural reports since 1907 cover 4,300,000 examinations in public schools; while the most recent statistics have been furnished directly in reply to inquiries sent to public-school authorities of 247 of the largest cities in the country, to the 300 State normal schools and teachers' colleges, and to the 750 colleges and universities in the United States.'

"The survey of 247 city schools provided statistics of the results of testing the eyes of 863,936 children. Of this number, one group of 483,154 shows, according to the report, that 21.9 per cent. had defective vision. A similar conclusion, it is said, was reached by the Federal authorities.

"Defective vision is increasing among older students, the survey in colleges and normal schools indicates. In sixteen State normal schools and twenty-three colleges and universities having a total enrolment of approximately 100,000 students, 54,695 tests were made, showing that 18,706 or 40 per cent. had defective vision.

"Two-thirds of those reporting found defective vision within the range from 35 to 50 per cent. 'It is safe to assume,' says the report, 'that this prevalence of defective vision among these students at the beginning of their university studies was undoubtedly higher than prevailed with these same students in their earlier years.'

"Poor eyes, it is disclosed, induce retardation and are responsible in some measure for the backward student. 'The proportion of retardation found among four groups of school-children with defective vision, totaling 28,667,' the report continues, 'varies from 60 to 85 per cent. and averages 67 per cent. The prevalence of defective vision, found among six groups of pupils retarded in their progress, varies from 12 per cent. to 81 per cent.'

"Eyesight, as an important factor affecting the output of the industries of the United States, is being overlooked, the report asserts. A survey was made to determine the prevalence of visual defects among industrial workers and the methods practised by industrial concerns for examining the eyes of their employees.

"Information was furnished by 170 companies located in 23 states and employing over 1,000,000 persons. The data furnished by 40 companies was complete enough for adequate summary and comparison.

"'The records of these 40 companies,' the report adds, 'cover the examinations of the eyes of 204,817 employees. The kinds of tests used vary from the very simplest to thorough eye examinations.

"'Even tho the prevalence of defective vision was reported by one company as low as 5.3 per cent., which is no indication of the true condition, the average proportion of defective vision as reported by 40 companies was 44.3 per cent.

"'The records from 20 companies of 150,782 eye examinations or 77 per cent. of the 204,817 examinations reported showed the prevalence of defective vision ranging from 48.3 per cent. to 79.2 per cent. and averaging 54 per cent.

"'This group of 200,000 industrial eye examinations is many times larger than any group that has previously been studied for the purpose of arriving at definite conclusions.

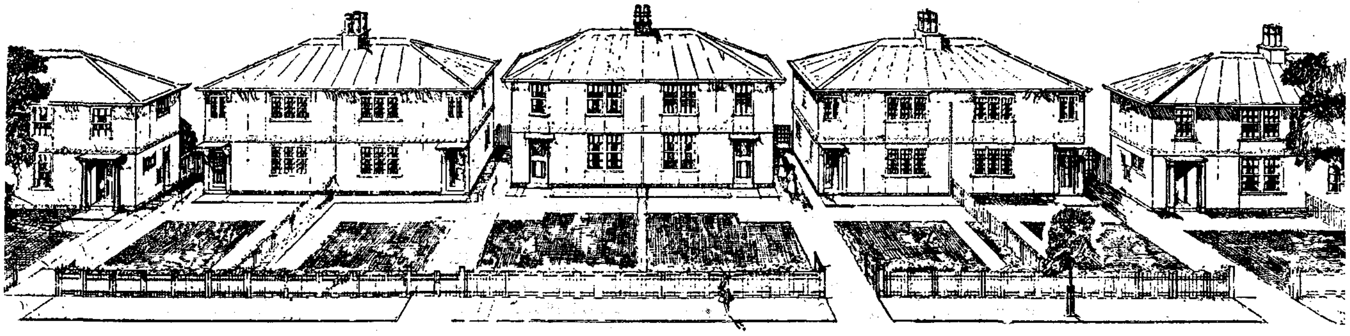
"'It is considered sufficiently large and properly distributed both geographically and according to the type of industry to establish an accurate incidence of the proportion of defective vision among the 42,000,000 gainfully employed persons in the United States.'

"Sections of the report, compiled by Joshua Eyre Hannum, research engineer of the Eye-Sight Conservation Council of America, and edited by Guy A. Henry, the Council's general director, deal with eye hygiene, eye diseases, eye defects, eyesight and education, eyesight and occupation, eye protection, and illumination of school and home.

"One section tells of the struggles with poor eyesight of noted persons, including Francis Parkman, Tschaikowsky, George Eliot, William Wordsworth, Theodore Roosevelt, Goethe, Margaret Fuller, Jonathan Swift, John Greenleaf Whittier, H. G. Wells, Honoré de Balzac, Adelaide Ristori, Basil King, Taine, and Nietzsche. Whittier, it is said, was color blind, and Taine was cross-eyed. Relentless use of the eyes, according to the report, hastened the death of Balzac."

POISON GASES IN COMETS' TAILS—Two deadly poisons, cyanogen, tried during the war as a poison gas, and carbon monoxid, the "coal gas" given off by defective stoves, are found in the tails of Peltier's and Van Biesbroeck's comets, according to Dr. Edwin B. Frost, director of the Yerkes Observatory of the University of Chicago. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"These heavenly visitors, which were recently discovered, the former by an amateur astronomer in Ohio and the latter by Dr. George Van Biesbroeck of the Yerkes Observatory, have been spectroscopically analyzed by N. Bobrovnikoff, of the observatory staff. By photographing them through a telescope with a large glass prism attached over the lens, he has been able to study the spectrum and has found the bright bands which correspond to glowing cyanogen and carbon monoxid, and which are frequently found in comets' tails. There is also a continuous spectrum which is due to reflected sunlight, and which, according to Dr. Frost, is stronger in the case of Van Biesbroeck's comet than in the other. From the morning that it was discovered, November 17, to the 21st, Van Biesbroeck's comet has been steadily observed, chiefly by the discoverer himself, but its brief visit to the solar system is rapidly drawing to a close. Computations of its exact path show that it was nearest to the sun at the end of September, and as it is now moving away, it is becoming much fainter than when discovered, and will hardly become visible to the unaided eye, said Dr. Frost. Peltier's comet, which was discovered independently by a Polish astronomer named Wilk, was picked up in the constellation of Hercules, low in the northwestern sky, by Yerkes astronomers, on Saturday evening, November 21, and is rapidly moving to the southeast. at about 4 degrees a day. On the same evening it was seen by Dr. R. A. Rossiter of the Detroit Observatory at the University of Michigan, and by Prof. Asaph Hall, of the Naval Observatory at Washington, and on Sunday evening, November 22, by Dr. Hamilton M. Jeffers, of the Lick Observatory of the University



By courtesy of *The Iron Age* (New York)

WHAT A GROUP OF ALL-STEEL HOUSES WOULD LOOK LIKE

This is the Telford type of house. It is said that "the steel-frame fireproof house can be built at no greater cost than wood."

of California. According to dispatches from Europe, it was also discovered independently by Drs. P. Guthnick and R. Prager, of the University of Berlin, on November 18. According to the usual practise of naming comets after all astronomers who make the discovery before other reports have been circulated, it will probably be known officially as the Peltier-Guthnick-Prager-Wilk comet, a name nearly as long as its slender tail."

COMING: THE ALL-STEEL HOUSE

STEEL IS NOT PLAYING THE PART that it could or should in the construction of residences, apartment houses, garages and farm buildings, we are told by Henry R. Brigham, writing in *The Iron Age* (New York). Residential construction, he says, offers a large and almost untouched field for expansion of the steel industry, which has much to offer in the way of greater permanence, strength and reduced fire hazard. He goes on:

"The customs of centuries, however, are not overcome without effort. It is up to the steel industry to arrange for the fabrication of steel for such purposes in designs that can be more easily and quickly handled and erected than wooden beams and girders and at less cost, and to arrange for its distribution in smaller unit shipments.

"The question is whether the prospect of increased business is bright enough to be worthy of the effort at the present time. The value of structural steel in large buildings has been proved. The problem is to obtain greater use in small apartment houses, residences, farm buildings and small garages.

"The total value of building construction of 1925 will be over $5,000,000,000, of which about 44 per cent. will be in residential construction. It is safe to say that steel was a negligible factor in the greater part, whereas it doubtless could have been substituted to advantage for lumber in the framework and as floor joists. Making a conservative estimate there was probably $200,000,000 spent for lumber that might have been spent for steel.

"The annual fire losses of this country are over $535,000,000 a year. In one year 162,427 frame houses, 37,531 brick houses and 282 fireproof burned.

"Steel frames and floor joists alone will not help much in preventing fires, but if costs can be made low enough steel can be combined with concrete, gypsum, asbestos or other mineral compositions, making fireproof floors and protecting the steel from corrosion.

"One objection to the greater use of structural steel in residences, garages and farm buildings is the cost, but it is based on wrong premises, and could be wiped out by a campaign of education and practical demonstrations.

"Even if a steel joist of a certain length costs more delivered than a wooden joist, it does not necessarily mean that the final cost of erection of the building is going to be more. The greater strength and rigidity that can be obtained in the steel joist make it possible to reduce the number of joists and to lessen the necessary number of supports. This may result in simplifying the entire structure. Then, further, it is very possible, if the structural steel is cut to measure and delivered ready simply to be bolted or riveted in place, that with proper appliances for its erection time can be saved, as it is saved in the erection of skyscrapers, and labor costs can be reduced.

"If in the end a saving can be shown both in material and labor costs by use of structural steel instead of lumber, that saving will appreciably help to make it possible for the builder to use the necessary materials such as concrete to protect the steel and make a fireproof and strong building as cheap, if not cheaper, than a building with a wooden frame which is not fireproof and which may be of shoddy construction without the innocent purchaser being able to detect the difference.

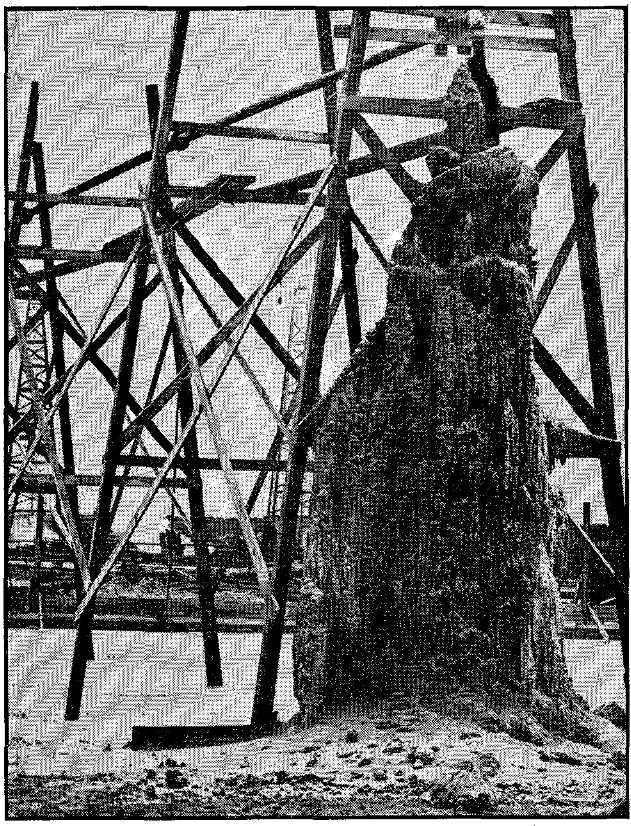
"That this is not an idle dream has been proved by one builder, who is profitably building small houses to sell, using steel frames and metal lath, finishing the exterior with stucco or brick. In itemizing the cost of a stucco exterior steel-frame bungalow, size 24 by 34 feet, with five rooms and bath, he says: 'The cost for the metal lumber and metal lath for the building complete is $522.72, which will figure about $75 less than the wooden joists, rafters, studs and lath for exterior and interior walls. The reason for this is that the steel in the frame is spaced on two-foot centers, whereas the studs in the wooden house are spaced on sixteen-inch centers; thus a saving in steel is effected. The erection costs run less, as laborers are hired at a cost of 60 cents an hour, instead of carpenters at $1 an hour. The lath is installed by men at 70 cents per hour, against $1.35 per hour for wood lath.' He uses four-inch steel channels for all his framework and six-inch floor joists, and they are delivered to the building site cut to length. He punches the necessary holes, claiming that he can do so cheaper than he can get them cut by the manufacturer. He says that 'When it becomes known by the steel concerns of this country that the steel-frame fireproof house can be built at no greater cost than wood they will also find that producing steel members for house construction will greatly increase their tonnage output.'

"So far reference has been made only to more use of steel in the framework. The metal lath business is growing fast and needs no comment except that if you have steel floor joists you can use metal lath and concrete in making fireproof floors. But it may be possible to extend the use of steel even further by using sheet steel for walls, as has been done in England. There, some of the frames are made of wood and the walls of steel, but the frame being incased the buildings are practically fireproof. There is still some doubt as to whether those buildings are a success, which is due partly to that enemy of steel—rust—and partly to problems of insulation, both of which are illustrated in this country in the small steel garages which are now on the market. After the steel manufacturers in this country succeed in satisfactorily replacing wood in the framework of small building construction it might be possible to extend their activities to more use of steel in the walls when the problems of corrosion have been better solved.

"Meanwhile the substitution of structural steel for lumber in the framework of residences, apartments, garages and farm buildings in combination with fireproof materials to decrease fire losses, to preserve our forests and timber supply, as protection against earthquakes and tornadoes and to keep out rats and vermin, is a large enough prospect to be worthy of attention to those engaged in the manufacture of structural steel."

MINING SULFUR WITH HOT WATER

FOUR MILLION GALLONS OF HOT WATER daily are used in the sulfur mines of Freeport, Texas, alone, and the hot-water process is widely employed all along the Gulf Coast. The hot water is forced into the subterranean deposits of solid sulfur, meets them, and the liquefied substance is then easily pumped to the surface. W. T. Lundy, production manager of the Freeport Sulfur Co., writing in *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York), tells us that 25 years ago crude sulfur was brought to the United States from Sicily and Japan; while Spain furnished us with pyrite for the manufacture of sulfuric acid. To-day we see the United States producing 2,000,000 long tons annually; enough for all its domestic needs and leaving a balance of approximately 500,000 tons for export. We read:



PUMPING OUT THE SULFUR

The sulfur, liquefied by hot water, is being pumped from the overhead pipe into a storage bin.

"This change was brought about by the discovery, some 35 years ago, of sulfur in the cap-rock overlying the salt domes in the oil-fields of Louisiana and Texas. The first attempts made to obtain the sulfur employed ordinary mining methods of shafts, levels and stopes, but the poisonous gases encountered made them failures. Herman Frasch took out patents in 1891 covering a method of heating water above the melting point of sulfur, forcing it down drilled well-holes and into the porous sulfur-bearing rocks and then bringing the molten sulfur to the surface by air lift. It took the Union Sulphur Co., the first operator, twelve years to perfect the process to a point where these deposits were any factor at all in the world sulfur market.

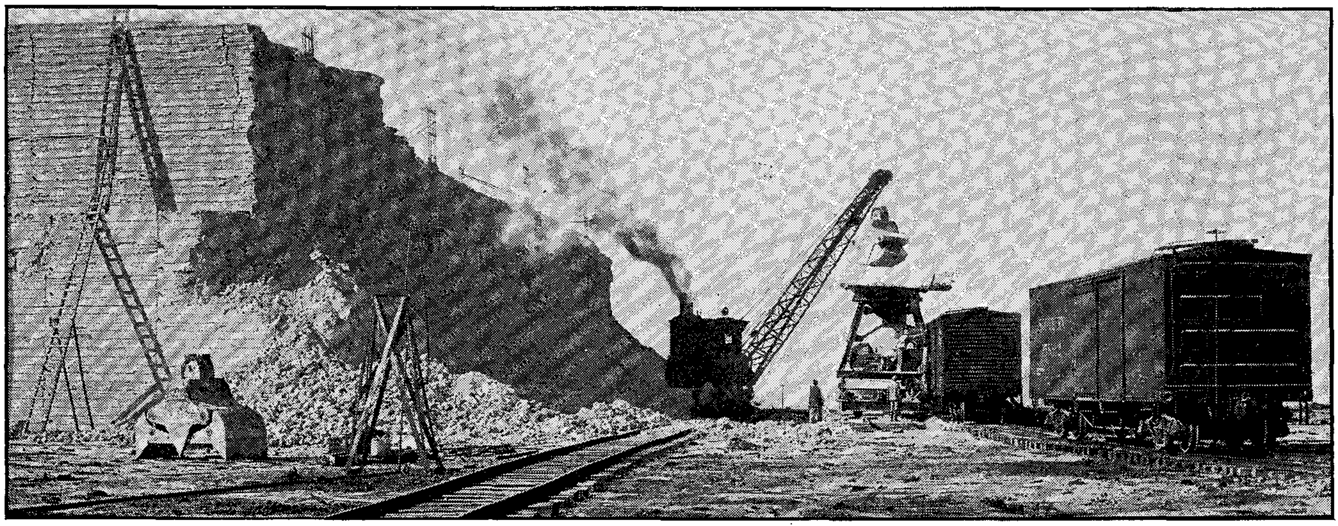
"There are three distinct steps in the process. *First.* Hot water, pumped down bore-holes and forced into the deposit, liquefies the sulfur, which is brought to the surface by air lift and discharged into relay stations. *Second.* Vertical centrifugal pumps, steam-jacketed, lift the molten sulfur from the relay stations and deliver it to distant storage bins, where it cools and solidifies. *Third.* The storage bins are stript of their plank sides, and the sulfur is drilled, blasted and then loaded into railroad cars.

"Approximately 4,000,000 gallons of water are brought daily from the source of supply, some five miles distant. It is stored until needed, heated to 350 degrees F. and then pumped through pipe lines from 1,000 to 5,000 feet in length to the underground strata. Hourly tests are made as the water passes through a system of flow lines and measuring devices to keep absolute control of its properties. The heated water enters the wells through concentric pipes, varying in size from 10 to 3 inches. It escapes through perforations in the pipes and enters the sulfur-bearing rock near the bottom of the strata. The sulfur is melted, and when a sufficient quantity has accumulated at the bottom, part of the water is shut off and air under high pressure is sent down through a one-inch line. The molten sulfur is brought to the surface by air-lift action and discharged into basins.

"Handling the sulfur from the relay stations to the storage bins is accomplished by vertical centrifugal pumps, driven by 50 horse-power motors. The stages or bowls are steam-jacketed to admit live steam continually in order to keep the sulfur from solidifying. This type of pump was selected because the line shaft connecting the pump head with the impellers is entirely enclosed and does not come in contact with the liquid sulfur. Furthermore the impellers are at or below the level of the liquid, thus enabling it to handle molten sulfur. The sulfur is discharged into storage bins 2,000 feet distant, the sides of which are built up with boards as the lake of sulfur rises.

"Mining and loading of sulfur out of the bins is the last operation. A comparison in one of the accompanying illustrations of the size of the railroad equipment with the pile of sulfur formed in the bin will give some idea of the scale of these operations.

"There are many salt domes in Louisiana and Texas, but



Photographs by courtesy of *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York)

THE LAST STAGE IN SULFUR MINING

The plank sides have been stript from the enormous storage bins at the left and the sulfur is being loaded into the freight cars.

so far only five have proved of commercial value as sources of sulfur. They lie along the Gulf of Mexico in a belt 75 miles wide, bounded on the east by the Mississippi and on the west by the Rio Grande. A theory of their formation is that salt of Permian Age was forced upwards in a plastic state and invaded the overlying, newer formations along a general line of major faulting. The domes consist of a salt core overlaid by cap rock in which the sulfur occurs. On top of the cap rock occur sediments manifest at the surface by irregular and more or less circular mounds, which may be as much as a mile and a half in diameter. There are many theories as to how the sulfur was formed. One of them is that it was derived from gypsum through action of organic matter by way of calcium and hydrogen sulfides. The sulfur sometimes occurs pure, but rarely more than a few feet thick. Its common occurrence is scattered through porous cap rock as seams, cavity fillings, impregnations and disseminations. The sulfur-bearing rock varies in thickness from a few feet up to 250 feet, with a sulfur content of a trace to 50 per cent. It has no fixt position in the cap rock, and varies widely in the several domes being worked.

"The uses of sulfur are many, and the most important are listed in the order of their decreasing importance:

1. Acid phosphate (sulfuric acid used).
2. Paper and pulp.
3. Chemicals (other than sulfuric acid).
4. Sulfuric acid (for industries not listed).
5. Agriculture (other than acid in phosphate).
6. Rubber.
7. Explosives.
8. Miscellaneous.

"It is very probable that the present deposits in Louisiana and Texas will supply the United States with sulfur for a great period of years, constituting one of the main bulwarks of defense in times of war and also against the enemies of agriculture, our largest basic industry, in times of peace."

SOCIAL STATUS OF OCCUPATIONS

WHY IS THE BANKER "IN SOCIETY" while the ditcher is not? It is not altogether a matter of income, for during the war the man who drove a milk-wagon was often better paid than a teacher. It is a well-known fact, says *The Educational Measurement Review* (Los Angeles), that persons engaged in certain occupations are "looked up to," while persons engaged in certain other occupations are "looked down on." In fact, we go so far, sometimes, as to be proud or ashamed of our relatives because of the type of work they do for a livelihood. Says this paper:

"In the January number of *The School Review*, Dr. George S. Counts of Yale University has reported an important study on 'The Social Status of Occupations.' A list of forty-five occupations were ranked by high-school seniors, senior trade school boys, freshmen in an agricultural college, and by a considerable number of school teachers. The rank orders assigned by these different groups were found to be in remarkable agreement.

"Dr. Counts is of the opinion that such considerations have not received sufficient attention by those who are responsible for vocational guidance. His conclusions should be of special interest to counselors:

"It has often been remarked by those interested in the problems of vocational guidance that an extraordinarily large proportion of the children in the high schools are looking toward the professions. This has been taken as evidence of defective knowledge on the part of the high-school pupil of the world in which he lives. The present investigation would suggest that high school students know a great deal about this world. They look forward to the professional occupations because they are sensitive to the social judgment and because they recognize the prestige which is attached to these callings. The difficulty, perhaps, is that they know too much rather than too little about the world into which they are going.

"The problem of guidance is greatly complicated by these differences in social status. If all occupations were of equal standing in the community, the counselor could be somewhat more arbitrary in advising individuals to enter or to avoid certain occupations. He could think chiefly in terms of the abilities of pupils and vigorously encourage each to enter the occupation for which he is best fitted. As it is, we must proceed very slowly in advising a pupil not to enter any occupation that attracts him. In our society, in spite of what is said about the dignity of labor, many occupations which are clearly necessary to the promotion of the common good are stamped as unworthy and are thus given an essentially negative standing. This situation must be faced frankly and honestly. We must either follow the policy of pointing out to our pupils the great differences in the social status of occupations or make some definite effort through the schools and other educational agencies so to alter the prevailing social attitudes that every occupation which is necessary to the life of society will be accorded positive social recognition."

DOLLS' LIVES GETTING LONGER TOO

OUR LIFE SPAN IS INCREASING, scientists tell us, yet the prolongation of human life is insignificant compared with the recent increase in the life of dolls. Twenty years ago, we are told by a contributor to the Houston *Chronicle*, the death-rate of dolls was enormous, for practically all were made with breakable heads. It was only a matter of days before a doll would come to an untimely end. The owner would slip, the doll would fall, and its fragile head was scattered in all directions from the impact with the ground. The writer proceeds:

"Thanks to Yankee inventiveness, the unbreakable head was created, and a doll's expectation of life jumped from days to months and even years. Few dolls meet accidental death nowadays. They live their full span of life and are discarded only after they wear out from hard usage.

"Altho children have played with dolls from time immemorial the American doll industry is a development of the past quarter-century. Manufacture of the unbreakable doll began at the dawn of the present century and has developed so greatly that now the retail value of the products of American doll factories is around $25,000,000 annually. Altho dolls of foreign manufacture are to be found in most toy shops, imported dolls form only a small percentage of the total number sold in this country. This is largely the result of the ingenuity of American manufacturers who have produced dolls superior in design and beauty, and with greater appeal to the play instinct of the child, than any produced by the toy-makers of other lands.

"The evolution of dolls during the past quarter-century is an illuminating example of the application of art to industry. When the twentieth century opened, most dolls had the conventional hard papier-maché body with a bisque head. Their appearance could hardly be called artistic in the light of present standards. Size, rather than beauty, was then the chief distinguishing mark. Mothers attempted to buy as big dolls as possible. Frequently a small girl would receive a gawky, unwieldy doll, larger than herself. Now size is relatively unimportant; artistic effects are demanded by the public.

"Following the introduction of the unbreakable head came the soft body. A body soft to the touch has greater appeal to the play spirit than a hard, unyielding form.

"In a series of psychological tests little mothers were offered their choice of hard and soft-bodied dolls. Altho many of the rigid dolls were larger than the soft dolls, practically all the children preferred the soft dolls which they could cuddle easily. The mother instinct is extraordinarily well developed, even in very young children.

"Then came the use of real instead of painted hair in the dolls for older children. However, large numbers of dolls with painted hair are still manufactured, for many mothers prefer to buy them for children two or three years old. As we all know, the tendency of the young child is to put everything into its mouth, and hair seems to have particular fascination to young children. When they have reached the age of four the mouth habit is passed and dolls with hair may be safely given to them.

"Another important step was increasing the size of the head. In dolls of a decade ago the heads were relatively small, built in proportion to an adult's rather than a baby's body.

"Up to a few years ago skinny dolls seemed to be the fashion. Then a few manufacturers realized that chubby, healthy dolls find a bigger place in the hearts of children. As a result, most American dolls are now made wider and plumper. In this respect American doll designers again display an understanding of the mother instinct.

"Hand in hand with these developments went a transformation in clothes. Until recent years doll clothes were cut from one pattern of conventional design and usually sewed on. Now great thought is given to the fashions of doll clothes.

Photographs by courtesy of the American Institute of Toy Makers

GIVING DOLLS THEIR SOFT VOICES AND SOFT BODIES

The cuddly, soft-bodied dolls are popular. Here are workmen stuffing dolls with cotton and inserting the vocal mechanism that says "Mama."

Many designers, mostly women, make a good living in creating doll styles. Another tendency is the making of clothes so that the doll can be drest and undrest by the child.

"Women have played an important rôle in this transformation in dolldom. High prices are paid women sculptors to design new faces that will combine the baby appearance with the toy spirit. As much as $25,000 a year has been made by some women doll-designers. Last year a crippled woman living in an attic in Greenwich Village, New York, conceived a striking design for a doll. Her royalties to date have been over $10,000, and she is now enjoying an extended trip to Europe.

"But all new designs do not meet with popular approval. It frequently happens that a manufacturer will spend thousands of dollars for molds and machinery to produce what he thinks will prove a popular seller, only to have the little tots turn thumbs down on the new addition to the doll family.

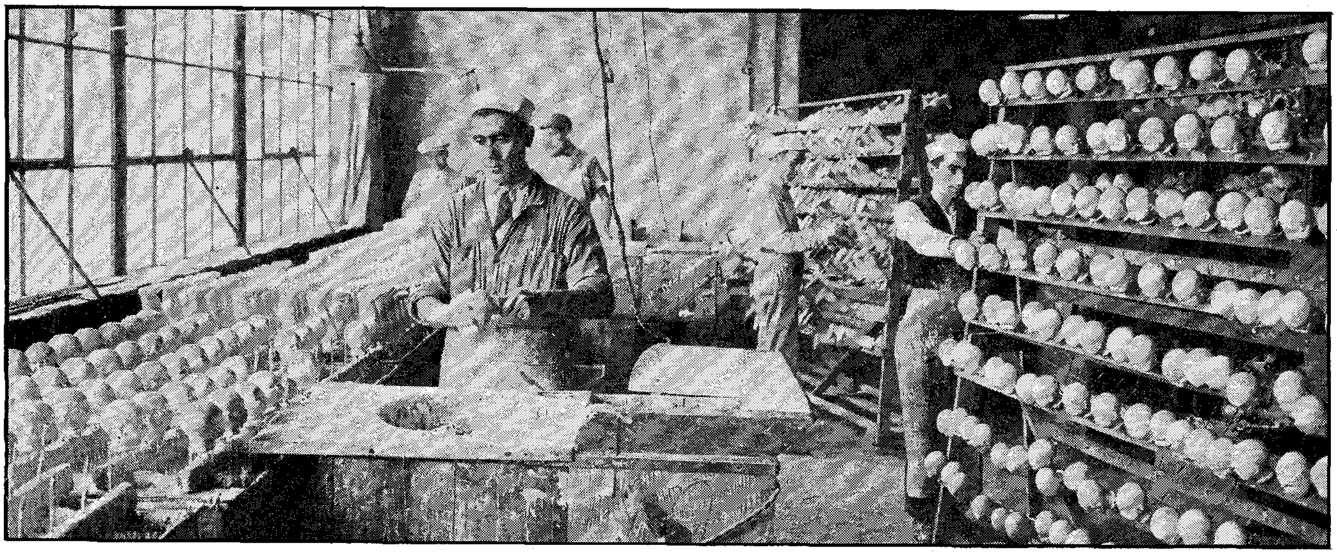
"In many other ways are the dolls of to-day more attractive than the dolls of a generation ago. The sleeping doll was early developed, followed by the talking, the walking, the winking and the crying dolls. Each year new models are brought out, making an almost endless variety to delight the youngsters.

"So large has the American doll industry become that there are firms that do nothing but make doll shoes or clothing, to say nothing of the firms specializing in eyes, heads, arms and other parts of the doll's anatomy. That this is possible is apparent from the tremendous doll birth-rate in this country. About 20,000,000 dolls are born in the United States each year."

HUNGRY ANIMALS SLEEP SOUNDER—Animals that pass the winter in a state of hibernation or almost deathlike sleep, are induced to enter that state more quickly and remain in it longer if they do not get much to eat or if their air supply is limited, according to Dr. George Edwin Johnson of Kansas State Agricultural College, who described his experiments recently before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at its Kansas City meeting. We read in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"Dr. Johnson found that hibernating animals have a considerably lower body temperature than they have in ordinary sleep; that is, they are not living at so high a rate and therefore using up their reserve food supplies so rapidly—an obvious advantage during the winter famine period. Keeping ground squirrels at the same temperature, but giving some of them ample food and stinting others, he found that the ones on short rations retired to winter quarters earlier and woke up less often.

"The same results were observed when he shortened the air supply of part of them by placing the animals in cans while he allowed the rest a normal supply. Differences in light and darkness, however, seemed to have no effect in changing the dates of hibernation."



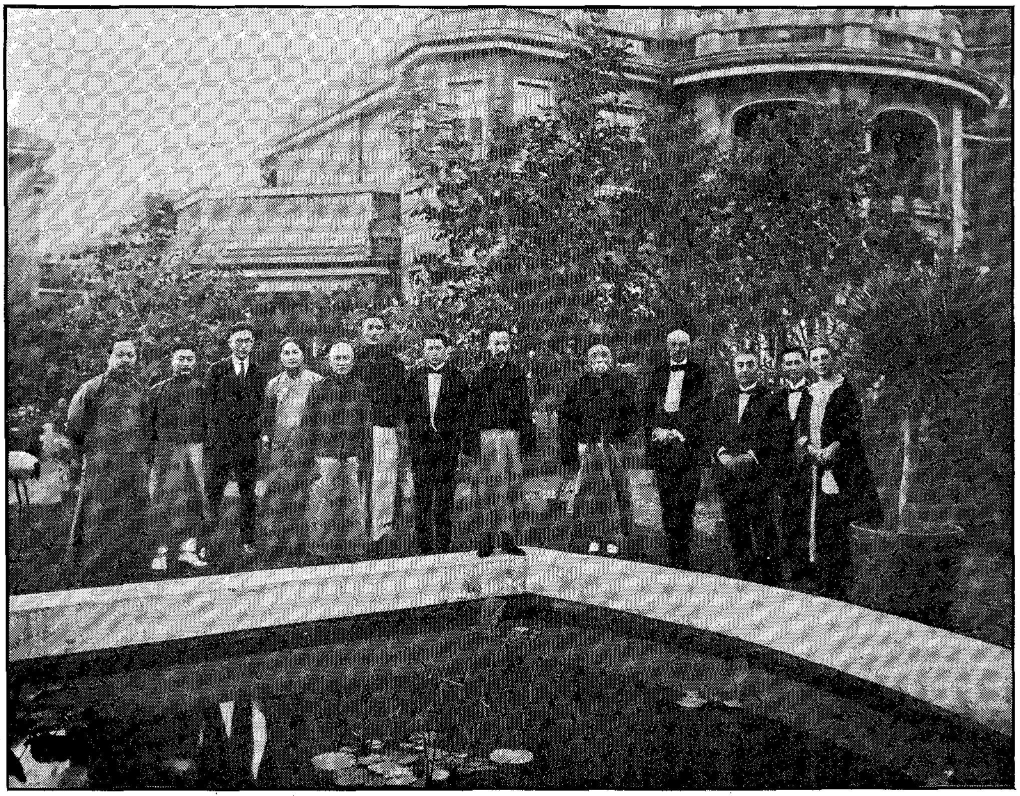
PUTTING ON THE DOLLS' COMPLEXION: DIPPING THE HEADS IN A SIZING BATH TO GIVE THEM ROSY CHEEKS.

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

TAKING THE PUBLIC LIBRARY TO CHINA

THE LAST REPAYMENT of the Boxer indemnity was devoted to the interests of public libraries in China. This was in accordance with a recent act of Congress, and the New World becomes an agency in furthering education among one of the oldest of the world's peoples. The printed book in China is over a thousand years old, and manuscripts, as beautifully executed as with type, are to be found there much older. Book collections were owned by princes, or by temples, monasteries and schools. Not until very recent years has there been a public library in the Western sense in that part of the world. To encourage the formation of libraries and to assist in creating the modern apparatus for it has been a prepossession of the American Library Association. One of its latest acts was to send a former president of the association, Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library, and incidentally editor of the department of Science and Invention of THE LITERARY DIGEST, as a delegate to China to inspect the libraries of that country and to make recommendations for their improvement and extension. In Peking last year Dr. Bostwick was present at the formation of the Library Association of China, where a former Prime Minister of the Republic presided and the chief address was made by the greatest scholar in China, the former Finance Minister, Dr. Liang Chi Chao. In *The Library Journal* (New York) Dr. Bostwick makes a report of his journeyings:



HONORING DR. BOSTWICK AT A BANQUET IN TIENTSIN

Left to right: Dr. C. T. Tsen, Ex-Minister of Finance; Mr. Yu, Principal, Nankai Middle School, Tientsin; Mr. Andrew Wong, Librarian, Nankai University Library, Tientsin; Mr. Edward C. C. Li, the Ex-President's son; Mr. Chu, Chinese Secretary to the Ex-President; Dr. Po-Ling Chang, President, Nankai University; Mr. T. H. Hsiung, Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, Tientsin; Mr. Kao, Senator from Honan; Mr. M. T. Low, distinguished Chinese scholar; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, American Library Association delegate to China; His Excellency Li Yuan Hung, Ex-President, Chinese Republic; Mr. Chi Lien Sun, English Secretary to the Ex-President; Miss Mary Elizabeth Wood, Boone Library, Central China University.

"My visit occupied nearly two months, during which time I traveled widely and rapidly, in accordance with a prearranged schedule made out by the Association, visiting ten provinces and fourteen principal cities. Local committees everywhere took me in charge and saw that I visited every library in each place. As many of these were in schools and colleges, I also went pretty thoroughly over the educational facilities everywhere. A certain amount of ordinary sightseeing was included, and indeed was necessary to give me a background and an intelligent understanding of what I saw. I was accompanied always by an interpreter, and at times also by a secretary, sent by the Association to report the meetings at which I spoke. I made altogether perhaps fifty addresses before bodies of students, educators, business men and citizens, explaining fully our system of public libraries and telling how it might be used in China for the extension of public education. All who listened to me, altogether many thousands, appeared to be keenly interested. Our party was everywhere the recipient of most enthusiastic and cordial hospitality. We were met at railway stations by bodies of librarians, educators and the representatives of the local government, escorted with banners through the streets, and entertained lavishly at luncheons and dinners. Some of these entertainments were noteworthy gatherings of eminent statesmen, scholars and teachers, including many of national prominence. I met personally many of the outstanding men in the country, including President Tuan, former President Li, five Governors of provinces, the presidents of the chief institutions of learning, and many scholars of national reputation. Facilities for the inspection were everywhere placed at our disposal. On one occasion we lived for over a week in a private railway car lent us by Governor Hsiao of Hupeh, traveling in it from Hankow to Peking and visiting the cities of Kaiffeng and Tai Yuan on the way."

To bring books into the open and not confine them to secluded nooks associated only with meditative calm is to displace the Eastern idea of scholarship by the Western. Libraries in old days, says Dr. Bostwick, were always "adjuncts to somebody or something." Continuing:

"So far as I know there were no libraries as independent entities. But with the establishment of the Republic came the provincial libraries, something like our State libraries, one or sometimes two in each province. These are the result largely of donation, with a nucleus of one or more great private collections. They are housed in whatever building the Government has seen fit to turn over to them—an old palace, an abandoned school, sometimes part of a temple. In one or two cases pretentious buildings, usually unfit for library purposes, have been erected by wealthy citizens having more zeal than knowledge. Often the home of the library, like that described at the outset, is beautiful, but sometimes it is quite the reverse. The support from public funds is generally inadequate and much in arrears; and in many cases the library staff—fine, educated men—serve practically as a labor of love. The books in these libraries are very largely old Chinese classics, very valuable, but of no use in any modern system of education. Modern books are now published in China by hundreds of thousands. A single publishing house—the Commercial Press of Shanghai—has a plant covering twenty acres, but these libraries can not afford to buy many new books. Use, of course, is confined to the library building and there is no free access to shelves. Some progressive provincial librarians have conceived the idea of a popular adjunct to these scholars' libraries, in the form of a branch library, called in one case 'students' library,' with modern works, classed and cataloged in modern fashion. Many Chinese librarians have been through American library schools, and these trained men are now largely to be found in the university libraries. It is in these institutions that the most up-to-date collections and methods are to be found. They embrace the only two thoroughly modern fireproof library buildings in the country—one in Nanking and one in Peking. A college, of course, must have an up-to-date book collection if it is to keep its instruction up to date. China has at present two sets of colleges—those founded by foreign missionaries, which were the means of introducing Western education into China, and the government colleges, which are largely imitations of these, but are in many cases surpassing them in equipment and curriculum. China is now thoroughly committed to Western education. Her old examination halls are torn down and her old classical system is discredited. Her students are as keen for the new ways as their fathers were for the old. Moreover, the best Chinese are beginning to realize the necessity of something that their fathers never dreamed of—education for the masses. Led by Dr. Hu Shu, a brilliant young graduate of Cornell, they are working hard on what they call the 'thousand-character plan' by which it will be necessary to learn only this number of Chinese characters, instead of thirty or forty thousand as formerly, thus bringing literacy within the reach of all. Books and magazines are now printed in the thousand characters, and the advocates of the scheme are looking forward to a noteworthy reduction of illiteracy in the next generation. Among the schemes evolved to 'put over' this idea are many very clever ones, for instance the insertion in cigaret packages of slips bearing a character and a picture of the thing that it represents. Let me remind you that there is no alphabet in Chinese, and therefore no spelling; he who has memorized his thousand characters can read at once without further effort."

Dr. Bostwick found nowhere in China an institution exactly like our free public library, with its two main features of "free access" and "home use." But permission to visit the shelves and handle the books and permission to take them home is a feature in its adolescence even with us. The doctor concludes:

"Without these two features the use of a library in any kind of a scheme of popular education is seriously handicapped. I finally concluded to devote my time largely to these two points—to an explanation of exactly what they meant and to an exposition of their advantages. To my surprize I found that not even all Americans in China were convinced of their practicability in that country. Suffice it to say here that I believe them eminently possible and even necessary to any 'mass-education' scheme. If two or three experimental libraries on the American plan could be financed in China for a few years, the Chinese are so quick in seeing and adopting a good thing that I believe free libraries would soon follow in the wake of the electric light and the telephone—now everywhere recognized as necessities."

According to the *Christian Science Monitor* (Boston), Dr. Bostwick has received advices from Peking, China, which indicate the complete success of his recent efforts to have part of the returned Boxer Indemnity fund used for library extension and improvement in China. Further:

"The China Foundation for Education and Culture, consisting of five Americans and ten Chinese members, which is the body that will administer the returned indemnity, has just made a grant of $500,000 gold for a national library in Peking. The Chinese Government has granted a site for the new building in the western part of the Winter Palace grounds and has agreed to be responsible for half of the expense of administration for ten years. It will also turn over to the new library, as a nucleus of its book collection, the books now under the care of the Peking Library, which formed part of the Imperial collection in the Forbidden City. Dr. Bostwick is also informed that the China Foundation will establish six other libraries in various parts of the Chinese Republic, all of which will contain books in English and other languages as well as in Chinese."

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S AMAZING WINDFALL

"THE PUZZLE OF THE LIVING MUNSEY was nothing to the enigma of Munsey dead." Thus the Boston *Herald* tersely states what a good many papers elaborate in trying to solve the psychological mystery of Mr. Munsey's gift of millions to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In life Mr. Munsey seemed to care little for Art and perhaps less for the Metropolitan. He never went there, but paid a yearly membership fee of $10, as any proper-minded citizen might do. He never divulged his purpose to the Museum management during the five years, from the time his will was made to the day of his death. All sorts of reasons are suggested for his motive, and the reactions from so magnificent a benefaction are of many shades. In the press of the town he made his home there are eulogistic outpourings over a great and beneficent benevolence; in more distant places there are expressions of marvel over the devious workings of an incalculable personality, but also utterances of satisfaction that the arts generously supported can be a source of beneficent power; in foreign lands is shown the fears of the creation of a new menace to the priceless art that such parts of the world have grown too poor to retain. The New York *Herald Tribune* draws from his business character the solution of the publisher's unexpected gift:

"One of the traits disclosed apropos of his recent death was his distaste for the checks and counterchecks of a partnership. He liked to be his own man, to make his own decisions. Some such sense of the freedom essential to business management apparently governed him in his generosity to the Museum. He wanted to help, and he foresaw that he could best do so by leaving the Museum to use its own judgment. Obviously he had a profound confidence in its policy and administration. All he wanted was to increase its power for good.

"That he recognized this power to the extent that he did is surely an eloquent tribute to the subtle alchemy of art. It worked a big magic in Frank Munsey. The world knew him as a practical worker in politics and money-making. All the time his imagination was responsive to the appeal of one of the most imponderable of all the motive forces in civilization, the appeal of beauty, and from his grave he reminds us that in the cosmos of the capitalist there are sometimes other dreams. He built up his fortune in the hard give-and-take of the market-place. He leaves it to his countrymen to be used only that the world may be made wiser and better."

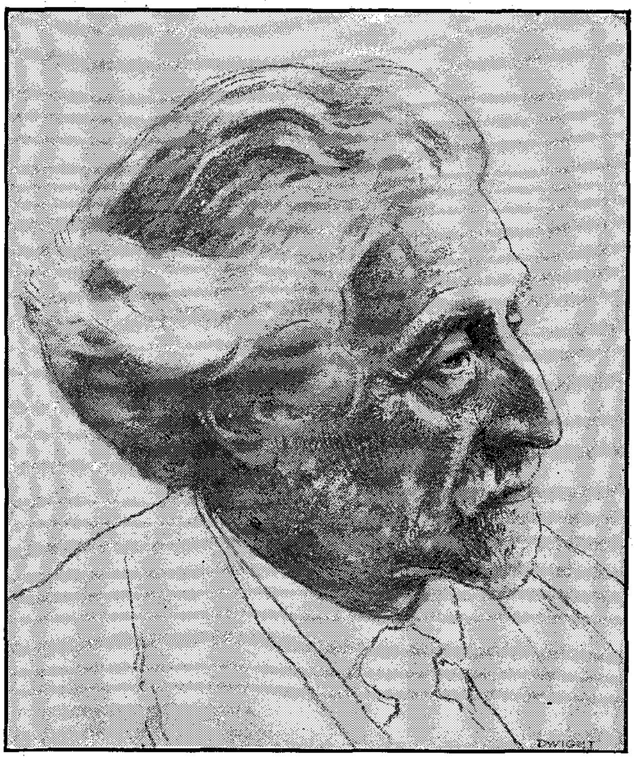
"The fact that Mr. Munsey long cherished and finally made such a public-spirited disposal of his wealth comes as a happy confirmation of the conviction of his intimate friends that he was a man of broad view and high ideals," says the New York *Times*. The Boston *Herald* stands almost awestruck at the startling contradictions of the case:

"How amazing it all is! With all his transcendent acquisitive attributes, Mr. Munsey never acquired a love for the beautiful, or cultivated an appreciation of man's material expression of artistic impulse. He contributed $10 a year to the New York museum. He was a stranger there. Nobody expected him to lavish a dollar on it. He had never been a patron of the best in either literature or art. We think of him, even as publisher, as we think of him in connection with the stock-market, the grocery store, the hotel or any other purely commercial enterprise. He was a 'dealer in dailies' on a great scale, and not a dealer in art on even a small one. Offhand, it is difficult to recall any picture of him by a great artist, a Sargent or a Tarbell, and we have never seen any comparison of him with Pulitzer, for example, or Dana, or Bennett.

"In his later years, at an age when most men of easy circumstances turn instinctively to the open country or to the spiritual outpourings of their brothers, he was still known as an uncomforted, friendless, even if not unfriendly being, whom many respected but few had any great affection for. And now he goes down in the annals of mankind as a colossal figure in the history of art, the most munificent patron we have ever known."

The Philadelphia *Record* tries to open a door on a wistful millionaire who wished for something beyond cash:

"Mr. Munsey was esteemed a hard man by many persons, particularly because of the manner in which he bought up and suppress newspapers, but evidently in his heart he had a strong desire to be well thought of by posterity. In this respect he may be said to have been like Stephen Girard, who, despite his great wealth, was not liked in his day. Both have made sure that their money will carry down their names to remote generations as benefactors of mankind."



A PIONEER IN JEWISH DRAMA

Ansky, the author of "The Dybbuk," a distillation of the Jewish soul such as has never before appeared in literature.

A little nearer Mason and Dixon's line the same idea is treated, in the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, with the eloquence expected of that section:

"The lanky young New England telegraph operator who arrived in New York more than forty years ago with forty dollars in net capital died possest of something like forty millions. By the terms of his will the bulk of the estate passes to the enrichment of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Who would have expected it of him? In life he was scarcely a Mæcenas. Other rich men collected paintings, pottery and tapestries. Mr. Munsey collected magazines, newspapers and grocery stores. His contribution to the Metropolitan was limited to $10 annual membership. But in the great stock-taking moment that every large owner of material wealth must face when he begins to discern the end of the trail, Mr. Munsey, the economic determinist, became Mr. Munsey, the philosopher. To what purpose memorialize himself in a foundation dedicated to merchandise, cheap magazines and cash-and-carry groceries? That is an enterprise for living men—not for dead men concerned with immortality. Magazines die and are forgotten, banks pass, newspapers pass, chain-stores pass, all material enterprises pass and leave scarcely a footprint on the sand of time. But Beauty abides. Art in its highest expression is treasured from age to age and, as far as human care can accomplish it, is invested with immortality. In the final moment Frank Munsey turned from the market-place which saw his most famous exploits and from the perishable wares which he sold at so much profit, and, entering the Temple of Art, gave all his rich garnerings to the goddess of Beauty. Who will say that this was not a distinguished conversion?"

It is not entirely a chorus of satisfaction that rises from the press over this matter. Some newspapers coincide with Cardinal O'Connell in saying that the forty millions could have done "much for the sick in the hospitals, the poor in the slums, his own fellow workmen who helped him to build up his enterprise." Information is indeed given out from intimate sources that Mr. Munsey was cogitating an alteration in the purposes of his will and the disposition of his property; that he intended mutualizing his newspaper holdings for the benefit of his associates.

Failure to accomplish the last named leads the New Haven *Journal-Courier* to say:

"The failure of Mr. Munsey in his last will and testament to remember the faithful men who had contributed so largely to whatever success he had in journalism, and who, we are told, had reason to believe that he would outline a program by which they could acquire his newspaper properties at their convenience, together with the gift of the greater share of his wealth to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, amounting to millions and millions—a truly princely gift—suggests strongly his lack of both gratitude and balance in the distribution of the vast property he could not take with him."

There is a retort to the view taken by Cardinal O'Connell in the Springfield *Union:*

"It is true that Mr. Munsey might have done much with his money had he left it to hospitals or asylums to endow the care of the unfortunate, but others are constantly doing that. The philanthropy of the country reaches out in a great many directions for the general good and there is no question of the general good when such endowments provide opportunities for self-reliant and self-striving people rather than a little dole of money to cover individual necessities which may be the best spurs to enterprise and effort."

The are several newspapers that expand in the same line as the El Paso *Times*, but this one has the click of the finish of a De Maupassant story:

"The late Frank A. Munsey's bequest of approximately $40,000,000 for the advancement of art in America more or less compensates for the offensive against art in America which Mr. Munsey kept going while he was alive. The man who kept the 'Oliver Optic' brand of fiction alive on this continent from the 1870s to the 1920s must naturally have felt the same tremors of remorse which drove Spanish and Italian sinners of the Renaissance into leaving their fortunes to the church.

"One only hopes the so-called 'old masters' will not receive all of Mr. Munsey's proceeds. It would be so much more fitting if the new masters of the various lively arts would be enabled, by this $40,000,000 fund, both to sell the best of their works and to pronounce from the walls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art their implied criticism of the works of Mr. Munsey."

THE COVER—This week we present a picture in the true Netherlandish tradition—an interior of various glooms and shadows, lighted here and there from a window on the left. The artist in this case is Albert Neuhuys, who after Israels ranks as perhaps the most distinguished of modern Dutch artists who portray peasant life. He was born in 1844 and died in 1914. In the richness of his color scheme and the manipulation of light and shadow, he is allied to his contemporaries, Israels and Jacob Maris, while showing the traditions of an older school. His home was in Amsterdam, and of course, the museums of Holland possess his canvases. In this country, Chicago, St. Louis and the Metropolitan of New York possess specimens.

SOUL-TRANSFER IN A CREEPY PLAY

DOWN IN THE EAST SIDE, in the little theater to visit which amounts to a pilgrimage, they are showing a play that some reviewers are calling the best in all the crowded New York season. It is a creepy play, called "The Dybbuk," with a character who passes from the world of the flesh to the world of spirit and still plays his part by taking physical possession of his loved and lost one. "No production in the endless, shuffling parade of plays that have passed this reviewing stand since the season began can compare in moving and memorable beauty with 'The Dybbuk,' wherewith the Neighborhood Playhouse began its eleventh year in Grand Street," writes that usually gay and lightsome critic, Mr. Alexander Woollcott. "Into no production sponsored up-town by the Theater Guild, by Arthur Hopkins and the rest has gone so much tranquil wisdom, so much loving care." It is the happy marriage of play and production that impresses other writers, and Mr. Stark Young in *The New Republic*, after briefly outlining the story, enlarges upon this feature of the Neighborhood enterprise:

> "A young man and a young girl have been promised to one another by their parents at birth. But the girl's father, grown rich, wants a finer match for his daughter and does not keep his promise. The young man enters the synagog and is famous for his learned genius; the girl is betrothed elsewhere. Through his pain, his meditation, his fasting, his ecstasy and his passion, he sees through the veil of the known, and falls dead. The wedding day arrives, but the soul of her dead lover enters into the girl's body. The third act concerns the exorcism by the rabbi; the dybbuk by means of the last and extreme measures is forced to part from her body. She is left alone. The voice of her lover, separated now from her, calls. She goes to him through death.
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> "To a Gentile, or to a Jew who is not orthodox, such a version, popular and Yiddish, of 'The Dybbuk,' would be a play unequal in its hold on the attention, turning on a powerful and touching love theme, and full of atmosphere, legend, ritual and tradition, more or less strange and variably interesting. To an orthodox Jew, and especially one with the Old World racial culture close to him, it would be crowded with especial meaning, with rich allusions, pathetic, deep tenderness, fanatical devotion, familiar details of the Chassidic sect, infinite elements that no outsider would understand or even suspect. In either case it would not be distinguished drama.
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> "But the production of 'The Dybbuk' that we see at the Neighborhood Playhouse is not Yiddish and popular. They have gone to a purer and more austere classical source; they have availed themselves of Mr. David Vardi, whose Russian connection with the play amounts to virtual creation. He and Miss Lewisohn have worked into the production of 'The Dybbuk' meanings and shadings that no words of the dramatist could express, but that depend on imaginative collaboration and direction as the rehearsals proceed. The play is pushed farther back into its origins. It is no longer mere folk theater, no longer realism of a homely intensity and familiar human nature. It draws now from regions that are far from us, whether they are in our own East Side or in Russian communities or Poland or ages ago. . . .
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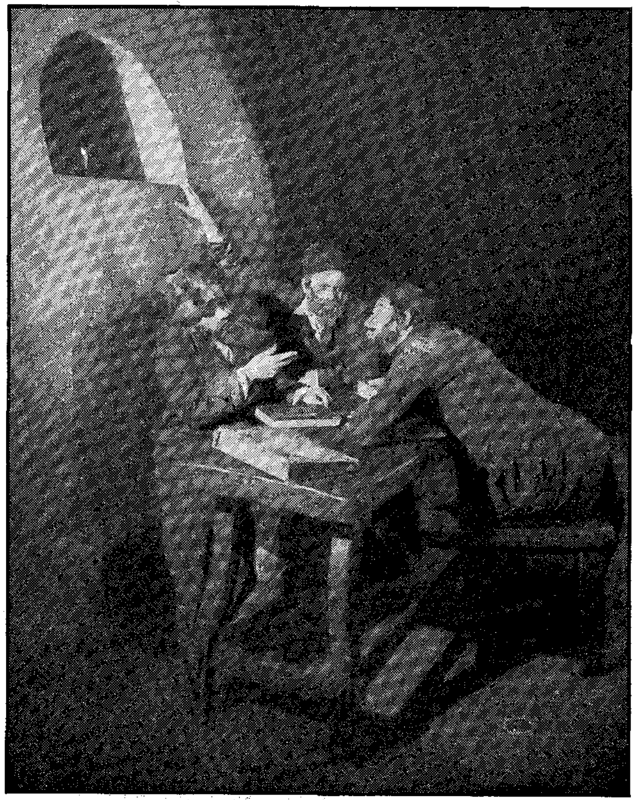
> "What I find so stirring and such a great poetic impulse in 'The Dybbuk' is, for one thing, its bare and poignant merging of the seen and unseen worlds. I have the sense of the old experience of the human race stored in us and become a part of the body's biology, the shadows and terror and solace of the natural earth, the dead moving around and in us. I have the sense of symbols and rites that arose in primitive living and that are eternally expressive of our human life. I like this projection of ferocity, fanaticism, tenderness, rapture, and of this seething life that is presented to us so free of material fact and yet so realistic. I like this display of a life that is so intense, so full of elevation, of squalor, of ugliness and of an overwhelming continuity of religious passion. And, most of all, the main dramatic theme of 'The Dybbuk' is both a great folk myth and a terrific poetic image: the idea of a love so strong that after death it can drive itself into another body."

Mr. Gilbert Gabriel, dealing with the play in *The Sun*, enlarges our apprehension of its eery quality:

> "Purposely uncouth as this conception may be of the dead within the living, and of this scourging by ceremony, Ansky was master enough to turn it into the instrument of a tremendous pity. Through his quaint, dank sketches of the synagog, with its scurvy old professionals at prayer, its mourners before the altar, its rigid majesty of the scrolls, runs a love motif as exquisite and unspoken as the beginnings of the second act of 'Tristan.' And the wedding scene which succeeds it is thronged with an eery entertainment."



Photograph by Drix Duryea

IN THE GLOOM OF THE SYNAGOG

"Professional Prayer Men," whose days are spent in study, prayer, argumentation, or ecstatic song. A scene in the Neighborhood Theater production of "The Dybbuk."

ARE WE MORE BANAL THAN OTHERS?—The intelligentsia set much store by the specimens of civilization served up in *The American Mercury* under the heading "Americana." Here all the inanities and absurdities appearing in the daily press of each State are carefully collated and held up to the comparative gaze of natives thereof. One might look upon it as a sort of competition in banality or in chagrin. The *Outlook* (London) brings forward two views of these little gems, showing how they strike two contemporaries:

> "I suppose Mr. Harold Spender and Mr. H. A. Gwynne are typical examples of the extremes of Liberalism and Conservatism—the one with his 'tendermindedness' and the other with his intransigeance—and their personalities are imprest upon their respective papers, *The Westminster Gazette* and *The Morning Post*. There is a definite cleavage always that runs between the Liberal and the Conservative point of view, not in politics alone, but in the general attitude toward life, letters, and art.
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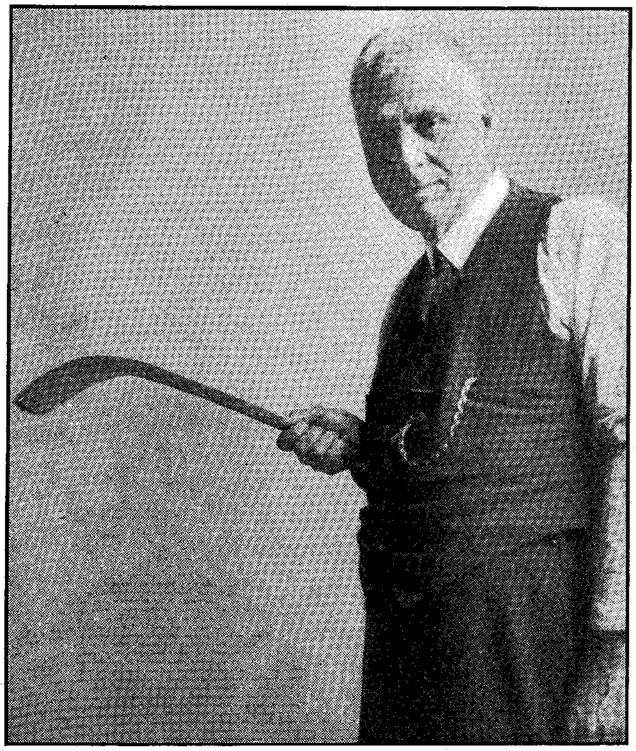
> "This was beautifully illustrated when within a few days of each other the newspapers in question reviewed Mr. H. L. Mencken's 'Americana.' This volume is a collection of the most incredible examples of stupidity, folly, blasphemy, and the like, chosen from the American Press, and annotated with Mr. Mencken's relentless satire. It is a book that would have delighted Flaubert, who always had an ambition to write an Encyclopedia of Human Stupidity. *The Westminster Gazette* said of it: 'This (America) is the country whose great ones tell Britain she is down and out and done with.' *The Morning Post* concluded: 'After all, it would not be difficult to collect a volume of "Anglicana" in this right little, tight little island which would be just as ridiculous.' There you have it—the difference between the Liberal and the Conservative—the one doctrinaire and smug, the other realistic and sporting."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE CAUSES OF BIGOTRY

INTOLERANCE IS NOT A VICE exclusively Protestant, nor is tolerance a virtue exclusively Jewish or Catholic. In fact, as a writer and author and former newspaper editor sees it, it is the mass solidarity of the Jew and Catholics which has spoiled the blast for America's melting-pot. They do not fuse, he says, and it is their own fault. "In habit, custom and social life they choose to remain apart from the mass, and then complain that they are unwelcome, forgetting that the exclusiveness is all their own." These are the words of Don C. Seitz, who has just joined the staff of *The Outlook* (New York). Mr. Seitz is not an apologist for the Ku Klux Klan, and he is not a critic of the creeds of Catholics and Jews. In the present article he gives witness to what he believes is the cause of the differences between Protestants on the one side and Jews and Catholics on the other. "With fifty-seven varieties of sects in the United States," he writes, "the Jew and Catholic alone insist that the unborn shall belong to them. In this lies the seat of American resentment. No one objects to Jews per se, or to Catholics. Americans do not like the notion of perpetuality." The Jew, asserts Mr. Seitz, "represents a mass, and the politicians angle for it." He continues:



AIMING A BOOMERANG AT BIGOTRY

Don C. Seitz, journalist and boomerang expert, who asserts that Jews and Catholics "choose to remain apart from the mass, and then complain that they are unwelcome, forgetting that the exclusiveness is all their own." As the replies show, the boomerang returns.

> "The Catholic won prominence in the same way. Rival parties in the past—and present—bid for the Jewish and Catholic vote by baiting their tickets. Thus Jews and Catholics become leaders in centers of population, and the 'rural deestricks' organize Ku Klux Klans to protect themselves, tho they are not in the least danger. Neither Jew nor Catholic would be potent in America but for the desire of parties to annex their votes. As it is, their influence is nil outside of a few cities. By keeping themselves apart from others they increase their political value, but not their potency. To raise the cry of bigotry under such circumstances is silly, but it is done with much effect. . . .
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> "Congregated in the cities whose development required much labor, the Catholics soon became political marks. Whig and Democrat alike vied in making them important. The careful hierarchy followed them up with priests and churches. They remain solid and impregnable."

Of this Mr. Seitz says he does not complain. His grievance, if any, is against the American politician, who has made it worth while for Jews and Catholics to remain solid, "to their real disadvantage and that of the country. Invited in, they do not melt, but mass." Mr. Seitz puts out of court the idea that Rome will attempt to rule the United States, and says, "the truth is, fear of the Papist is an inheritance from our Puritan ancestors, who fled England when that dread was at its height. We have not shaken it off, altho England has. . . . From the standpoint of religion there is no ground for affright." Mr. Seitz continues:

> "From one cause or another, Protestant churches come and go in all communities. The Catholic churches come and stay. So do the synagogs. It is clear, therefore, as before stated, that solidarity, not religious differences, lies behind 'bigots,' so-called, and Ku Klux Klanism. Yet the select seat of 'bigotry' is among Jews and Catholics. Hotels excluded the former because when they came they drove away other guests. The same thing is true of neighborhoods. Ghettos are self-created. Christian neighbors soon disappear. I recall one Jewish lady's reply to another, when asked if there were many Gentiles in Bensonhurst, a Jewish suburb of Brooklyn. 'Not enough to be annoying,' was the happy reply."

On the matter of exclusion of Jews from hotels, and from social organizations, a grievance in which "the Catholics share," Mr. Seitz says they are kept out only to a very moderate extent. He notes that "Catholics are forbidden to join Masonic lodges, not by the lodges, but by the Church," and asks: "What Protestant could join the Knights of Columbus? Could any Gentile get into a Jewish club? Not on his life." These are the things, we are told, "that irk, and justly irk, the 100 per cent. American mind. Add to it," Mr. Seitz writes, "the tragedy of Jewish or Catholic intermarriage, when permitted at all, by which the Protestant must forswear his faith for his children, and you have a deep and definite reason for all anti-Catholic and anti-Hebrew manifestations." But "it can not be claimed that the pressure is from without which keeps the two alien and against the rest of us. It does not exist." For, says Mr. Seitz,

> "We have been broad and liberal in granting equal rights and more than equal opportunities. In politics they have been at a premium and in religion unmolested. Yet they continue to cry out about intolerance. Such as there is of this exists in workable quantities only where there are neither Jews nor Catholics, and is therefore of no importance. . . .
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> "Both sects are fearful of competition; hence their ironclad laws. Ostracism on earth and in heaven are their effective weapons. Why, then, should they complain if others not so armed put on sheets and masks in a ridiculous endeavor to protect Americanism with monkey-shines instead of common sense and square politics?
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> "Large claims are made for Jewish and Catholic patriotism. They will not be believed, even in the face of frequent demonstrations, so long as their social solidarity exists. They will be wise Catholics and Jews who take heed of this situation and prepare to melt. Age-long traditions are hard to break; denial of salvation is a fearful threat to disregard. But it must come about in due season, for America can no more endure if divided

on severe social and religious lines than it could half slave and half free."

In its own comment on Mr. Seitz's article, *The Outlook* says that he strikes at intolerance wherever he thinks he finds it, that his blows are aimed, not at people, but at ideas, and that "if what he says hurts, it will be because the blow has found the intolerance it was aimed at." There are many, believes *The Outlook*, who think as Mr. Seitz thinks, "but have not ventured, or have not had the skill, to put those thoughts into words. It is decidedly worth while for the rest of us to know how such people are thinking." And the upshot of the whole matter, we are told, "is that those most likely to suffer from intolerance are themselves intolerant." *The Outlook* expected many resentful "comebacks" from the partizans of all three classes mentioned in Mr. Seitz's article; but there were, it says, "few such explosions." On the whole the comments were "moderate." For instance, *The Journal Press* (St. Cloud, Minn.), after commending Mr. Seitz as a fearless writer, has this to say, as quoted in *The Outlook:* "He gets his angle of the Jews and Catholics from New York, where both train with Tammany, to their own advantage. But generally speaking, this question of voting en masse is not true in the smaller cities. In the West the Catholic is a mighty good American citizen, who does his own voting. He as a rule resents any attempted dictation from the priest or bishop, and the same can be said for the Jews of the West." In a letter to *The Outlook* from George Fort Milton, Southern journalist and editor of the Chattanooga *News*, some agreement with Mr. Seitz's view is exprest, and the journalist also quotes a Kentucky Catholic as finding fault with the political "Irish-Catholic boss." Mr. Milton writes:

"The cry of 'K. K. K.' or 'Catholic' is raised by scheming politicians, who seek thereby to blind the voters to their faults by invoking their prejudices and passions. It is only some months after election that the poor voter, finding himself the victim of a vicious government, discovers the fraud played upon him.

"One can not better illustrate the truth of one side of this than by quoting the words of Col. Patrick H. Callahan, of Louisville, Kentucky, a leading lay Catholic, whose views upon political occurrences are sound and salutary:

"'It has for many years been my policy in public as well as in private to have no hesitancy in expressing my belief that the Irish-Catholic boss is the greatest menace to Catholicity, as well as to the Democratic party.

"'It may be surprizing to you to hear a Catholic so express himself; yet it was my actual experience as chairman of the Religious Prejudice Commission and as chairman of the K. of C. war work that brought about this inevitable conclusion.

"'Political Catholics, who for partizan reasons seek to capitalize the faith of their fellows, and to play upon their passions and fears, are as great a menace to America as are those political anti-Catholics.

"'The endeavors of the Irish political bosses to draw the red herring of religion across the path of political and economic progress are to be deplored and despised, which sentiments are characteristic of the thoughtful Catholics everywhere in America, and I feel confident that endeavors so inspired to renew the religious issue either for helpful or harmful purposes will act as a boomerang on those responsible for the same.'"

A vigorous defense of the Roman Catholic Church by John F. Gilroy is printed in part by *The Outlook*, as follows:

"Mr. Seitz charges that we keep apart from the rest of the people. In what way, may I ask? We work with them, live with them, fight side by side with them in time of war, contribute to their charities and attend their balls, dinners, and other social events. We go to their weddings and their funerals. We belong to the same social clubs and college fraternities. We belong to scores of the same fraternal organizations, such as the Elks, Eagles, Royal Arcanum, Rotary, and Lions Clubs, and many others. Many of us belong to the same patriotic societies, such as the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, United Spanish War Veterans, Army and Navy Union, Grand Army of the Republic, and many others. We work with them and many times for them in politics. We even pray for them. How is it possible for us to show more friendship for our fellow-Americans?

"Mr. Seitz says Protestants can not belong to the Knights of Columbus. That is true. Neither can Catholics belong to the Methodist Brotherhood, the Epworth League, the Christian Endeavor Society, or the Baptist Young People's Union of America. The Knights of Columbus are a religious, charitable, patriotic, and fraternal society of Catholic men. A Protestant would no more want to join the Knights of Columbus than a Catholic would some distinctly Protestant order. Why can not a Catholic be a Mason? Because we consider the Masonic Order a sort of humanitarian religion. As we consider Masonry a religion, a Catholic could no more belong to that than he could belong to some Protestant church. We have the kindest feelings toward the Masons, we look on many of them as our best friends, and differ from them only in religion. Many times have I heard in Catholic clubs, Knights of Columbus councils, and Holy Name Societies the Masons referred to as our separate brothers. Is there anything unfriendly in that?

"Mr. Seitz charges that Catholics vote in blocks. If that is so, how is it that Boston elected a Protestant Mayor when 75 per cent. of its population is Catholic? How is it that Rhode Island is represented by two Protestants in the United States Senate? Why are Protestants elected to many offices in New York City? Why are the majority of the judges in the Irish Free State Protestants, when 90 per cent. of the population is Catholic?"

One reply from a Jew, Abe Blajivas, of Washington, is thus quoted by *The Outlook:*

"Thousands of our Jewish boys who answered the call to uphold the principles of true democracy never returned. Did any one ask, 'Are they Jews or Gentiles?' then? Did any one question their patriotism? No. The Jew has never in the history of the world given over so to another people's ideas and customs as the Jew in America. The American Jew loves the United States far above any other nation in the world, and he shows this in the best way conceivable to his mind by holding the Stars and Stripes enshrined in his heart in the same way that he keeps the Star of Israel."

TO CURB STAGE CURSING

PROFANITY ON THE STAGE has gone beyond all bounds, it has been frequently complained by both Protestant and Catholic religious leaders, and now we are told, 100,000 men in New York, members of the Archdiocesan Holy Name Society, a Roman Catholic organization, will "wage war" against theatrical producers who permit profanation of the name of God on the stage. In a sermon before the Holy Name branch of St. Gregory's Church, of which he is the spiritual adviser, the Rev. Eugene J. Callahan said that men who would not permit an insult to the names of their mothers should not permit any one to insult the name of Jesus. But, he asks, as he is quoted in the New York *Times*,

"Have you attended the theater lately? They come out night after night in cold blood and abuse the name of Jesus on the stage. For the cheap sensation of shock they insult thousands of playgoers, regardless of creed. 'Artistic profanity,' they tell us, but I recognize no difference between this and the foul talk of the street. The playwright will say that this language is necessary for the realistic interpretation of character; but it is no more necessary than the infliction of real pain upon the actor who must register agony.

"The Holy Name Society stands squarely in opposition to the profane use of the name of Jesus. We have no quarrel with the theater as such, but when the theater degrades itself by profaning the sacred name, it insults our God and we resent the insult. Any mark of disrespect shown to the names of our parents and friends, heroes, statesmen, and public benefactors is indignantly resented, and to a greater degree do we resent the disrespect the theater seems to have for the name of Jesus.

"One hundred thousand men of New York have protested against this abuse of the holy name, but for the most part the producer and not the actor has turned a deaf ear to us. Priests have withstood them to the face, but their weak answer has been flippant and anonymous evasions. To-day on the Feast of the Holy Name we tell the men in the theater who are responsible for this abuse to stop it. As citizens of this State and members of the Holy Name Society, we will wage war until this abuse of the name of Jesus is put down."

The suggestion that a curb be put on stage profanity possesses many elements of merit, remarks the New York *Telegram*, but it hopes that the reform will come from the producers and the actors rather than through legal prohibition or police regulation. *The Telegram* thus presents the "other side":

> "It is quite true that in very recent years casual, vain, silly, and even blasphemous lines have crept into the dramatic productions which make up the theatrical output of the Broadway year. Many times they are offensive, most frequently they are altogether unnecessary; but it must be remembered that the truthful, accurate and realistic presentation of certain classes of scenes, the reproduction of things as they happen in real life, ofttimes requires strong language for which 'derns' and 'darns,' 'doggones' and 'drats,' the 'mischief' and 'sheol' will not suffice.
>
> "In the matter of when to swear or curse on the stage the conscience of the playwright, the producer, and the actor should be the guide, not the personal opinion of the policeman or the clergyman."

POLO AS PRAYER

"PRAYER AND PROVENDER hinder no man," runs an old saw; and sports, too, thinks Bishop Manning of New York, have as important a place in our lives as prayer. Athletics and recreation, undertaken in the proper spirit and within certain restrictions, have their part in the development of right living. The idea is not new, but Bishop Manning clothes it in fresh importance by publicly approving Sunday games, while leaving others to question how and where the limits are to be drawn. It will be rather astonishing, we are told, to gridiron heroes and polo players to learn that their display of brawn and courage in physical contest may be as valuable to their souls as an act of worship. It is in an address to the delegates to the twentieth annual convention of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, meeting in New York, that Bishop Manning gave his view on the place of sports in life. "It is impossible for me to overstate the importance and value of clean, wholesome, well-regulated sport," says the Episcopal prelate, as his address is quoted in the New York papers. "Like all great things, however, it can be perverted, but . . . the right interest in sport is not only a safeguard against evil, but diverts attention from the undesirable and creates interest in good." Football receives an encomium as one of the best developers of the qualities of fairness, self-control, team-work, self-sacrifice, and of the suppression of self for the good of the whole. "Are not those the qualities that are essential to true manhood and true womanhood?" asks Bishop Manning, saying, "there ought to be the closest sympathy between true sportsmanship and true religion, for they are the two great agencies for the development of right living and should work in the closest relationship. If there is any idea that sport and religion are out of sympathy, it should be dispelled, for it is the worst possible idea." And, continues the Bishop,

> "I can see nothing inherently wrong with sport and recreation being indulged in on the Lord's Day, but under the proper circumstances and with moderation. They have just as important a place in our lives as our prayers. It is my opinion that the beautiful game of polo, in its place, is as pleasing to God as a beautiful service in a beautiful cathedral. We want both, but we want them in their rightful proportions. We do not want to have one set do our praying for us and another set our playing for us."

Bishop Manning refers to the sportsman's bay in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine as an expression of fact that religion and the Church not only do not frown on sport, but sympathize with it, recognize its worth and rejoice in its cooperation. It is a happy sign of the times, thinks the New York *Herald Tribune*, when Bishop Manning comes out in support of athletic competition. This paper observes that Church and sports are in need of each other, and that "the closer the cooperation, the greater will be the growth of religion and the more sport will profit." *The Herald Tribune* recalls:

> "Some of the best athletes have carried their religion into competition. A few years ago attention was attracted to a football team which sought help in prayer before starting a game. On the last British Olympic team there was an extraordinarily fine sprinter who was studying for the ministry and whose religious scruples prevented him from racing on the Sabbath. More than one golfer has sought spiritual assistance during competition in a golf tournament. If memory serves, there have been professional baseball players whose contracts excused them from playing on Sunday. Last summer a Long Island clergyman arranged a service which would give golfers an opportunity of attending divine worship before gathering at the first tee."

The Bishop's views may possibly shock some of his clergy, observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, which, speaking for itself, is pleased to hear him exalt outdoor games. *The Eagle* recognizes, however, that,

> "In a sense this is a distinct challenge to the Sabbatarians of the evangelical denominations; one might almost call it a challenge to Main Street in general. But the custom of the Anglican Church for ages and the custom of Roman Catholicism for ages is in accord with Bishop Manning's reasoning. He is uttering nothing that is new, only formulating, rather aggressively, what has been the practise of non-evangelical Christians from the beginnings of the Christian religion."

But some surprize at Bishop Manning's attitude is exprest by the Raleigh *News and Observer*, which wonders if the American Sabbath is to give way to the Continental method of Sunday observance. The North Carolina paper thinks it will be astonishing news to the football players that the kicking and scramble and contest "is one of the highest forms of spiritual exercise," and as for polo, "who ever heard of a polo player using the Sunday morning church hour for the game who pretended it was a 'spiritual exercise' and 'as pleasing to God as service in a cathedral'?" Says *The News and Observer:*

> "Undoubtedly play has its place, but it is usurping too much time by its devotees and threatens to usurp time belonging to business, to home, to the church. The country is already full of golf widows who go to church alone and see their husbands, as one such widow says of her husband: 'I only see him when he is tired after the game, and as for going to church on Sunday, he is a confirmed golf heathen.'
>
> "Bishop Manning's statement that these games are 'as pleasing to God as service in a cathedral' will confirm lovers of sport in doing all their worship in the presence of caddies rather than preachers.
>
> "There is no call to let the bars in Sunday observance down any lower than they have fallen, much less to justify making Sunday a day of play rather than a day of prayer by elevating sports to the same height as worship in God's house."

"A good deal of conventional rubbish will have to be cleared away before the question of Sunday sports is settled," thinks the Newark *News*, saying that Bishop Manning has no logical solution for the problem of commercialized sports. *The News* notes that both golf and polo require that some one shall work if they are to be played, and asserts that no sport can be played on a large scale without causing some one to work. It appears to this paper, then, that,

> "The Sunday question will be full of hypocrisy as long as we try to tell one man he can indulge in the kind of recreation he enjoys and another man that he can't enjoy himself of a Sunday afternoon the way he likes. The one who wants to be out-of-doors watching a well-played game of baseball or football by professional teams will not be patient when told he can't do that, but he can go over to another field and watch some unpaid amateurs play or go to church and hear a concert by some paid musicians. Consistency makes ducks and drakes of current ways of observing the Sabbath. . . .
>
> "No one is wise enough to make a list of specific acts and label them (Right), and another list and label them (Wrong), and to require acceptance of these lists by every one as tests of character and proper Sabbath observance. The world has outgrown machine-made religion of that sort."

Delicious, refreshing, invigorating Tomato Soup!

How it invites and tempts your appetite! What a welcome flavor it has! How much more you enjoy the meal after such a delightful beginning!

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We pluck the tomatoes just when the sun has ripened them to their lusciousness. Then we strain the pure tomato juice and rich tomato "meat" to a fine puree, blend in golden butter fresh from the country, and season "to the king's taste."

A favorite you will always like to have placed before you!

21 kinds
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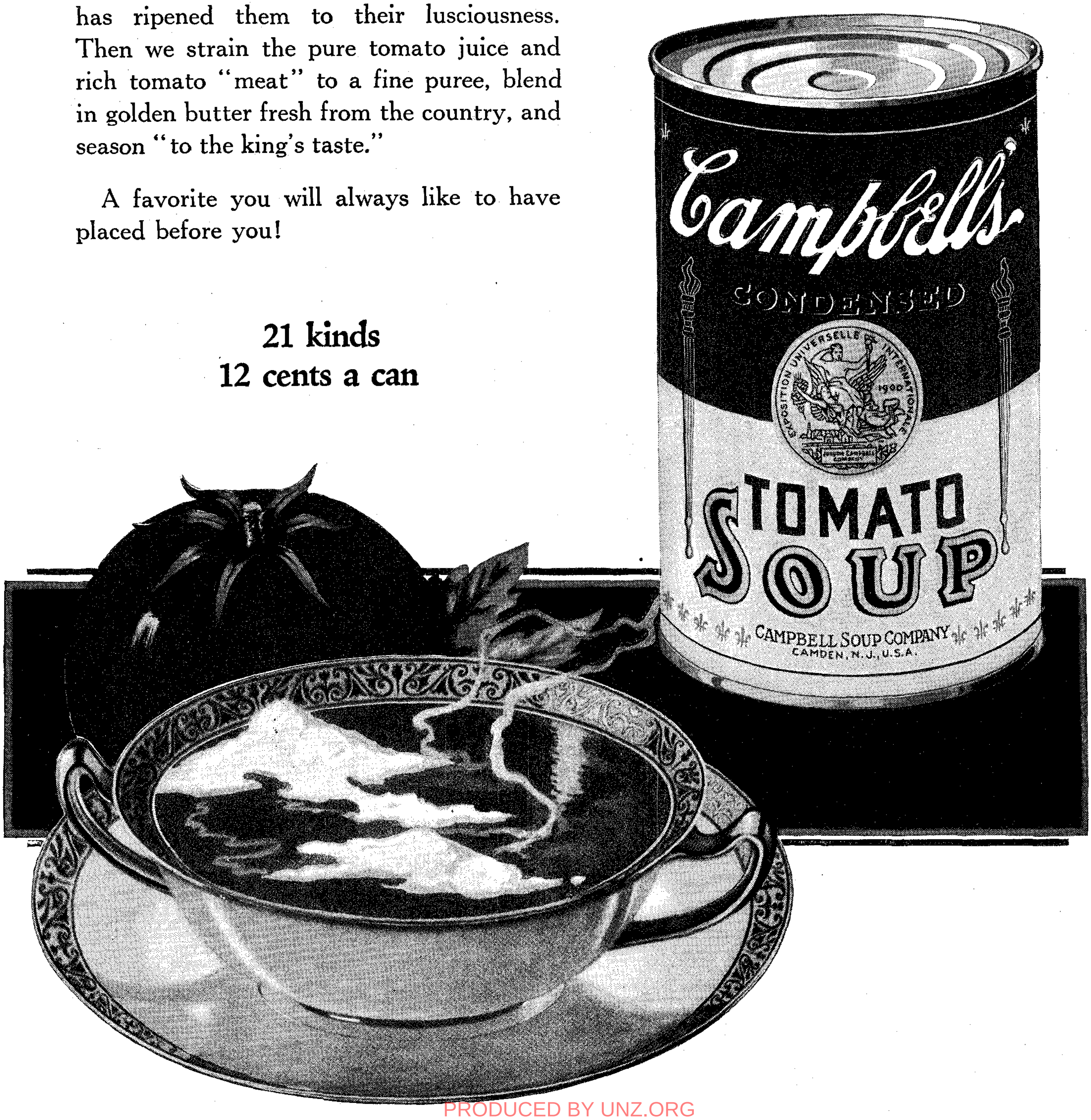
Cream of Tomato!

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THE writer here is the editor of *The Dial* where we find him in the January number paying tribute to the dead negro poet:

A POEM

By Scofield Thayer

Not forgetting Paul Laurence Dunbar

Poets I have loved so deeply,
Poets I have loved so long,
Teach me, ah gravely teach me
The wonder of broken song.

Teach me the language of moonlight
Which speaks on waters at Dawn,
That I may syllable moonlight
Ere my brief Dark is gone.

Teach me the error of Twilight,
The wilful change of the moon,
Teach me the malice of April,
Teach me the terror of June.

Teach me the error of Twilight,
Teach me to wander at Dawn,
Teach me the vagrant knowledge
Of why a heart was born.

Teach me to utter that pallor
Which is the lips of Day,
Teach me the small, grave words
Wherewith the flowers pray.

Teach me to fold my heart
In a little scrap of song,
Teach me to tie it gaily,
Teach me to weep long.

Mr. Montague is a past master of rhythm. His daily poem under the head "More Truth Than Poetry" in the New York *Herald Tribune* has presented many a tempting morsel. He loves to turn conventional morality on end like this:

ON THRIFT

By James J. Montague

I know that thrift should be the poor man's motto
That spending is the mark of foolish pride,
I know the man who saves because he's got to
May some day have a fortune laid aside.
I read the tales of men who've made successes
And learn that thrift was mainly what has swayed 'em,
At least, according to the writer's guesses,
Of how they made 'em.

But now and then, when forth from home I've wandered
To learn what lay beyond my garden wall,
A tidy sum of money I have squandered
That I could really not afford at all.
This course of all my cash in hand bereft me,
But though without a cent I faced the morrow,
The thought that I might die a pauper left me
Quite free from sorrow.

Life may be brief, but labor seems unending,
It's pleasant to gain wealth, but on the whole
I rather think a yearly spree of spending
May be a useful tonic for the soul.
No bank I'll ever fill with heaps of treasure,
But I have given life a good square trial,
And haven't found the much applauded pleasure
Of self-denial.

This theory may land me in the poorhouse
When age creeps up with slow and crafty stealth,
But better that than some Herr Doktor's Kur-Haus
When rich men go to mend their shattered health.
I haven't always toiled when days were sunny;
I've had my chance, and haply I destroyed it.
I've wasted quite a little bit of money,
But I enjoyed it.

If you prefer a poem with just a bitter taste of the ironic, omit to read the third stanza here from the New York *World*, but if you're indifferent how a fine idea can turn into jest, go on to the end:

DE SENECTUTE

By Margaret Widdemer

"When you're old," said my grandmother,
"Sometimes you eat and drink,
But mostly all that's left to do
Is just to sit and think,
So while you are young, my dear, and life is going on
Do gentle deeds to think about when happy youth is gone."
And she blinked her old eyes
And she told about a lover,
And his tragic surprise
When she said that all was over;
"He killed himself," said Grandma, just as pleased as she could be,
"And left a lengthy note to say 'twas all because of me!"

"When you're old," said my grandfather,
"Sometimes you sit and smoke
And sometimes you can chuckle
As you think of some old joke.
But while you are young, my child, and youth is still your own
Do noble deeds, and in your age you'll reap as you have sown."
But he looked very mellow
As he told about a deal
Which left the other fellow
Too entirely smashed to squeal;
"I got it all," said Grandad, as he wagged a happy head,
"And bought the little place, my dear, you'll have when I am dead!"

"When you're old," . . . said my grandparents;
And gave me counsel sage
On how to live my youth to be
Most happy in my age,
But the things that they said and the deeds they had done
And got the biggest kick out of by no means were one—
So I'll pack my days full
With deeds of much rambunction,
And have things I can tell
When I've grown too old to function,
Because when you are old and sitting drowsing in the sun
All that you are sorry for is what you haven't done!

Sometimes a return to the old, neglected rhythms like this in the New York *Sun* strikes us with a grateful sense of novelty:

IF I WERE A KING

By Stanton A. Coblentz

If I were a king and you were a queen
In Greece or in Persia or Spain,
Should we find that the world was completely serene
Since I was a king and you were a queen,
Or gravely demand what our laurels might mean,
And hold they were wholly in vain?—
If I were a king and you were a queen
In Greece or in Persia or Spain?

If I were a god and you were my bride
In the clouds or the ocean or air,
Should we view our position with arrogant pride
Since I was a god and you were my bride,
Or wish we were human and humble beside
And relieved of all heavenly care?—
If I were a god and you were my bride
In the clouds or the ocean or air?

If I were the storm-wind and you were the sky
And we governed the world with a nod,
Should we gloat in our princely dominions on high,
Since I was the storm-wind and you were the sky,
Or groan at our onerous duties, and sigh
To be only a leaf or a clod?—
If I were the storm-wind and you were the sky
And we governed the world with a nod?

The open air blows through these two poems of Mr. Bynner. They occur in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* (Charlottesville) and we couldn't divorce them:

CHANGES

By Witter Bynner

Changes of light are living things
And flit along the brook;
On a willow-limb their images
Are wounded wings of smoke.

Two ways of life make the design,
Two behaviours:
The brook's way with the sun is mine;
The willow's way is yours.

You are a reaching, rooted span
Where little leaves grow:
You are a woman; but I am a man
And catch the sun and go.

PASTURE

By Witter Bynner

He had gone away without good-bye,
A thing he never would have done;
For nobody loved him more than I—
Except, perhaps, the sun.

And the sun—when I said, "O tell me where!"
Though it showed me some open pasture-bars
Into the pathway of the air,
Gave no particulars.

From the London *Spectator* comes this fancy, light as its own materials:

THE BARGAIN

By Robert Graves

The stable door was open wide:
I heard voices, looked inside,
Six candle-yellow birds were set
In a cage of silver net,
Shaking wing, preening feather,
Whistling loudly all together.
Two most ancient withered fairies
Bartered rings against canaries,
Haggled with a courteous cunning—
Hinting, boasting, teasing, punning
In a half-remembered tongue.
"Too low an offer!" "Times are bad."
"Too low!" "By far the best you have had."
"Raise it!" Then what a song was sung:
"Dicky is a pretty lad!
Dicky is a pretty lad!"
But diamonds twinkled with light flung
By twelve impatient golden wings,
The younger merchant took the rings,
Closed his bargain with a sigh,
And sadly wished his flock "Good-bye."
Good-bye, good-bye, in fairy speech
With a sugar-peck for each
Unsuspecting bright canary.
"Fare you well."
A sudden airy
Gust of midnight slammed the door.
Out went the lights: I heard no more.

Eager Fords on coldest days

YOUR Ford is lubricated by the splash feed system and requires a lively, free flowing oil that will *quickly* reach all working parts of the engine.

When the weather is cold, unsuitable oil may congeal and become gummy. Starting becomes a nuisance. The oil circulation is slow and incomplete which results in excessive exposure to wear.

Mobiloil "E" is lively and ready-flowing even in freezing weather. It reaches all parts of your motor instantly and lubricates them thoroughly. But for all its liveliness it has body enough to provide ample protection under even the highest Ford operating heats.

Cold Weather Hints for Fords

1. When starting in cold weather pull out the choke only while cranking. Push it in part way the instant the engine "takes hold." Push it in all the way as soon as possible. When the choke is out, raw gasoline may get into the crankcase and seriously dilute the oil.
2. Let your engine warm up thoroughly before driving fast.
3. Use alcohol or other suitable anti-freeze mixture in radiator and keep at proper strength during the cold weather.
4. Keep radiator protected by suitable cover during the cold weather.
5. In winter, due to the greater use of the choke, your crankcase should be drained and refilled with fresh oil every 500 miles.
6. **Play safe — never use any engine lubricant but Mobiloil "E."**

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, Kansas City or Minneapolis.

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THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

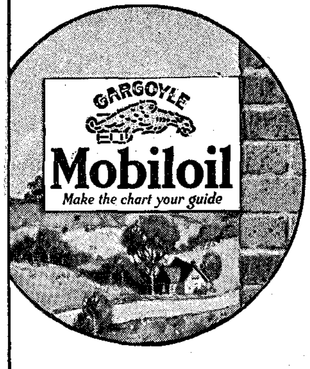
The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB	....	...	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (*other mod's.*)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	....	....
" (*other mod's.*)	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc.	....	...	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	...	...
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....

This sign points the way to new cold-weather protection for your Ford


GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

WILL THIS HERCULES CLEAN NEW YORK?

HE HAS NEVER POUNDED THE PAVEMENTS himself, but he is big enough in bone and thew to swing a hefty bludgeon and become a holy terror to malefactors. Stript for a shower after a handball game at the Crescent Athletic Club, Brooklyn, he tips the scale at 207 pounds, and towers to a height of six feet one inch. Further intimate specifications of the newly appointed Police Commissioner of the City of New York tell us of burly shoulders, a forty-something chest, a tapering waist and long, sinewy arms. All of which is presented as matter of national interest, inasmuch as the man who tackles the management of New York's police force becomes something of a national character and a focal object for a flock of searchlights. Newspapers all over the country are giving no small attention to the change of rulership at the ominous gray building in Center Street, whereby Mr. McLaughlin stept in as Mr. Enright stept out. The fact that Mayor Walker's appointee has already begun to undo some of his predecessor's work, coupled with the fact that the effervescent Mr. Enright has promoted himself to a picturesque, if somewhat indefinite, eminence connected with the International Police Conference, adds piquancy to the situation, and redoubles one's interest in Commissioner George V. McLaughlin's big chest and powerful arms. But perhaps those fine gifts—useful as they may prove to be in the handling of a notoriously refractory and ungrateful job—are less important than certain other characteristics cataloged in the same article by Thomas B. Hanly. We are told, for instance, that the new protector of law and order in the greatest city of the Western hemisphere "has a commanding face that would hold the attention of any crowd." And the writer goes on to analyze the Commissioner's features, telling us of "gray or light blue eyes, set well apart under straight brows," and "high cheekbones which sweep into the curve of strong jaws and an out-thrust chin," not to forget a passing glance at a long, straight nose and a wide, decisive mouth. Completing his sketch for the New York *World*, Mr. Hanly remarks that the Commissioner's whole demeanor is that of a man who does not act rashly, but "keeps his head about him and his feet on the ground," and he adds:

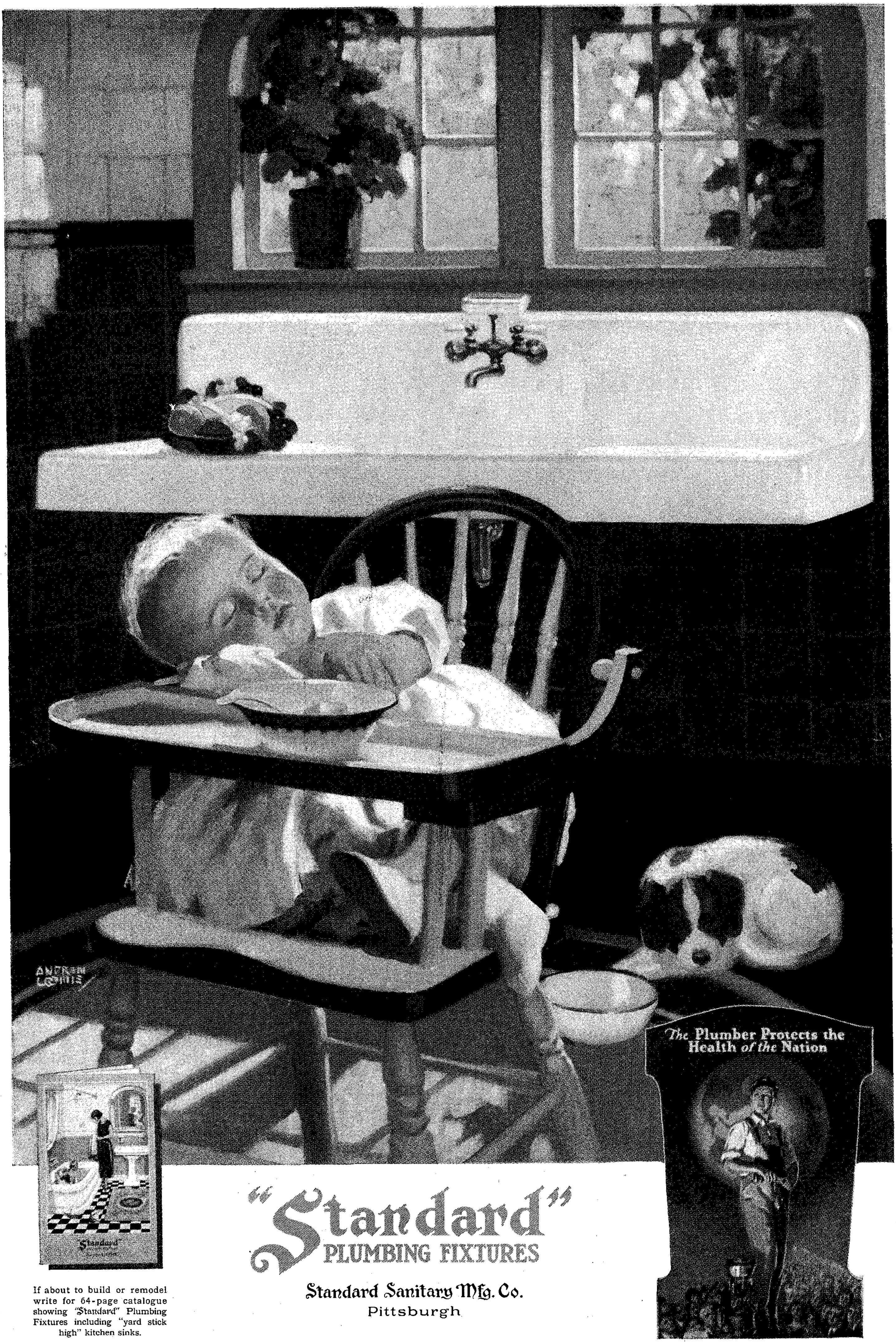
P. & A. photograph

SWEARING IN THE "NEW BROOM"

The diminutive Mayor "Jimmie" Walker (on the right) is enlisting the fealty of his stalwart Police Commissioner, George V. McLaughlin.

> At least, that was the impression of sundry Police Inspectors and Captains to whom he made a little speech Friday afternoon. It was slightly under three minutes in length, and it told them to carry on as they had been carrying on [illegible] situation. He told them he knew the members of the Police Department wanted to do their duty. He was there to aid them in every worthy effort. That was all—no fuss, no feathers, no "going to" threats. And virtually the same thing was said to the readers of *The World* for the public to read a half-hour later.
>
> "I do not know what I am going to do," said Commissioner McLaughlin, "that is, in detail. No man coming to this office as I am coming could know." He was standing then, his hands in the pockets of his gray sack coat, but he took them out and slightly clenched them as he added:
>
> "But I do know that the people of the City of New York are entitled to adequate protection of their lives and property. They have a right to expect that the community in which they live shall be free from commercialized vice in so far as it is possible for a competent, intelligent and faithful police force to accomplish that end."
>
> "What changes do you expect to make in personnel or policy?" "I can not answer that now," was the quick answer. It may be noted that the new Commissioner is an incisive speaker and answers quickly. "All changes in the personnel will depend upon the application of this one policy in the light of what the department is seeking to do," he answered. "I firmly believe that the vast majority of the force is only too willing to give the best that is in every one of them, provided, first, that they have the assurance that they will receive fair play, and, secondly, that no interference with them in the performance of their duties will be tolerated."
>
> "Needless to say they have that assurance from you?"
>
> The lips straightened at this, and the voice raised:
>
> "That goes without my saying it," was the reply.
>
> A moment later, he said, "Let me say that more formally:
>
> "I pledge to the people of the City of New York and the members of the Police Department a firm adherence to these principles, and I ask for the friendly cooperation of the police force and the citizens in carrying out this pledge."
>
> If the new Commissioner makes any speeches during his administration they will as a rule be brief and to the point. He is an experienced, if not diffusive, talker. He made two little addresses last Friday at Police Headquarters which gave a good line on him. One was to the Inspectors and Captains and the other to his friends and to Police Commissioner Enright.
>
> After Enright had wished him all the success in the world, McLaughlin leaned forward, grasped the retiring Commissioner firmly by the hand and said: "I thank you for your good wishes and I wish you a happy New Year as well as success in whatever undertaking you may make hereafter."
>
> He is a good handshaker, the new Commissioner, not in the invidious sense. He leans down, thrusts his hand forward quickly and clasps your hand in a firm grip. They say he does not use many gestures in speaking.

(Continued on page 41)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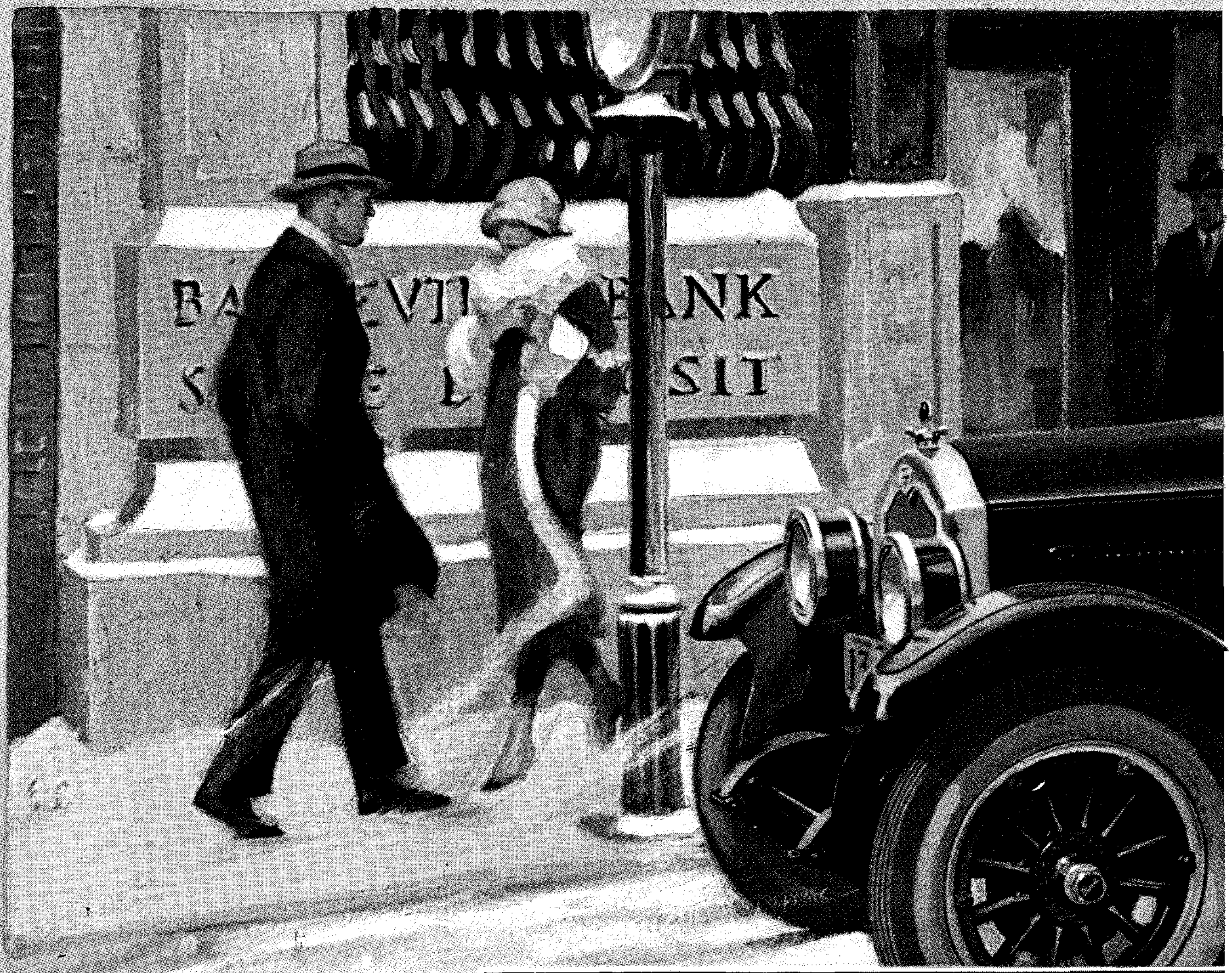

The Better Buick Ap

The economy of the Buick automobile appeals strongly to p
who choose their investments with care.

One of the facts thoroughly established during Buick's tw
one years, is the super-dependability of this famous motor

Blind chance has not figured in creating the steadiness of se
that belongs peculiarly to Buick. Buick design has aime
higher utility, and nearly a million and a half Buick owners k
best how well this has been accomplished.

In no other motor car can you find a "Sealed Chassis"
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protect all operating parts from dirt and the wear that

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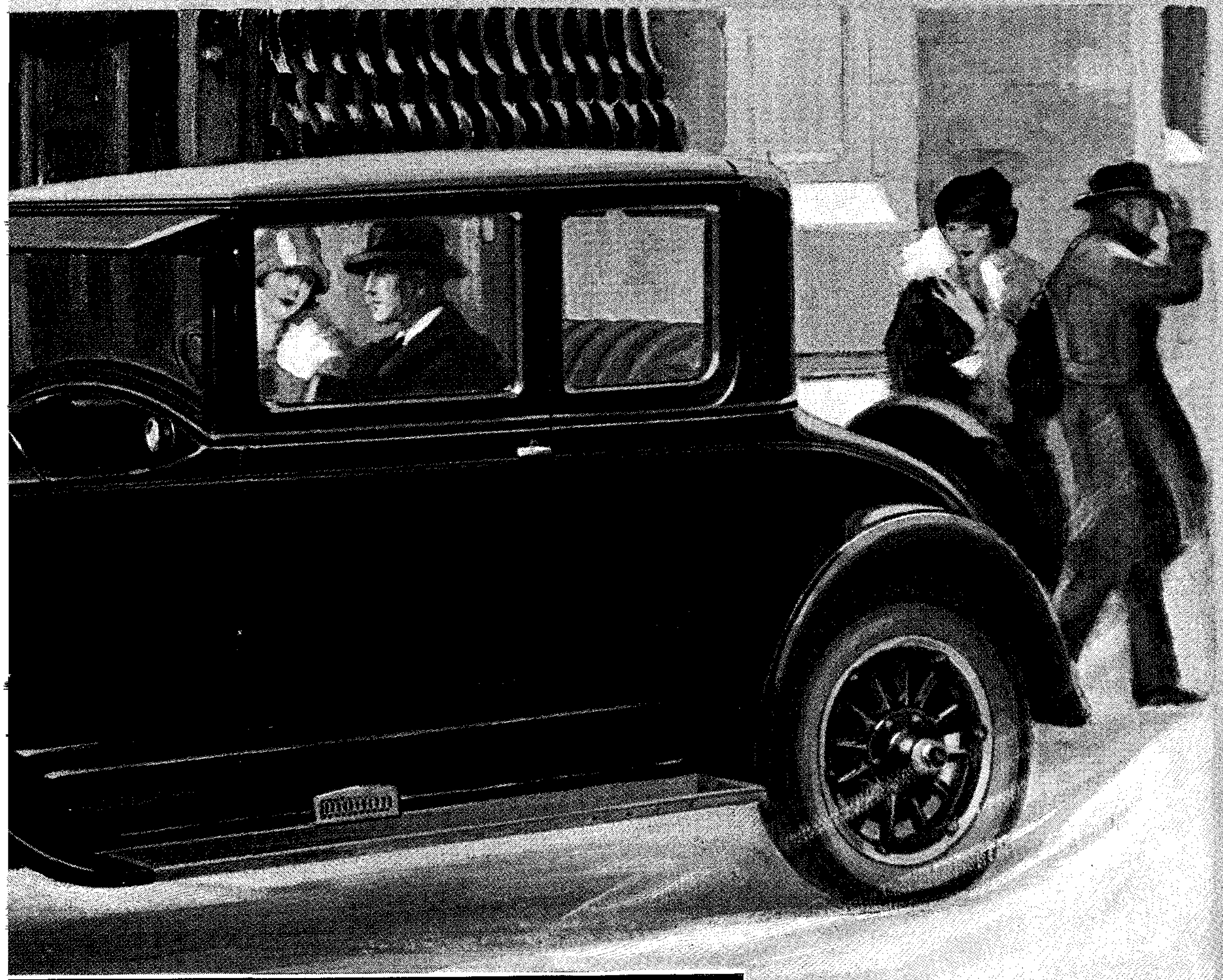

to Careful Investors*

s. They are typical examples of the reasons for Buick's
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ever, reliability is only one factor in Buick's strong appeal
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considerations of practical economy. Buick body and chassis
n throughout is of the most expensive type, but Buick vol-
makes it available at a considerable saving.

business — for family use — or both, the Better Buick is
an economical and wise investment. It means finer transportation at lower cost—now, and for years to come.

BUICK

**This year, and every year since 1919, Buick has had first choice of space at the National Automobile Shows, an honor awarded annually to the member of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce having the largest volume of business.*

"The doctor can see you tomorrow"

If you have not been to your dentist within the last six months, call him right away for an appointment. Let him make a thorough examination of your teeth and gums to detect signs of trouble. Neglect may lead to dangerous consequences.

Pyorrhea strikes 4 out of 5

At forty, grim pyorrhea strikes four out of five because of carelessness regarding the health of their teeth and gums. And thousands even younger fall victim to this dread disease. This, your own dentist will tell you.

To be the fortunate one who escapes, visit your dentist at least every six months and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's for the gums.

Pyorrhea starts with tender bleeding gums. Eventually it may cause the teeth to loosen in their sockets and fall out; poison to seep throughout the system, bringing on neuritis, rheumatism and kindred troubles.

At the first inkling of pyorrhea go to your dentist for treatment and cleanse the gums and teeth regularly with Forhan's. If used regularly and used in time, Forhan's prevents pyorrhea, or checks its course.

This pleasant tasting dentifrice firms the gums and keeps them healthy. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid dentists use in their fight against this dread infection.

All the family should use Forhan's. It is not only a wise safeguard, but a perfect cleansing dentifrice, keeping the teeth white and free from discoloration.

Why wait a day longer to begin using Forhan's? Delay may bring serious results.

All druggists; 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

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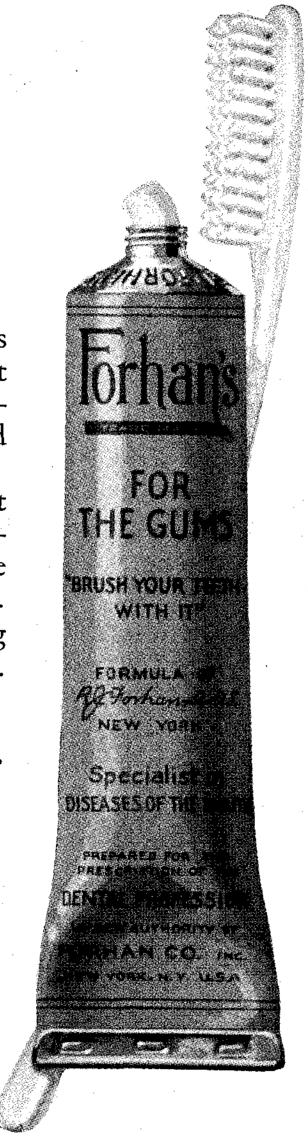
FOR THE GUMS



MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

(*Continued from page 36*)

> It is apparent that he does not go in much for formal dress. On a day when all the Judges and Commissioners appeared in their cutaway coats and high hats he wore a dark gray sack suit and a fedora hat.

The enormous responsibilities confronting the new Commissioner, and his almost limitless opportunities as an agent of good or evil, are dwelt upon by Silas Bent in the New York *Times*. As we read:

> Upon an army of 14,000 he may impose, if he choose, a despotic discipline, and over the lives and property of six millions he exercises a singular power. He is the focus of myriad forces, some of them obscure and sinister, some aboveboard and backed by those who have the interest of New York at heart. He has, by common consent, the hardest job in the new City Administration.
>
> Some of Mr. McLaughlin's friends, when he was wavering as to whether he should accept the post, warned him that it might break him.
>
> "You'll make many enemies and few friends," they told him. "This isn't private banking or a church sociable. Even if you get away with it, where are you?"
>
> The next time Mr. McLaughlin saw "Jimmy" Walker he confided that he was being advised of the difficulty of the job.
>
> "It inclines me," he said, "to take it." And he did.
>
> The most important officer in Mayor Walker's cabinet is not a Tammany man, as the Mayor is; he is not even a politician. After nine years of departmental drudgery he was "discovered" five years ago by Gov. Alfred E. Smith, who elevated him to the post of Superintendent of Banking. He has held that post since, under Democratic and Republican Administrations, until he moved to Police Headquarters. Thus he is a civilian, educated in law, accounting and certain branches of banking, but wholly unfamiliar with police administration.
>
> Before one inquires into the qualities which the new Commissioner has displayed, and the equipment with which his training has endowed him, let us look at the problems which confront him.
>
> Superficially, this is a fairly clean town. Father Knickerbocker's deportment is rather above par; if he gambles, he does it in secret, and if he has other vices he must not rely upon the open connivance of the police. The old half-concealed alliance between the underworld and officers of the law is no longer a scandal; and altho the public may not feel entire confidence in the department, at least it is not contemptuous.
>
> But critics say that crimes of violence in New York City indicate laxness in police administration. The pay-roll thief and the gunman are active and audacious. And the critics also say that the new Commissioner found, when he accepted the post, that of his 14,000 subordinates fewer than 2,000 were engaged in the protective and preventive rôle of patrolmen.
>
> Primarily, the fact that you so seldom see a policeman in New York, aside from the traffic squad, which numbers about 1,400, arises from the number of special details. There is an explosive squad and a vice squad and an armored-car squad and a motorcycle squad, and so on; until recently there was a special squad to hang around the hotels and night clubs in evening clothes. At funerals, parades, conventions, theaters and sometimes to meet incoming ocean liners, there are special details. And altho you may suppose that the enforcement of the Volstead Law is left entirely to Federal employees, more than 700 men, largely drawn from the streets, are in plain clothes, under a single head and working from a single station, as assistants in keeping the city dry.
>
> Patrolmen are the vertebræ of any Police Department. The men who "pound the pavement" are the guardians of security not only by preventing crime in some instances, but by being on the spot when it is committed. When they are widely scattered, or assigned to work that keeps them off the pavement, the task of policing the city becomes more difficult, because there are fewer men available for fundamental police duty.
>
> How Commissioner McLaughlin is dealing with the conditions in the department will speedily become apparent. From every side and in a thousand unexpected ways pressure and pull will be exerted in and around his office. Every one of the 14,000 men involved will want something; those who have soft berths will want to keep them, and those who don't like their posts will want promotion or transfer, and thousands of them will persuade friends to intercede for them. Certain night clubs will hope for favored treatment, and will pull wires to see whether they can get it; certain men of importance will want this man or that to be made an Inspector, for reasons good or bad; prohibitionists will have their schemes for enforcement, and business interests their plans for protection against robbers. If the new Commissioner hasn't learned to say No, he must learn now.

Tammany, it is said, has promised to keep hands off the department; so has Mayor Walker. Consequently:

> The new Chief is to have a free hand. If he wants sound and shrewd advice he can get none better than from Tammany, provided the Tiger wants an efficient Police Department; and in this connection it may not be amiss to tell a story about Charles F. Murphy, late Chief of the Hall, which, so far as I know, has never been printed:
>
> One blustering March day in 1904, Murphy, then a Tammany leader in the old "Gas House" District, paid a call at Police Headquarters. He went to see William McAdoo, now Chief City Magistrate, but then a new-fledged Police Commissioner.
>
> "There are a lot of poolrooms and dives in my district," he said. "The people are working men and women; they can't afford to waste their money. Here's a list."
>
> The Gas House District was speedily cleaned up, and after Murphy became Chief of Tammany he saw to it that the town was cleaned up.
>
> It is said by some who ought to know, and who have no perceptible reason for deception, that Tammany has kept its hands off the Police Department since that time, on the theory that police graft cost the Hall more than it was worth. Since Judge George W. Olvany succeeded Murphy he has carried out his predecessor's policies in that regard; and there have been the most emphatic declarations on every side that the organization would prefer to divorce itself completely from the police, and escape the blame which attaches to incompetent or corrupt administrations. Tammany has been oftenest overthrown on account of scandal in this department.
>
> If these promises are to be taken at their face value the new Commissioner will begin his work at least without the handicap of interference by district leaders. He will feel free to tell police lieutenants and captains to come to him when they get into a jam, instead of appealing to their friends in Fourteenth Street. If the word percolates down through the ranks that men against whom charges have been preferred, whether justly or through spite, are certain of a fair deal at headquarters, it will do more to stiffen the guardian backbone than a raise of pay all round.
>
> Commissioner McLaughlin, altho he wisely refuses to discuss details of policy before learning the ropes of his new work, says one thing that is significant: he is going to give as much publicity as is possible to the work of the department. There will be times, as he foresees, when he can not tell the world what his men are doing, but in other circumstances he will talk freely.
>
> This will tend to do for police work what Superintendent of Banking McLaughlin once advised bankers to do: Take the mystery out of it. There is no more reason for mystery about the Police Department than about any business. In its essence the job is just what it was when Miles Standish was the law officer of the Puritan colony at Plymouth. It is now as then, a business of crime prevention and detection; and even in the detective phase subtlety, secrecy and false whiskers are no longer good form. Even the criminal informer, the "stool pigeon," is utilized far less than in earlier days, because every criminal requires a reward of some sort for turning traitor to his fellows, and the rewards mount in time to greater proportions than the accomplishments.
>
> Commissioner McLaughlin says also—and this may improve the situation in the public mind—that he will lop off the unpaid millionaire Special Deputy Commissioners, who have until recently been privileged to decorate their motor-cars with "P. D." signs and enjoy certain other prerogatives.
>
> Former Commissioner Arthur Woods, during the World War, sponsored legislation to enable the appointment of special deputies to serve without pay at a time when they were needed, and the practise has been expanded since then. There was the possibility of valuable service on the part of these honorary assistants, altho the nature of the service has not become known of recent years. Besides the honorary deputies there were 150 other honorary posts in the department at one time under Commissioner Enright, including inspectors, captains, lieutenants and surgeons.
>
> In addition to these larger aspects of policy (publicity, a clean town and no favors to unpaid honorary members of the department) it is commonly understood that the new Commissioner is planning to restrict the Broadway night clubs, tighten up the police pension fund and reassign certain special squads to patrol duty. The suggestions as to the night clubs is that they shall be required to close at 3 A. M., but a great deal of influence, and perhaps some injunctions, are likely to be resorted to in an effort to prevent this. The court injunction has proved useful in the past for men and clubs whom the police accused of gambling, and who in return charged persecution.

Drastic changes which "may result in virtually new police

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The Improved

Now Chevrolet engineers reveal the results of many months' work in the Chevrolet Engineering Department, in the General Motors Laboratories, and on the hills and straightaways at the General Motors Proving Ground.

Now they offer you the finest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history—a car so smooth, so effortless, so powerful that its performance can be compared only with that of much higher priced cars.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Chevrolet

A TYPE of performance never before approached in any low-cost car—that's what you get in the improved Chevrolet!

To the world-famous power and economy of the Chevrolet valve-in-head motor have been added new elements of smoothness, flexibility, and acceleration. The result is nothing short of a revelation—not alone to veteran Chevrolet owners but to men accustomed to driving much costlier cars.

You may doubt that any car of this type can flash from 5 to 25 miles an hour in less than eight seconds—*but the improved Chevrolet does it!*

You may question the ability of such a car to idle in silence at 7 miles an hour and to speed along at 40—45—50 without the slightest trace of labor or effort—*but the improved Chevrolet does that!*

You may assume from past experience that no low-cost car can combine these brilliant power qualities with Pullman car comfort over roads of every sort —*but that's what the improved Chevrolet offers!*

In addition, it provides an operating quality that borders on the sensational: going at top speed, you can lift your foot from the accelerator—and the car instantly floats into a smooth, free-running, noiseless coast, whether on a down grade or level road.

The blunt truth is that the improved Chevrolet introduces into the low-priced field exactly the type of performance that until now has been the chief attraction of owning higher priced cars.

Remarkable as these improvements are, they have been achieved without any vital changes in Chevrolet's time-proved design.

A new, flexible 3-point motor suspension makes a notable contribution to smoother, quieter operation. Lighter pistons and pins, accurately balanced, give a quickness of throttle response that cannot fail to delight you.

A redesigned motor head with larger cooling areas around the valves is responsible for even greater motor efficiency.

The generator is now driven by an endless V-shaped, silent belt; the oil pump is located in the crankcase so as to insure positive, noiseless motor lubrication under all conditions. For convenient removal, the valve cover has been changed to a one-piece steel stamping.

Springs of new design on all models, combined with balloon tires, provide pillowy comfort on rutty roads and make long tours a source of genuine pleasure and bodily relaxation.

Striking new colors in Duco finish lend a new beauty to all enclosed models: the Coach in Bloomfield Gray, the Coupe in Arizona Gray, the Sedan in a rich Algerian Blue. The new Chevrolet model, a modish, aristocratic, smartly appointed Landau Sedan, is finished in Arizona Gray Duco.

* * * * *

The improved Chevrolet is now being displayed by Chevrolet dealers everywhere. Visit the nearest salesroom. Ask for a ride.

Subject the car to the most rigorous test that you can devise. Loaf through traffic. Skim over country roads. Plow through mud and sand. Rush up hills that balk bigger and higher priced cars.

Whether you spend one hour or five at the wheel we make this emphatic prediction: *you will step from the car having undergone an experience the like of which you never dreamed possible in any car of this class, regardless of size, weight, wheel base or price!*

Long the world's largest builder of automobiles with modern 3-speed transmission, Chevrolet now bids for continued success with the finest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history! And the time to see it and drive it is now.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY • DETROIT • MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

organization" are forecast by *The World*, which quotes the Commissioner as saying:

> "What I am trying to do is to find out where the Police Department is and put it to police work. That is the work of organization that is engaging my attention now.
>
> The new Commissioner outlined the policy which he has decided upon for the first time yesterday. In brief, it is that every available patrolman and detective shall be kept on active duty fighting crime.
>
> "I want a minimum of clerical and routine work and a maximum of police work," Commissioner McLaughlin said.
>
> One of his first acts yesterday was the rescinding of order "D. D. 28," one of Enright's pet measures and which is considered to have caused more trouble in the department than any other. This was the order which required a report from each detective covering his actions every hour of the twenty-four. It kept members of the detective force busy writing their communications, and two detectives were employed solely at receiving and filing the reports.
>
> The reports were characterized generally as the "daily lying sheets" around police headquarters. One branch of the secret service in the department was detailed to checking up on the reports in an effort to catch detectives falsifying.
>
> Commissioner McLaughlin served notice that the Band and Glee Club will not be allowed to entertain at private functions. Their performances will be limited to functions of an official department character. The rest of the time they will do police duty the same as any other members of the department.
>
> There are seventy-five members of the police band and an equal number in the glee club. During much of the last eight years these men spent their time at civic and social functions furnishing entertainment.

P. & A. photograph

THE BIG CHIEF AND HIS LITTLE FLOCK

Mr. McLaughlin, his wife and their two daughters, the younger of whom he credited, in a playful moment, with having influenced him to accept the Police Commissionership.

We are assured by the New York correspondent of the Consolidated Press Association that Commissioner McLaughlin "will start his job with as much freedom as Gen. Smedley D. Butler thought he was going to have when he went to clean up Philadelphia two years ago," Mayor Walker having given him the appointment "with a pledge that there would be no political or private interference of any kind." And *The World* discourses editorially on the "exacting task" before him:

> It is exacting; a much harder task even than that which Mr. Enright took up; harder, in no small part, because of Mr. Enright's incumbency. The regulation of traffic is increasing in difficulty, and the worst has not yet been reached. Bootlegging and other offenses against the Volstead Law have added a new and black chapter to the book of crime. Hold-ups and highway robberies are many, and the automobile get-away makes them much harder to deal with than in the old days. The cost of policing the city has been needlessly heightened by a wasteful and capricious handling of the pension problem. The force is bedeviled by faction and politics, demoralized and discouraged by suspicions of favoritism that do not always seem unfounded. Its workings are masked in secrecy.
>
> Upon that point Mr. McLaughlin has made a most important announcement. It is that he intends "to make the information of the department accessible to the public and the newspapers, so far as is possible without interference with efficiency." It is a welcome and wholesome change. So is the assurance that the department will be run from Police Headquarters and not from City Hall. As Mayor, Mr. Walker will have quite enough to do without assuming the police management. He does his best for the force when he names a competent man to run it and then lets him alone. It is good news also that the noble army of honorary cops, whose chief function was to crash police lines with their badges, is to remain permanently demobilized.
>
> So brighter days are about to dawn for the city and for the force. That fine body of men, of whose mettle and intelligence the numerous honor lists and the daily story of routine duties faithfully performed give constant evidence, may be congratulated upon its new commander. Nor need Mr. McLaughlin's friends waste upon him expressions of regret. True, he faces a heavy task, but also a great opportunity. The police head of the world's metropolis is inevitably a conspicuous figure. No man holding that or any other high office in the government of New York City ever suffered in reputation if, with intelligence adequate to his work, he simply did his best.

A dissentient note in the chorus is struck by the Brooklyn *Citizen*, which objects to what it considers overemphasis on the new Commissioner's zeal as an upholder of Prohibition. Herein lies the burden of its complaint:

> Mr. George V. McLaughlin, the new Police Commissioner, and Mr. Emory Buckner, the United States District Attorney, met at luncheon yesterday at the invitation of the latter, which fact provided the newspapers with three or four columns of gossip bearing upon the cooperation pledged by Mr. McLaughlin to Mr. Buckner in the enforcement of the Prohibition Law. Not a word is said in these four columns about the murderers and bandits who are overrunning the city.
>
> This city is overwhelmingly opposed to Prohibition and there is little or no popular sentiment with Mr. Buckner's grandstand methods in padlocking high-class restaurants and supper clubs. It is a notorious fact that it is precisely in these resorts and those of an humbler class that the police obtain the clues which lead to the arrest of most criminals. If all of New York's cabarets and speakeasies were closed the police would be at a loss to find trails which would lead to the arrest of murderers, embezzlers and bandits.
>
> *The Citizen* regrets exceedingly that Mr. McLaughlin is devoting so much of his attention to Prohibition, gambling and vice to the subordination of the chief function of his department, namely, the protection of life and property.
>
> This is pandering to the church element which makes a specialty of Prohibition and gambling and shows little or no concern with the many murders and the thousands of robberies which annually take place in this city and menace the lives and property of every one of its inhabitants. We shall never have an efficient Police Department, comparable to Scotland Yard and the Rue de Jerusalem, until we obtain a city administration which will abandon the hypocritical attitude of featuring a so-called "clean" city and give its attention to making this a "safe" city.

Applause for the Commissioner's attitude toward publicity is sounded thus by the New Haven *Journal-Courier:*

> Unprejudiced and open-minded police officials know that the cooperation of the press is essential to the detection and punishment of crime. Only those refuse to accept its service, or withhold their confidence, who are inherently unfit to wear the police uniform, and have other motives than a conscientious discharge of the heavy task in mind. The press as an aid to the detection of crime and the protection of the community against criminal indulgences is as important a factor in effective police administration as the police themselves.

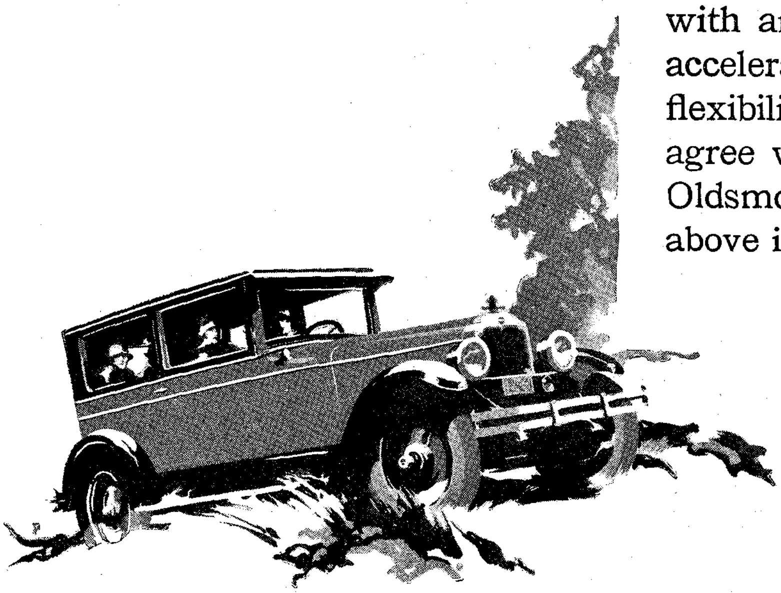
PERFORMANCE REVEALS WHAT PRICE CONCEALS

Performance will prove to you that Oldsmobile is built to deliver satisfaction, and that nothing has been sacrificed to achieve the lure of a low price.

Low price may attract you, but it is only when you drive an Oldsmobile Six that you can realize how far an automobile so moderately priced can exceed your expectations.

No doubt the beauty of Oldsmobile has already won your admiring approval; but not until you actually sit at the wheel—try it on the hills—dart in and out of traffic, can you have any idea of Oldsmobile's performance.

Contrast this Oldsmobile performance with any car you know. Check its acceleration, its smoothness, power, flexibility and comfort. Then you will agree with thousands of others that Oldsmobile performance lifts it far above its price class.



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$950

OLDSMOBILE SIX

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"NICK" FEELS SORRY FOR CONGRESS—AWF'LY!

THAT CONGRESS IS UNPOPULAR, that it always has been unpopular, that it always will be unpopular, that there is a peculiar law of circumstance in the mechanism of our Government whereby Congress must necessarily be unpopular; and yet that he, the new Speaker, loves it and is proud of it—such is the leitmotif of a vigorous prose ode, or cantata, or canticle, or something, delivered by Mr. Longworth and reported by William Hard. There is a rhythm and a lilt in the Speaker's outpouring which lifts it above the ruck of political interviews. As Mr. Dooley remarked of one of President Wilson's messages, "Ye cud waltz to it." Even it transcends the expectations aroused by Mr. Hard's initial summary in *Liberty*, of what Mr. Longworth's Congressional colleagues now say of him, namely:

International Newsreel photograph

THE NEW SPEAKER AS A JOLLY GOOD MIXER

"Nick's" fellow Congressmen have "forgiven him for wearing spats." In the picture they are cheering him on his arrival at the Capitol, and *he* (center foreground) is cheering *them*.

"His socks may be silk, but his disposition is as common and comfortable as an old shoe.

"His tongue may be flippant, but his head is all full of deep stuff."

But harken to Mr. Longworth himself:

"I have to ask to be allowed at least to feel sorry for us Congressmen," Mr. Longworth said. "At bottom—the fact is—I insist sometimes on feeling proud of us. However, I also feel sorry for us—very. We are always 'unpopular.'

"I have been a member of the House of Representatives ten terms. That is twenty years. During the whole of that time we have been attacked, denounced, despised, hunted, harried, blamed, looked down upon, excoriated, and flayed.

"I refuse to take it personally. I have looked into history. I find that we did not start being unpopular when I became a Congressman. We were unpopular before that time. We were unpopular even when Lincoln was a Congressman. We were unpopular even when John Quincy Adams was a Congressman. We were unpopular even when Henry Clay was a Congressman. We have always been unpopular.

"From the beginning of the Republic it has been the duty of every free-born voter to look down upon us, and the duty of every free-born humorist to make jokes at us.

"Always there is something—and, in fact, almost always there is almost everything—wrong with us. We simply can not be right.

"Let me illustrate. Suppose we pass a lot of laws. Do we get praised? Certainly not. We then get denounced by everybody for being a 'Meddlesome Congress' and for being a 'Busybody Congress.' Is it not so?

"But suppose we take warning from that experience. Suppose that in our succeeding session we pass only a few laws. Are we any better off? Certainly not. Then everybody, instead of denouncing us for being a 'Meddlesome Congress' and a 'Busybody Congress,' denounces us for being an 'Incompetent Congress' and a 'Do-Nothing Congress.'

"We have no escape—absolutely none.

"Suppose, for instance, that we follow the President. Suppose we obey him. Suppose we heed his vetoes. What do we get called? We get called a 'flock of sheep.' We get called 'echoes of the master's voice,' a 'machine.'

"Suppose, then, we turn around and get very brave, and defy the President and override his vetoes. What, then, do we get called? We get called 'factionists.' We get called 'disloyalists.' We get called 'disrupters of the party.' We get called 'demagogs.'

"We have no chance—just absolutely no chance. The only way for a Congressman to be happy is to realize that he has no chance.

"We have no chance—we most particularly and especially have no chance—against a President. That is, we have no chance—absolutely none—against him for 'popularity.' It is unavoidable. It is inevitable. It can not be otherwise."

And here the eloquent Speaker invites us to test the truth of his thesis by regarding a hypothetical case which he thus suggests:

"Suppose you took the five hundred and thirty-one admittedly ablest men in the United States. Suppose you put ninety-six of them into the ninety-six chairs in the Senate. Suppose you put the four hundred and thirty-five others into the four hundred and thirty-five chairs in the House of Representatives. Suppose they were all of them geniuses. They still, as a group, would have no chance at all for popularity against a President.

"Just think it over for a minute, and see if it is not so.

"In the first place, the President is elected by the whole country. He can appeal to the whole country. He can pour out all the neglect and contempt he pleases upon minorities. He can go along with majority sentiment—safely and triumphantly. He can be at one with the dominant feelings of the nation. Therefore, it is absolutely readily open to him to be nationally 'popular.'

"But now compare his circumstances with those of many Representatives and of many Senators!

"These minorities of ours—where are they? These people who have peculiar views about this or that—who are extremists in favor of something or extremists against something—where are they?

"They are not spread out evenly through all our States and through all our Congressional districts. They are not a minority everywhere. They are concentrated. They live in geographical 'blocs.' A minority which amounts to nothing nationally may amount to everything in many Congressional districts and even in many States. A national small minority may often be a local big majority.

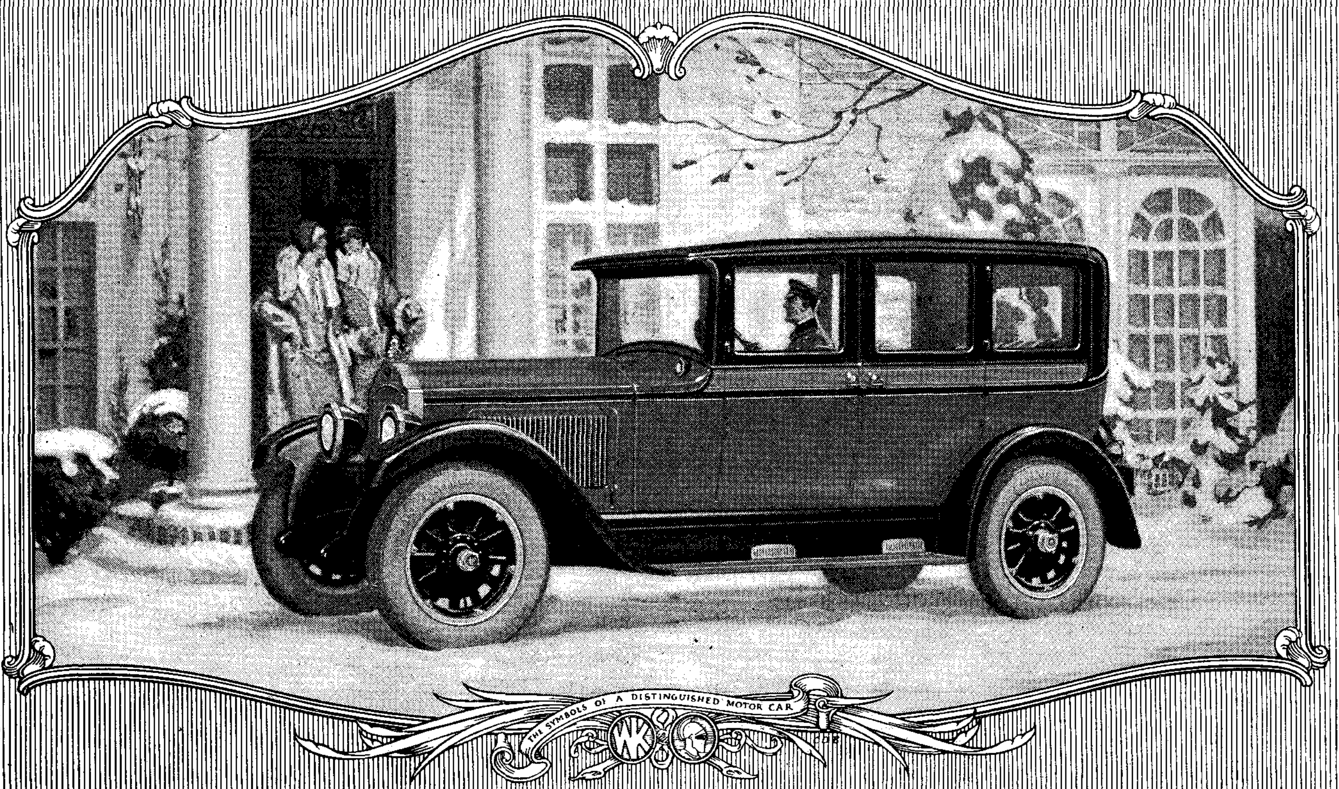
"Suppose, then, you are a Senator or a Representative from a State or district where a national minority has a local majority. You stick up for that minority, which for you is a majority. The President denounces your majority, which for him (nationally) is a minority. Which of you is going to be nationally popular?

"There is only one answer to that question.

"You may retain your popularity in your home region, but all the rest of the country will rally to the President, to any President, who assails you. He will be nationally a hero, and you will be nationally a dog.

"This can not be changed. Senators and Representatives speak for localities. A President can speak for the nation. The nation is always 'right.' Localities which differ with the nation are always 'wrong.' Therefore, a lot of Senators and Representatives must always be 'wrong' and unpopular.

"That is the first great reason for our misery in Congress, WILLYS · OVERLAND · FINE · MOTOR · CARS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"With an engine you'll never wear out"

compared with almost any President. The second reason is related to the first, and yet different.

"Every locality in this country, besides possibly being peculiar in certain particulars, is always exactly like every other locality in one particular. It always wants everything it can get out of every rivers and harbors bill, every public buildings bill, and every other such bill, including tariff bills.

"A locality containing a lemon grove always wants a high tariff on lemons. A locality containing a jack-knife factory always wants a high tariff on jack-knives. The two localities agree in principle. But do they, therefore, agree in detail? Certainly not. The lemon locality will call the high tariff on jack-knives an 'iniquity.' The jack-knife locality will call the high tariff on lemons an 'abomination.'

"Now, where does all this bad language happen? It happens, it is bound to happen in Congress. It need not happen, it does not happen, in the White House.

"When Congress is making up its mind, it is making up five hundred and thirty-one minds. When a President is making up his mind, he is making up one mind. He can make it up privately and silently. We have to make our minds up publicly and audibly.

"President Roosevelt once praised us, and praised us highly, under the speakership of 'Uncle Joe,' for the large quantity and for the progressive quality of the laws which we passed.

"But how did we do it?

"'Uncle Joe' did it. He did it by running the House himself—with the help of a few (just a few) lieutenants.

"The country called 'Uncle Joe' a 'despot.' It called him and his lieutenants 'The Old Guard.' It called his system 'bossism.'

"It overthrew it. It wanted 'liberty.' It wanted 'independence.' It demanded 'men.' It demanded men who would 'defy' the 'boss.'

"We got many of them. They ran in gangs or cliques or 'blocs,' but they would not run in parties. The climax came in the long session of the last Congress, when there was no majority for any party.

"The public should have been satisfied. But was it? Certainly not.

"We were wrong again.

"The public was just as dissatisfied with 'blocs' as it had been at one time with parties.

"It began to demand 'leadership.'

"Our present little task in the House of Representatives is to provide 'leadership' without providing 'bossism.'

"We are obediently trying.

"In order to provide 'leadership' we shall have to have 'party loyalty,' and we are going to have it. Will the public be pleased? Shall we be popular or unpopular? History provides the answer to that question. We shall be unpopular.

"In the long session of the last Congress the public told us that we did not have enough party. In this Congress will not the public tell us that we have too much party?

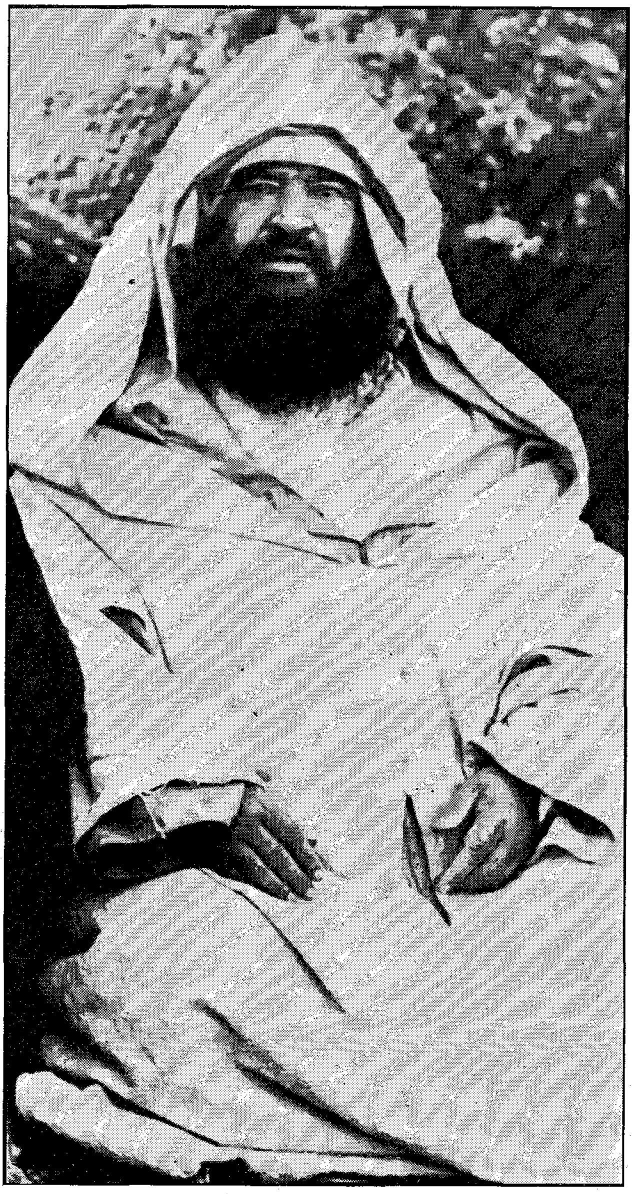
"Probably. We have no chance.

"However, our appetite for a crum of praise is so seldom gratified that I venture to remind my readers that, after all, Calvin Coolidge, in his inaugural address last March, did say:

"'In spite of all the criticism which often falls to the lot of Congress, there is no more effective legislative body in the world.'"

RAISULI—ALIVE!

HIS CRUEL, LADYLIKE FINGERS PLAYED with the ends of his beard, and he looked about the room angrily. There were no slaves there to kill the unwelcome intruders for him, but it was clear that he would willingly have ordered such an execution. Such was the impression of Vincent Sheean, who was fortunate enough, while behind the lines of Abd-el-Krim, to win an interview with the bandit chieftain who once made American history. Since President Roosevelt ordered the sending of the historic cablegram, "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," whereby the Republican National Convention of 1904 was thrown into a renominating fever by a wave of popular patriotism, a new generation has grown to maturity without much knowledge of what a devil of a fellow was this mountain Sherif, descendant of the prophet, who defied the Sultan of Morocco and set him at loggerheads with Europe and America. But the recent death of Ion Perdicaris, the naturalized American citizen of whom the kidnaping by Raisuli had provoked the Roosevelt ultimatum, recalled the flurry preceding the Colonel's first renomination; and now comes Mr. Sheean with a graphic account, in *Asia* magazine, of his encounter with the veritable outlaw himself—a captive at last in the hands of his enemy, Abd-el-Krim. First we hear a shouting up the side of the mountain. Through the village lanes the women were hurrying, forgetful of their kitchens and their goats. Everybody in Targhzuit was moving "riotously, good-naturedly," toward the parade-ground, and:



International Newsreel photograph

"LET ME TEAR OUT MY BEARD AND DIE!"

Staring with beady eyes, "like the eyes of a wild pig in his native hills," Raisuli cursed his captors as "dogs and the sons of dogs."

The Caid el-Hadj, breathless and excited, appeared at the mud house of the Bashaw, where I had my quarters. "*Kommen Sie—schnell!*" he bellowed, sticking his head in at the door. "*Es ist der Raisuli!*"

We reached the parade-ground with the others. The guards of Mohammed ben Abd-el-Krim were drawn up across the open space, at ease, waiting. The crowd trickled on behind them, over a brief plain that slithered off into the slope of the mountain. The Caid and I went along to the beginning of the slope and looked over the edge. We could see a curious caravan marching upward, slowly enough, while the watchers above them shouted greetings and cheers. They reached us and passed on to the parade-ground.

First came a detachment of twenty regular Riffian soldiers, with their orange and green felt turbans and their uniform short brown *djeellabas*. They had straggled on the mountainside, but formed again, when they reached the top, and passed us with regular tread.

Next came a huge, square box of wood, with four poles protruding from its corners. Each pole was carried on the shoulders of four men, so that sixteen men in all hoisted the weight of it. Inside the box, on a pile of rugs and cushions, was the Sherif Raisuli, lying on his haunches, half turned to the right, with his elbows supporting the upper part of his body. He was

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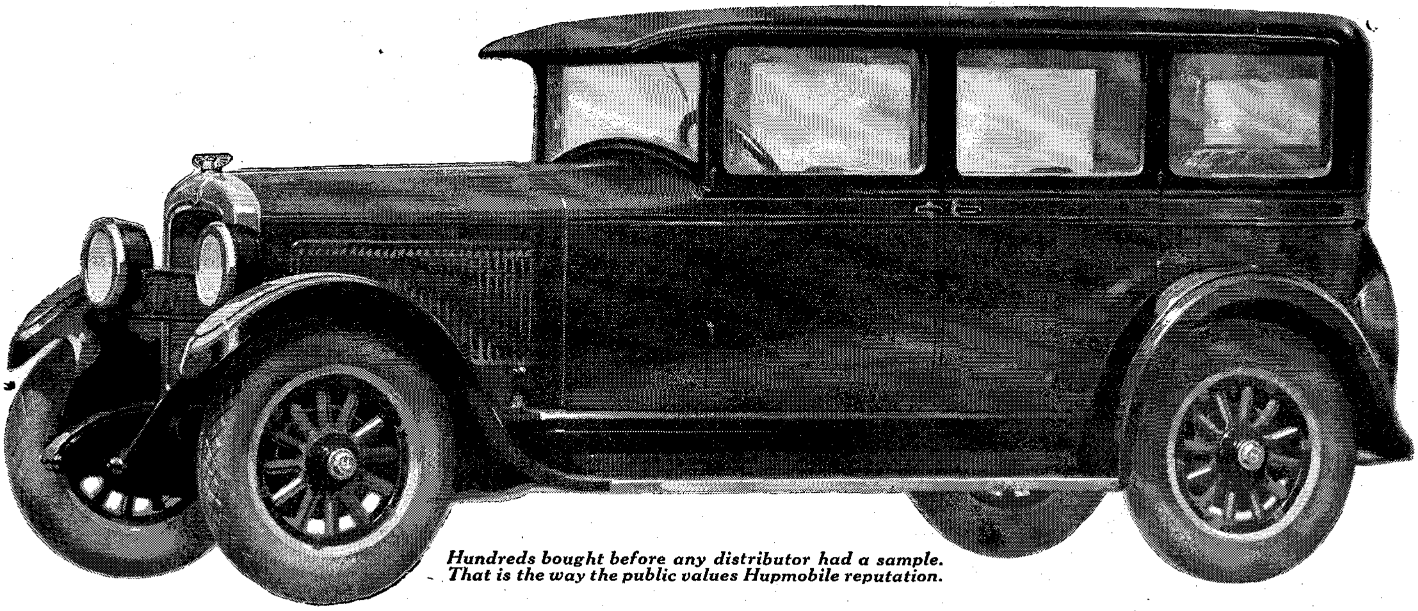

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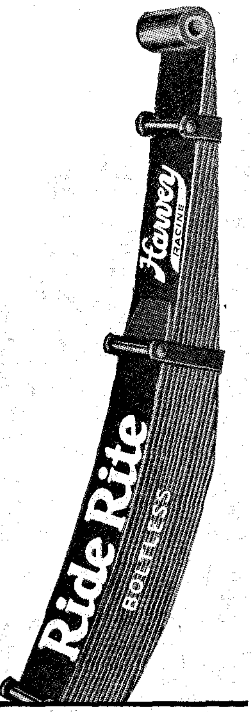

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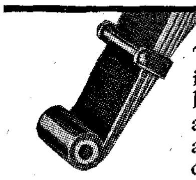

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

bloated almost beyond human semblance from the dropsy of which he had been the victim for four years. His face was hidden under the folds of his turban, drawn tightly across; only his furious, beady little eyes, darting angrily from one side to the other, gave hint of life under the white mass of his robes. Beneath the fold of the turban across his face the tip of his beard protruded, dyed a brilliant red.

This was the Prince of the West, Mulay Hamid ben Absalem ben Raisul. At birth he held his world in his grasp. Not a very large world, to be sure; but it was, nevertheless, his world. Allah spread gifts extravagantly under the palms of his feet; there was nothing refused him. And there he was—God help him!—muffled like a dead pig in aspic, waiting to be carved. Men might cheer all they pleased; here was, no less, an End.

After the Sherif rode four women, erect and disdainful, upon Spanish mules. These might be the beauties of his harem; they were formless and featureless behind the veils. Behind, impassive on their mules, came three black eunuchs. They bore rifles under their arms, ready to shoot; they were loyal defenders of their master's house. They were followed by seventeen pack-mules laden with rugs, cushions, garments, jewels, precious woven stuffs, from the palace at Tazarut.

The procession was closed by a further detachment of regulars from the Riff, green-turbaned.

The Caid el-Hadj and I fell in behind, with the rest of the people of the village. On the parade-ground the company of Mohammed's guards stood at attention, and the guards of the Sherif Raisuli disbanded. Two officers who had come out preceded the litter-bearers down the lane to a mud hut not ten feet away from my own—the house of the Bashaw of Targhzuit. Here the improvised litter was lowered to earth, and the women dismounted from their mules. A group of officers arrived from headquarters and, forming a circle about the hut, urged all the crowding men and women to go away so that the Sherif would not be embarrassed in his journey from the litter to the house, four feet off.

The people vanished one by one, and the Caid el-Hadj and I also withdrew. A detachment of Riffian guards had arrived; Raisuli was removed from the litter to the house under their eyes alone. I suppose that it must have taken eight or ten men to carry his enormous weight that little distance.

There was a tentative agreement that I should be permitted to talk with the prisoner. Mohammed ben Abd-el-Krim had gone so far but did not wish me to force an interview on the old Sherif if he proved unwilling. When the Caid el-Hadj and I went to Mohammed's headquarters, we found his secretary, Sidi Hassan, deep in conference about the program of Raisuli's journey across the mountains to the Riff. Sidi Hassan promised to do his best for me; by sunset, he thought, the conversation could be arranged.

I went back to the Bashaw's house to wait. Raisuli seemed at that moment a magic figure; what I thought I could get out of him, I do not now know. But he was so completely a symbol of the passing order in the northern mountains that it became essential to form some picture of his disordered mind in its final phase, staring at disaster. What would he make of it! What, indeed, could he make of it, with only a career of undeviating triumph to shape his attitude? His long life may have taught him many things, but it certainly could not have taught him how to bear disgrace, ruin, imprisonment, death.

The writer reminds us that Raisuli was "probably the last of the fierce Barbary pirates," running a whole fleet of feluccas on the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts for the capture of goods, money or prisoners. His palaces were in Tetuan, Tangier, Arzila, Larache, Zinat, Sheshuan, and Tazarut. He "had a passion for lordly Moorish edifices rich with mosaic and surrounded by stately gardens," and seemed to have "a genuine, if barbaric, love of the beautiful." But he made the mistake of despising Abd-el-Krim, and cutting off the ears of his messengers, seeking an alliance, until:

Finally the Sultan's patience was exhausted. Accordingly, he ordered his brother Mohammed to proceed with the siege and capture. Detachments of Riffian troops had been posted around Tazarut for the preceding month, interrupting all communication between Raisuli and the coast. The operation now demanded was straight battle. The Bashaw of Targhzuit was sent with an additional four hundred men to take command.

The assault began about midnight on January 24 and continued until about eight o'clock on the morning of January 25. Raisuli's tribesmen were valorous enough and had been excellently equipped by the Spanish; but they were greatly outnumbered and when, after a night of desultory fighting, the Bashaw of Targhzuit ordered a rush for the walls, Tazarut fell easily into the hands of the Riffians. Raisuli had been unable to leave his bed throughout the night; the Bashaw went direct to him there and demanded his sword.

The old bandit took his sword from a eunuch and gave it up. Then, without speaking, he covered his face with a fold of his turban. From that moment no person had seen his whole face. Before his arrival at Targhzuit, he had neither eaten not spoken for four days. It seemed as good a time as any to say, "*Sic transit gloria.*"

As the Latin tag echoed in my memory, the Caid el-Hadj stood in the doorway. "We are permitted to speak with the Sherif," he said. "Or rather we are permitted to try. I do not know whether he will talk."

The mud hut where Raisuli lay was surrounded by Riffian green-turbaned regulars, and the curious loitered at a distance, peeking unavailingly. We passed the guards with a word and went through the courtyard to a room at the far side of the house. At the door a great black eunuch stood with his rifle on his shoulder. He did not want to let us pass; but the Caid el-Hadj spoke peremptorily. The eunuch turned before us and dashed into the room to the far corner by the bath-stone.

Coming in, we saw what had aroused his loyal activity. Abd-el-Krim had given orders by telephone that the Sherif should be permitted to bring with him to the Riff any four wives he liked, as well as three personal slaves and whatever jewelry, clothing, cushions or rugs he desired. He had been true to himself in choosing the

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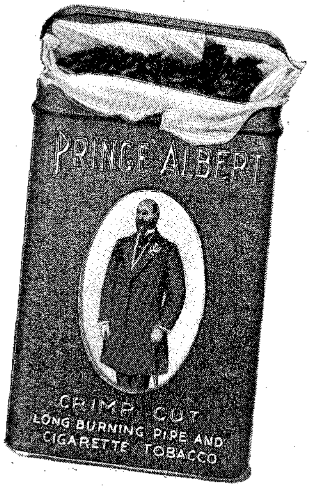

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

youngest four among his forty-one wives.

They were standing in a little frightened huddle in one corner of the room, unveiled and without the disfiguring over-robes of white wool. Four exquisite women, but one more exquisite than the rest: a girl slim and starry-eyed, with a great sweep of black hair falling down her back. It was Lalla Ayesha, of whom legend in the Djebala said many things: as that the Sherif would surrender all the rest of his harem for her; and that four negro slaves carried her great weight of hair behind her when she walked in the palace gardens.

And now we are given a vivid picture of the captive chieftain:

At the opposite end of the chamber, on a dais built fairly high from the floor, the Sherif Raisuli was lying amid rugs and cushions tightly worked in many-colored silks. His huge, shapeless bulk was wrapt in white woolen robes, two or three of them; his turban was still lasht across his face tightly; his head was sunk in his hands. He rested the upper part of his body on his elbows and stared at us with his little beady eyes, like the eyes of a wild pig in his native hills. His fingers wriggled sometimes from his covered face to the protruding ends of his henna-colored beard. His hands captured the imagination—long, white, delicate, like the hands of an Arab lady, henna at the nails.

He burst out furiously at us as we squatted on the floor before him. "Why do you come to me? I have said I wished to see nobody. I want nothing but to die. I have asked to die. I do not want to be the prisoner of dogs and the sons of dogs."

The Caid el-Hadj hurried through the translation of this for me while Sidi Hassan, who had just come in, tried in vain to calm the wounded sherifian feelings. The Caid el-Hadj interjected a plea for me: I had come, he said, to see if the Sherif had anything to say for the world outside of the Djebala.

"The outside world can forget Raisuli," the captive said at last, blurting it out in rapid, crackling Arabic, which the Caid el-Hadj made shift to translate for me. "Raisuli only wishes to forget the outside world. I have asked to die, and I want to die. Why do they not kill me at once? Raisuli will never be a prisoner and a slave to dogs in the place where Raisuli reigned. They have taken my horse and my saddle. Let them take the rest. The Prophet will receive me in heaven."

Sidi Hassan talked soothingly to him again. There was a renewed silence until I ventured to suggest that we should inquire of him whether he resented the action of Spain in abandoning him to the Riffian enemy. Boldly enough the Caid el-Hadj asked him.

"Spain? Do not say that word," Raisuli broke forth. "The Lord of the Mountains served Spain. And the Lord of the Mountains is a prisoner. Who are these strangers who come here to taunt Raisuli? Let me tear out my beard and die." He pawed at his beard with weak trembling fingers.

Sidi Hassan saw how useless it would be to try conversation any further. He gave orders to prepare tea, and a slave of the house came in with the kettle and coals. Raisuli watched the preparations in silence and then announced that the tea must be removed or given to the women to drink. But, since Mohammed ben Abd-el-Krim had ordered that he must eat, Sidi Hassan tried persuasion.

"Lord," he said, "you have neither eaten nor drunk for these four days."

"I do not want to eat or to drink," Raisuli said. "I ask only to die."

This was the burden of whatever he said, but never yet had it been uttered with such intensity. The very slaves were filled with horror. To Sidi Hassan, also, this was a terrible thing. The idea of such a will to die savored strongly of suicide, which every Mussulman knows is one of the blackest of crimes.

"It is not the will of Allah that you should die, Lord," said Sidi Hassan, quietly. "It is written that you should live as if your life were eternal, and as if each day were to be your last. You must wait upon the will of Allah."

In the "thee's" and "thou's" of Arab speech this quotation from the Koran had an old-world persuasiveness, we are told; but Raisuli still refused the tea. And we read on:

We sat there, then, and drank it, endeavoring from time to time to lead the Sherif into conversation. He took no heed whatever, only breaking out now and then to repeat his prayer to die, to demand why they had taken his horse, and to pour terrible maledictions upon Abd-el-Krim and all the Riffian race. He was an object of evil, evil beyond belief; everything from the heavy scent he used to the henna on his nails and the glint of his pig's eyes was evil. I could not but think of those who had been the victims of his delicate, many-jointed fingers—the prisoners and the wives—some of whom, his people said, he had choked to death with his own hands.

I had wanted to see the Sherif's horse, which would be ridden in future by Mohammed ben Abd-el-Krim. The Caid el-Hadj now took me to the slope beyond the parade-ground, where the spotless white animal had been tethered for two days. And what a horse! Raisuli had not been able to ride for nearly four years; yet the animal was as lithe and beautiful as the horse of an Arab's dream. We went to headquarters, too, to see that famous saddle, the loss of which seemed to be of the old man's major griefs. The work on it had taken a long while. It was made entirely of gold and gold thread, a richly Moorish masterpiece, too heavy for any but a paragon of horses on the briefest of parades. Yet it was a saddle as much superior to other saddles as the white horse yonder was superior to other horses, as the white, startled girl in the hut there was superior to other girls. . . .

"What will become of her?" I asked the Caid el-Hadj.

"Of whom?" He plainly did not understand.

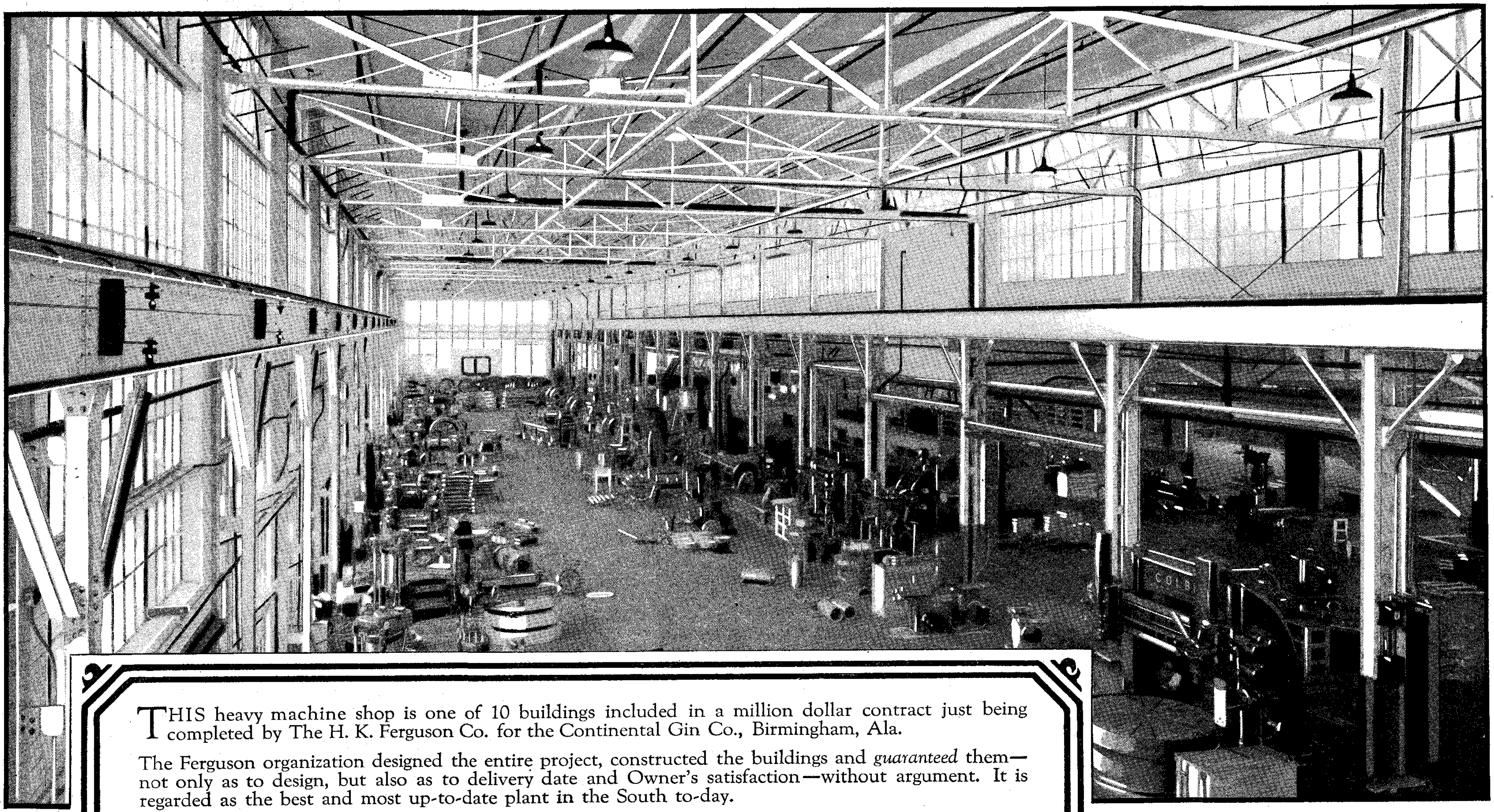
"Of the girl there—Ayesha?"

"Oh, she will go into the Riff," he answered carelessly. "Sooner or later the Sherif will die, and then she will be a widow."

"Can't we do something?"

"Christian madness!" he said.

A widow: making rugs or roasting chickens or perhaps at the worst taking a mule's place in the fields to pull the plow over the stony fields of the Riff. . . . Or, with her slender hands—how slender they were, I had seen—beating out the dirty clothes of other husbanded women, on the bank of some mountain river. Truly, a widow is a withered branch in Islam.



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HOW GENIUS CALLS TO GENIUS

PICTURE AN OBSCURE, poverty-stricken young man carried away by his first reading of a literary masterpiece. It was the work of his most famous fellow countryman, a winner of the Nobel prize for literature. The young man had no idea that he himself was destined to become the great man's successor in that high honor—but such was the case. On a bitterly cold night, in miserable surroundings which he describes with minute realism, he read on with breathless interest, and new worlds were opened out before him. He became so oblivious of present reality that the treacherous hours slipt by, and he sacrificed an important opportunity that had presented itself in his dismal life, and found himself face to face with what seemed ruin.

"I WORE SPECTACLES AND I SUBSCRIBED FOR *TRUTH* THAT SUFFICED TO RENDER ME AN OBJECT OF SCORN"

—Ladislas Reymont.

Such, briefly, was the effect of Henryk Sienkiewicz's Trilogy upon the youthful Ladislas Reymont, the future author of "The Peasants" and winner of the Nobel prize in 1924. Not long did Reymont live to enjoy his fame. One of his last writings before his death was an account of the experiences outlined above, under the title "Because of the Trilogy." Translated from the Polish by Madame K. Zuk-Skarszewski, it appears in *Poland*, published by the American Polish Chamber of Commerce. At the time of which he writes, Reymont was employed by the Warsaw-Vienna railway, and he tells us:

> My berth was a wretched one, the conditions horrible, and there were no prospects of advancement. I lived in a village adjoining the line, and from morning till night I had to superintend work on the railway. The little room I occupied in a peasant's hut was close to the pigsty, and under my window was the finest muck-heap in the whole of Poland; my boots were always full of holes, my clothes were shocking, and my appetite never satisfied. But with all this I was twenty, hardy and healthy, and possest an unshaken faith in ideals. I sometimes even went so far as to indulge in dreams of an increase in salary, or of transfer from the line to the office. But dreams they remained, as my chief and the dignitaries on the line were prejudiced against me, and showed me no cordiality. And no wonder, for I was suspected of writing poetry—worse even, of malicious contributions to a progressive publication concerning conditions on the railway. Worst of all, I had let my hair grow into a long, splendid mane, I wore spectacles, and I subscribed for *Truth*. That sufficed to render me an object of scorn.
>
> "Be careful," I once overheard, "he is collecting types; he'll be describing you!"
>
> It was true that I wrote poetry, that I was guilty of dramas, that I scribbled novels, but that I was able, or wished to collect types was a vile insinuation. I, who despised the world and people, and regarded reality as a stupid, wretched nightmare, unworthy of consideration, I—stoop to describe the foul gutters of Life! Besides, to be frank, I never possest the gift of observation, and moved among people gropingly, with unseeing eyes.
>
> Scarcely had I gotten over this episode when something happened that was infinitely more painful. On my part of the line one of the workmen was killed by a train. It happened during a terrible snow-storm. As in duty bound, I wrote a report to the authorities. My chief sent it back to me with the annotation, in red pencil: "I return the novel, and must ask from you a precise report of the accident. You would do better to occupy yourself with your work instead of with literary exercises."

Just at that time he met at the buffet in Skierniewice a member of the railway "intelligentsia," a man who was supposed to be an anarchist because he read Bakunin, and always had his pockets full of Russian pamphlets, published abroad. Of him we learn:

> He was the pride of our part of the line. It is true that he spent more time at the buffet than in the office, but he knew everything, and passed judgment on everything with great cocksureness. I told him of my trouble, and he condescendingly patted me on the back:
>
> "As an official report it is execrable, and as a novel it is magnificent . . . rubbish!" he informed me without ceremony, and gave me a rambling lecture on literature. I listened humbly and with devout attention, and after a while I screwed up my courage to the point of placing before him a cup of coffee. He pushed it aside disdainfully; he preferred a glass of "neat" with bitters. He drank several glasses, began to use the familiar "thou" and to help himself very liberally to my cigarets. Finally I read to him my cycle of sonnets, and begged him to give me his candid opinion thereon.
>
> "A masterpiece!" he growled, and I blushed like a girl who hears for the first time a declaration of love. "Copy it out on a nice sheet of gilt-edged paper, tie it round with pink ribbon, and take it to Auntie Kizzie for her birthday. It will just do for that." He burst out laughing and went away.
>
> I paid for six large glasses of "neat" with bitters, and slunk home like a whipt cur. Not yet satisfied, he went about telling every one that I had read to him somebody else's verses, pretending they were my own. He gave his word of honor that this was true. That was too much for me. I thrashed him in the presence of many witnesses, and forced him to retract his lie. It caused a tremendous scandal. This incident was the means of strengthening my acquaintance with one of the higher officials on the line, Mr. W., a really good and educated man. He was very kind to me, and sympathized with my ambition to be transferred from the line to the office.
>
> "The chief is prejudiced against you, it is true, but perhaps we might be able to do something through his lady friend," he said. "But the question is, how to go about it?"
>
> I was silent. I had never even dreamed of the existence of such ways of approach as "lady friends."
>
> "We shall simply have to do the same as all the superintendents—even the workmen: send her from time to time some eggs, butter, or a hare. . . ."
>
> I followed the advice, and altho it cost me a great effort, I managed to show this obligatory munificence. I was especially generous with game. Among my workmen there happened to be several experienced poachers, and the Imperial forests were close to the line. I sent partridges, I sent pheasants, I sent teal; but not until she had received from me a magnificent wild boar did she request me to call. Trembling, I presented myself, and was received very graciously. She made rather a queer impression on me. No longer young, with a tubby figure, passably

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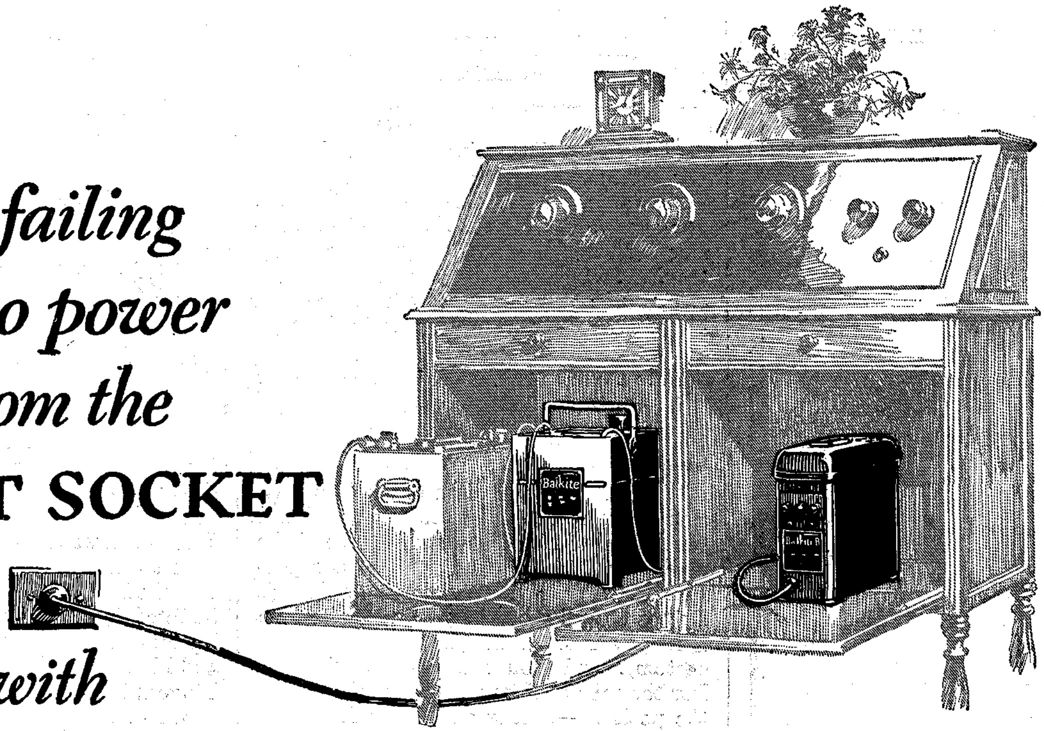

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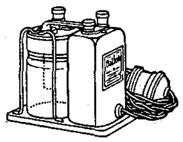

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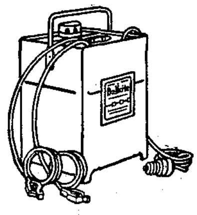

Balkite *Battery Charger*

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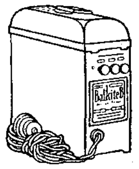

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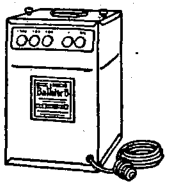
Eliminates "B" batteries and supplies plate current from the light socket. Keeps the "B" circuit always at full power. For sets of 6 tubes and less. $35. In Canada, $49.50.



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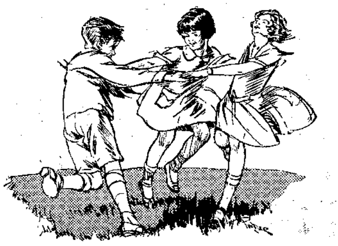

City of Happiness

THERE is a note of happiness in the air at Pensacola.

It's in the rays of a glorious sunshine that kiss the oranges to a golden yellow—in the rippling crystal waters of the harbor that play with the silvery beams of a Southern moon—in the invigorating caresses of Gulf breezes, fragrant with the perfume of pine and magnolia.

You can see it reflected in the laughing faces of children at play—in the stimulating youthfulness of men at work.

But, happiness in Pensacola is not dependent alone upon natural beauties—the atmosphere of its environment. Here, too, exists both the opportunity and the incentive to achieve worth-while things.

For, here, are long established industries—a profitable agriculture—a thriving commerce by land and sea—two great trunk line railways—the finest harbor on the Gulf.

These bespeak the sound basis for permanency and prosperity in Pensacola—a city set upon gently rising slopes, flanked by beautiful expanses of water—a modern city of homes, schools, parks, broad streets and beautiful drives.

And every palm tree and great live oak whisper that note of contented happiness. People who come to Pensacola are intrigued by it. That is why many come back to call it home.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

good-looking still, dark, with gold rings in her ears, painted, singularly quick in her movements, she looked like an ex-actress. She gave me tea, and invited me to sit beside her on a small sofa and tell her all my troubles. She was curious about everything, even my verses, of which she had heard something. I had to recite them.

This encounter was a fortunate one for the young man. A few days later Mr. W. broke the glad news to him:

"The hares have taken effect," he said, smiling. "The chief has relented, and will take you into his office as substitute of the draftsman, for the moment as a supernumerary. To-morrow is New Year's Day; we shall all go together to wish him a Happy New Year (an official Russian custom), and you must come with us. For the sake of form you must ask him for the position—that is all arranged. Come about ten o'clock, and don't be late, as at noon he leaves for Warsaw. You must also thank your protectress—I have a letter for you, she sent it by the porter." He handed it to me with an enigmatic smile. I slipt the letter in my pocket. I was astounded by the news. The gates of Paradise opened before me. I seemed to be suddenly endowed with wings. I was dumb with joy ineffable. Ended, all my wanderings, my misery, my loneliness! Now I would be able to live like a human being. I was impatient to be alone with my dreams, but just as I was leaving my attention was arrested by a heap of books lying on a side-table.

"Sienkiewicz's Trilogy. It is only just out; I bought it for the library."

I borrowed the books just to look through them, promising to return them on the morrow with all the leaves cut. I went to the lodging of one of my colleagues, where I hoped to be able to pass the night; he possest a couch that was famous for its enormous size, and on which at all hours of the day or night somebody was always sleeping. But I happened on a party celebrating New Year's Eve. The low garret-rooms were dim with smoke; there was a tremendous clatter of glasses and a most unearthly din.

Unperceived I left them, and went to a squalid little hotel. It was a beastly hole. Nevertheless, I had to pay half a ruble for a tiny room. I ordered a lamp to be brought, also a samovar, a quantity of rolls, and half a roast goose. The lean Jew who waited on me demanded immediate payment. I protested in my haughtiest manner, but to no purpose.

"Guests hurry off to the train and often forget to pay," he explained.

At last I was alone with my dreams of the near future. Through the wall came the sound of discordant voices and drunken quarreling, and through the window I could see the glimmering, multitudinous lights of the station. The trains passed with a shriek, and a savage clatter that made the window shake. There was a sharp frost, and it was very cold. I began to read. I knew a little of the Trilogy from a few instalments I had read by chance in various cafés of Poland. I began with "With Fire and Sword." My intention was to glance over a few pages in cutting the leaves, but with the first page I was under the charm. I heard the rustle and murmur of the steppes, gray with the morning dews. I frolicked with Zagloba, I was the friend of Skrzetuski, Podbipienta was my chosen comrade in arms! I was constantly making the most marvelous acquaintances. I was in a fever, enthusiasm, wonder, joy possest me. My heart swelled with unknown rapture. I was living in those times, centuries ago, among those fearless knights. I fell upon the enemy singing the battle-hymn "Bogarodzica." I remember the forest of waving banners, the flash of a thousand swords slashing the heads of the Cossacks, and all the tumult of war: the blare of the trumpets, the wild squealing of the horses, the roar of the muskets, the groans of the dying. I was there, and I was everything, I was everybody that was in the pages of this book. I was the might of the illustrious Republic, its majesty and its avenging sword. I was the King. I was Jarema. I was Skrzetuski! And I was the lowest and the most wretched among the wretched camp-followers. I was tossed and buffeted by the great tempests of history. I endured all: the battles of Zolte Wody and Korsun, and the ravishment of the girl I loved; the terrible time in Zbaraz and the death of Podbipienta! Days of struggle, days of defeat, days of humiliation and despair. . . . Not until, led by unutterable anguish, I had left the trenches of Zbaraz, and Providence permitted me to prostrate myself before the King and implore succor for the knights that were perishing from bullets and hunger—not until then was I overcome by a strange weakness. I wept. I confused the living with the dead, my own misfortunes were transformed into the misfortunes of my country. My bowels were rent with the immensity of our abasement. I was puffed up with pride, and at the same time devoured, stifled, martyred by shame. I had no knowledge of what was happening to me at that moment; I was brought to myself by the angry voice of the landlord:

"What do you make, sir? My guests they complain you stop them from sleeping! What is the matter, sir? You sing, you shout, you tumble about the room like you had the epilepsy! You think this is a street? This is a decent hotel. You are a little bit off your head, sir!"

The young man pacified him with a coin. Outside it was dark, snow was falling fast, there was a sound of sleigh-bells, and the writer tells us:

I was now on the stormy waves of "The Deluge." Now and again I swallowed a little food or drank a little tea, and smoking cigarets one after another I read on. The cold made itself felt so keenly that I ordered a fire to be lit in the stove, but it produced more smoke than warmth. So I wrapt myself in the quilt, put on my cap, covered my feet with the pillows, and continued. Some girl, I remember, opened the door as if by mistake, excused herself but drank tea from my glass, smoked some of my cigarets and was very anxious to tidy up my room. I very discourteously turned her out. It was while I was in Kiejdany, the home of the traitor Radziwill, at the ball where he was the object of contempt and execration. And afterward, what misfortune and suffering! The Swedish deluge flooded the whole of Poland. There was enough to think of, enough to care for, enough to fight for! And then the endless wars with Sweden, with Moscow, with the faithless Elector, with Rakoczy! The more than human efforts by which the Republic withstood all, everything. Up to the last

"FOR SEVERAL YEARS I have been subject to nervous indigestion and chronic constipation. My complexion was poor, I did not relish meals, I was blue and despondent. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. For six weeks I have averaged three cakes a day. My appetite is returning, complexion much better and, last but not least, my constipation is leaving." Mrs. Bessie A. Wright, Chicago, Ill.

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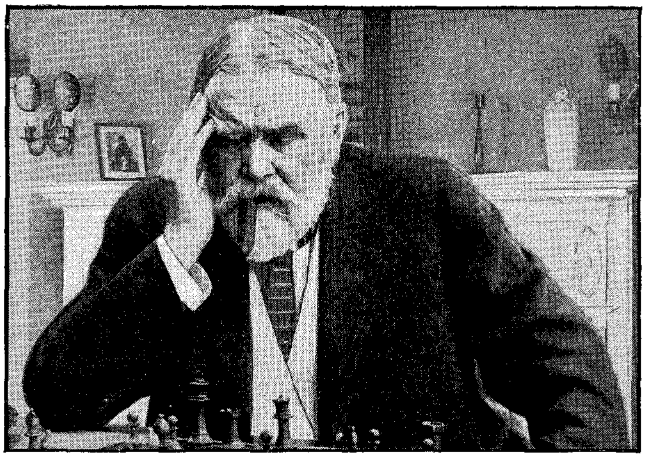
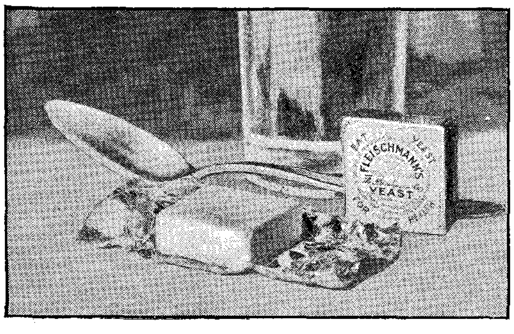
Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.*

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. A-75, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I WAS AFFLICTED with boils and carbuncles and was unable to work. One day in the restaurant where I dined, the proprietor said: 'Let me give you a yeast sandwich.' The daily eating of yeast gave me remarkable 'pep.' Health and happiness were restored. I became a new man." Warwick H. Ripley, Indianapolis, Ind.



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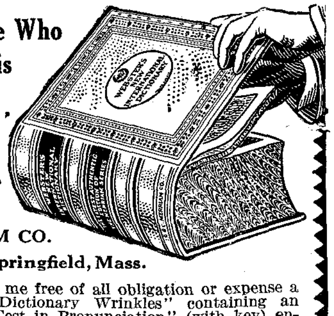

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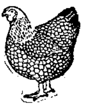

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

moment, when Olenka fell at my feet with the cry: "Andrew! I am not worthy to kiss thy wounds!"

Could it be that Sienkiewicz had imagined all these marvels? Were they not my own adventures of centuries ago? How, otherwise, could I have so vividly remembered? How otherwise could I have so keenly felt? He did but touch the strings, and from dim memories of a former existence the soul drew all the melody and brought it to clear remembrance.

I finished the book. My head was swimming, and I could not have been quite conscious, for it was not clear to me what day it was that had just ended, nor what starlit night was looking through the window. I buried myself in "Pan Michael." I could not resist. Reflection came, but I drove it away angrily, as I would a vicious dog. What did I care about a position? What did I care about my chief, or all the railways in the world! Let them go to perdition so long as I might continue to read, so long as I might move among those enchanting visions, so long as I might breathe in an atmosphere of greatness, power and heroism. I threw myself into new battles, new adventures. I experienced the life of the camps that were scattered on the remotest borders of the Republic, the sweetness of winter evenings and of long tales told by comrades. I experienced also in no small degree the torment of love for Basia. I fought with Moscow, I fought the Turks, I fought the Swedes. My sword, my blood—all my life belonged to my country. And when, in the struggle for Krzemieniec, the fatal moment arrived, and conscience commanded, together with the castle I blew myself up with gunpowder rather than surrender to the enemy. *Usque ad finem.* Duty, that was the motto of that knight without fear and without reproach! Listen, every one of you: Duty!

I closed the book. There is an end, alas, to everything. Day was breaking.

"It's Tuesday morning!" timidly announced the Jew, remaining near the door.

Good heavens! And the New Year, my chief, my position!

Aha! That was where stern reality—the reality this young dreamer had always despised—took him by the ear. As he tells us:

I took back the Trilogy to Mr. W. He gave me a very sour reception, and rated me soundly.

"You must be an idiot to sacrifice your whole career for the sake of a few books. It's all up. The chief waited for you, and you didn't come. He's furious. He took it as a personal insult. And your protectress sent to inquire about you."

"I clean forgot all about her letter!"

"Well, I congratulate you! You've lost your berth, and for that you may thank Mr. Sienkiewicz. To lose one's position for a few stupid tales. . . . Well! . . . "

"You are right. I shall thank him for the indescribable happiness he has given me. I shall thank him for filling my heart with hope and faith, for these mighty songs of an unconquerable Poland."

A knowing smile was his only reply, and as I turned to go I overheard him say to his wife:

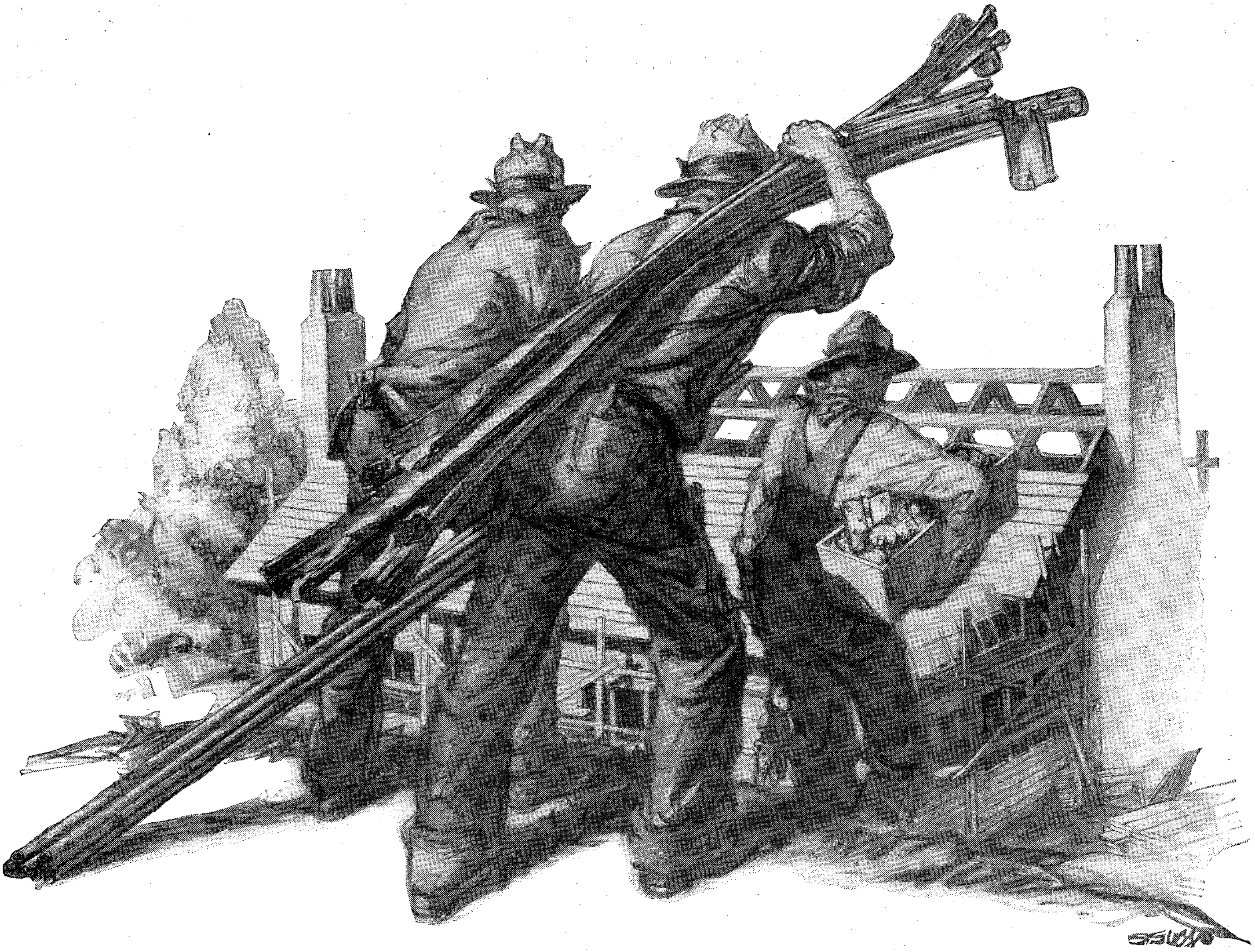
"He'll never come to anything—he's not quite all there."

"FREEDOMITES" WHO BURN MONEY AND EAT RAW FOOD

THEY will not live in cities, eat meat, cook their food, cut their hair or use machinery of any kind. Several years ago they turned all their stock out upon the prairies "to free God's dumb creatures from the slavery of man." At another time, we read, a group of them assembled in a newly built village in Saskatchewan, stript themselves bare, built a bonfire of their clothes, and amidst the chanting of Psalms flung their money into the flames, one hundred and sixty dollars, all they had among them, as an example to the world of what to do with the host of all evil. Originally these people were Doukhobors, but they now form a society all their own. They call themselves Svobodniki—Freedomites. Maurice G. Hindus, who has been visiting them in Thrums, British Columbia, tells us in *The Century Magazine* that they can not forgive the Doukhobors for their practise of sending a certain portion of their men to work in the city during the winter months, and he relates this vivid incident:

On one occasion they resolved to protest against the Doukhobors for their increasing worldliness and their continuous and blasphemous compromises with civilization, as evidenced in their adoption of modern machinery, modern business methods, and treachery of treacheries, their erection of a separate office building. They decided to burn this building in the hope that the act would waken their erring brethren into a realization of their perverse ways and bring them back to the fold of Christ. On a certain evening they gathered to carry out their resolve. Yet before setting fire to the structure they had condemned, they pried open the windows, climbed inside, and with lighted candles in their hands, marched from room to room and floor to floor, searching for birds, lest any might perish in the flames.

I had been told that in Thrums, British Columbia, I should find some of their most influential leaders, and so I went there to pay them a visit. Thrums sprawls over a jagged valley that serves as a connecting floor between two walls of mountains. It is like a slice of Russia grafted upon Canadian soil. Russian speech floats in the air; Russian folk-tunes, with their long-drawn-out plaintiveness, resound over the mountainsides; Russian women and girls, working in gardens and orchards, barefooted, and with bright kerchiefs over their heads, dot the landscape. Nearly all the settlers are Russian, laborers in the near-by sawmills, or independent farmers possessing small parcels of land, which they cultivate with zeal, and upon which they raise unexcelled fruit and vegetables. From a group of ragged boys, who had gathered at the station to meet the train, I learned the location of the various Svobodniki farms. I went to one that was screened off from the road by a thick orchard. It nestled in the very shadow of a wooded mountain. It was a small place of not over ten acres, spread over a gently sloping hillside, on top of which slouched two small, old and outwardly neglected houses, built near and at right angles to each other. At one time this place was the seat of the Svobodnik society. It still serves as a rendezvous for its scattered members when they come together. At



Why Bring Rust into the House?

RUST doesn't just happen! If it appears in your house you may know that it was *brought in* with the building materials. Rust is inherent in all iron and steel. The only effective way to keep rust out is never to let corrodible metal in.

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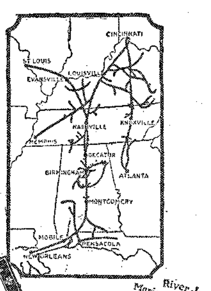

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

present it is the abode of two childless couples, elderly people.

I went to one of the houses. The door was wide open, and, following peasant custom, I walked in without knocking. What a delightfully typical peasant home it was! The walls were freshly whitewashed, the girders unplaned and unpainted, and long planks were fastened to the walls, for chairs and lounges, and the eternal polati-platform, stretching from one end of the room to the other, took the place of a bed, just like the homes of our peasants in the old village, except that no ikons adorned the walls, and no pigs and chickens strutted about the floor.

At an open window, with her back toward me, bent over a piece of sewing, sat a middle-aged woman, barefooted and bareheaded, with her thin gray hair slicked back straight and done into a braid, with a white ribbon at the end, not at all in the manner of a person renouncing man-made aids of adornment. She did not hear me enter, and when I spoke to her, she turned round and eyed me with suspicion. Without waiting to be questioned, I explained to her who I was and what I had come for, and instantly she grew animated, leapt from her chair, and, excitedly muttering words of warm welcome, began to bustle about to entertain me.

"*Nu*, and I thought you were an Anghlick," she apologized, "come from the Government with a complaint. Ah, a Russian from New York! *Nu*, *synok* [little son], I'll set the table at once. How hungry you must be after such a long journey! And we have lots of food—lots." And suiting action to word, despite my vigorous protests that I had just partaken of a hearty meal, she rushed dish after dish upon the table. And what fare! Heads of lettuce, raw carrots, freshly pulled onions, raw peanuts, peaches, raisins, plums, and raw potatoes.

"Sit down, *synok;* sit down," she said, and fairly shoved me into a seat at the head of the table. "Eat, eat, *synok;* don't say you are not hungry after such a long and arduous journey. You must be hungry; of course you must be, and our food is not like yours. It is unspoiled by cooking; it is just as God grows it, and as all of God's creatures save men eat it." Dish after dish rattled its way toward me.

"Maybe you'd like some of our bread? Ah, I 've forgotten!" Off she dashed, soon returning not with a loaf, but with a glass jar filled with something that looked like corn meal sprinkled with pepper. She shoved a bowl toward me and poured some of the substance into it. "That's our bread," she chattered on. "We make it ourselves, *synok*, from wheat, raw peanuts, raisins, sun-dried apples and plums, which we mix and grind. Delicious bread! *Nu*, just try it. Slice peaches and plums into it, as we do, and mix it. Wonderful feed that is, *synok!* We eat barrels of it in winter. It's so strengthening!"

I plied her with questions, which she answered only too eagerly. Of course it took courage to be a Svobodnik in the face of the opposition of the whole world. It was hard at first to live on raw foods. It made them sick, and every time the smell of *shctchui* (soup) reached their nostrils, they were overcome with a painful desire to taste cooked foods. That was because their systems had been poisoned by their previous mode of living and craved

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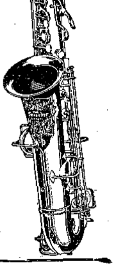

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> unnatural things. But now, *ekh!* they won't look at cooked dishes. One of their women fell sick once. An Anghlick told her that if she ate hot soup she would get well. She followed the Anghlick's advice, and of course they had to discharge her from the society. It is a great joy to be a Svobodnik, to live in tune with God and nature; only Canada is such a worldly country, even in the mountains, offers so many temptations that seduce the young people. If they could only get back to Russia! Did I know Lenin? Couldn't I intercede for them and beg the new ruler of Russia to let them in and give them small parcels of land, enough only for fruits and vegetables for themselves? Did the Bolsheviki actually kill off people in Russia? It could not be that they were killing peasants? It must be landlords and the Czar's relatives they were putting to death. Why should any one want to kill muzhiks? Muzhiks have nothing, anyway. Ah, if they could only get back to the land of their birth!

Soon the man of the house entered. Ivan was his name. He was a leader of the sect, "and what an arresting personality!" exclaims the writer, continuing:

> Tall, gaunt, erect, with a massive head and heavy dark hair that straggled in waves over his sun-baked neck and ears. His broad, bony face seemed sunk in a lustrous black beard, which, together with his hard, gleaming eyes, overhung by heavy brows, lent him an air of medieval austerity that awed and yet fascinated. Greeting me cordially he sat down beside me and, peasant fashion, pelted me, in between bites of onions, carrots, and radishes, with personal questions. At last he said:
>
> "*Nu*, we are happy to entertain you. We are always glad to have strangers visit us, and quite a good many come, especially Anghlicks. You see, out in the world people think that we always go naked, that that is all we believe in. And do you know, brother, people come to look at us. Yes, and when they find us in our clothes, they are disappointed. Sometimes they will ask us if we won't disrobe, go out in the sun, and pose for them, so they can take pictures. Why do you suppose they do it? Do they want to sell these pictures and make money! *Akh*, what people will do for money! But we are simple-minded people, and we don't mind what others say or think of us. Christ says love thine enemy as thyself, and we believe in Christ. Our homes, our cellars, our orchards, our gardens, our hearts, are open to all. That's the way Christ wants us to be."
>
> "You see, *synok*," the woman interposed, "we are not like the people in your world. Your people teach even children to be selfish and cruel. In your world, if a baby lolls around on the floor, and some living thing crawls near it, what do you do? You say to the baby, 'Kill it! kill it!' And sometimes you set the example yourselves, and step upon the innocent thing and crush it. Yes? And do you know what we do? We say to our baby, '*Va-va! va-va!* Don't touch! don't touch! It hurts, it hurts.'"
>
> "But some creatures," I protested "have to be destroyed."
>
> "What ones?" Ivan flared back.
>
> "Why," I replied, "flies and snakes and gophers. Think what—"
>
> But Ivan would not let me continue.
>
> "Look, brother," he said, pointing with

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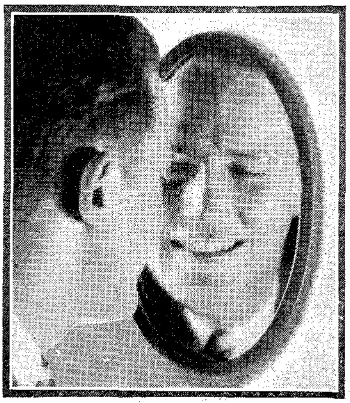

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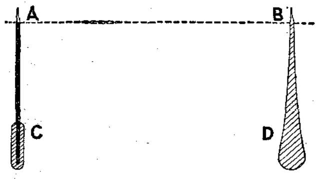

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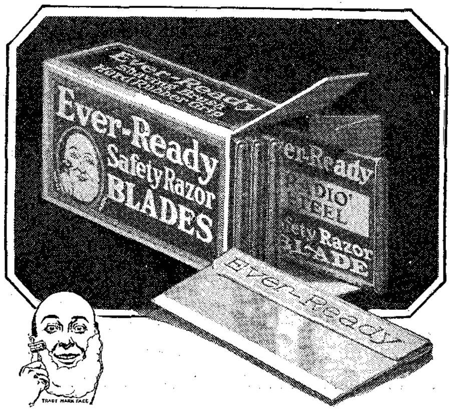
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

his eyes at the ceiling, the walls, the floor. "Do you see any flies in this house? Hardly any, yes? And it's the end of summer, too, with autumn smelling in the air, when flies rush inside of houses for shelter. And do you know why we have no flies? Because we live a natural life. We don't do any cooking and don't use any sugar and other vile foods that attract them. And snakes? *Nu ladno* [very well[." He rose, took a few steps away from the table, and continued, acting out his words in the manner of a man taking the part of the grave-digger in "Hamlet."

"Here am I, a man. *Da*, a man. I am walking along a road—a road. And here at this place I see a snake. And I, the man, step upon the snake with my heel and crush it, and right here before me lies the snake, dead—dead! And now tell me who is the snake, the thing that's dead, or I, the man?"

"So, so," said his wife, and nodded with evident delight.

"And now you say kill gophers; they ruin crops. *Ekh*, brother, if every man would work as we do, there would be enough for gophers and for birds, more than enough. But do you know what it means to kill a gopher? I'll tell you what it means. You kill a gopher, you kill a mouse; you kill a mouse, you kill a rabbit; you kill a rabbit, you kill a squirrel; you kill a squirrel, you kill a cow; you kill a cow, you kill a horse; you kill a horse, you kill a man!"

They went out into the orchard and sat down on the ground, in the sun. Other Svobodniki joined them, long-bearded men and barefooted women, eager to talk themselves out. And Ivan continued:

"To the outside world we are a crazy people—yes, crazy. We don't work horses, we don't use machines, we don't eat cooked foods, we don't kill snakes. Perhaps we are crazy. Who knows? We are not educated. We don't want to be. Why should we? Is God educated? You see, we believe in God, and do you know what belief in God means? Do you think it means going to church and dropping on your knees and crossing yourself incessantly and praying and sobbing yourself hoarse with repentance? What foolishness! We have no prayers; we don't pray. Once a Russian came to visit us. He was a poor man, and we offered him shelter. He stayed with us about half a year. He was Orthodox, and, ah, how pious! He'd rise in the middle of the night, get down on his knees in the dark, and pray, pray, pray, sobbing his heart out to God, and keeping us awake for hours. But we said nothing. We are Svobodniki; we believe in every one doing as he pleases. And one morning he was gone. He had disappeared in the night. And then we discovered that the hundred dollars we had saved up had also disappeared. *Nu*, what good is prayer to such a man?"

He paused, brushed back the hair the wind had blown over his face, and continued:

"God, brother, means love, and do you know what love means? Love means freedom, absolute, everlasting freedom, to let every one do not as books and priests and man-made laws prescribe, but as his own inner spirit dictates. That's freedom. And, *nu*, how much freedom have you in your world? You have nations, governments, schools, property, and machines, the wickedest of all things, and all these kill freedom; and when you kill freedom, you kill love; and when you kill love, you kill God. Smile, if you please; it's so, tho. You are educated, yes? You live in a big city, New York. Is it as big as Chicago? I was in Chicago once, but I've never been in New York. And where you live, you've got to dress and eat and talk and pray just as other people tell you. *Nu*, how much freedom have you in New York? And then in New York you are all grasping after the cent; and when you get it, you clutch at it with all your might, as tho the cent was all there is to life. No, brother, you have no freedom; you are all slaves in the outside world, slaves of the machine and of the cent. But we have freedom. We'd rather have freedom than food. Listen!

"It was about eleven years ago. A crowd of us marched into the village of Verigin, Saskatchewan. It was daytime, and we removed our clothes and threw them into a heap and set them afire, and then we took up all the money we had between us and flung that into the flames. You see, we had rid ourselves of our money, our clothes, of every bit of property we had; we had nothing left. We were as poor as on the day we came into the world; none could be poorer than we. And yet we were free. We felt so happy that we sang. When you have freedom, brother, you need no clothes, no money, nothing, to make you happy."

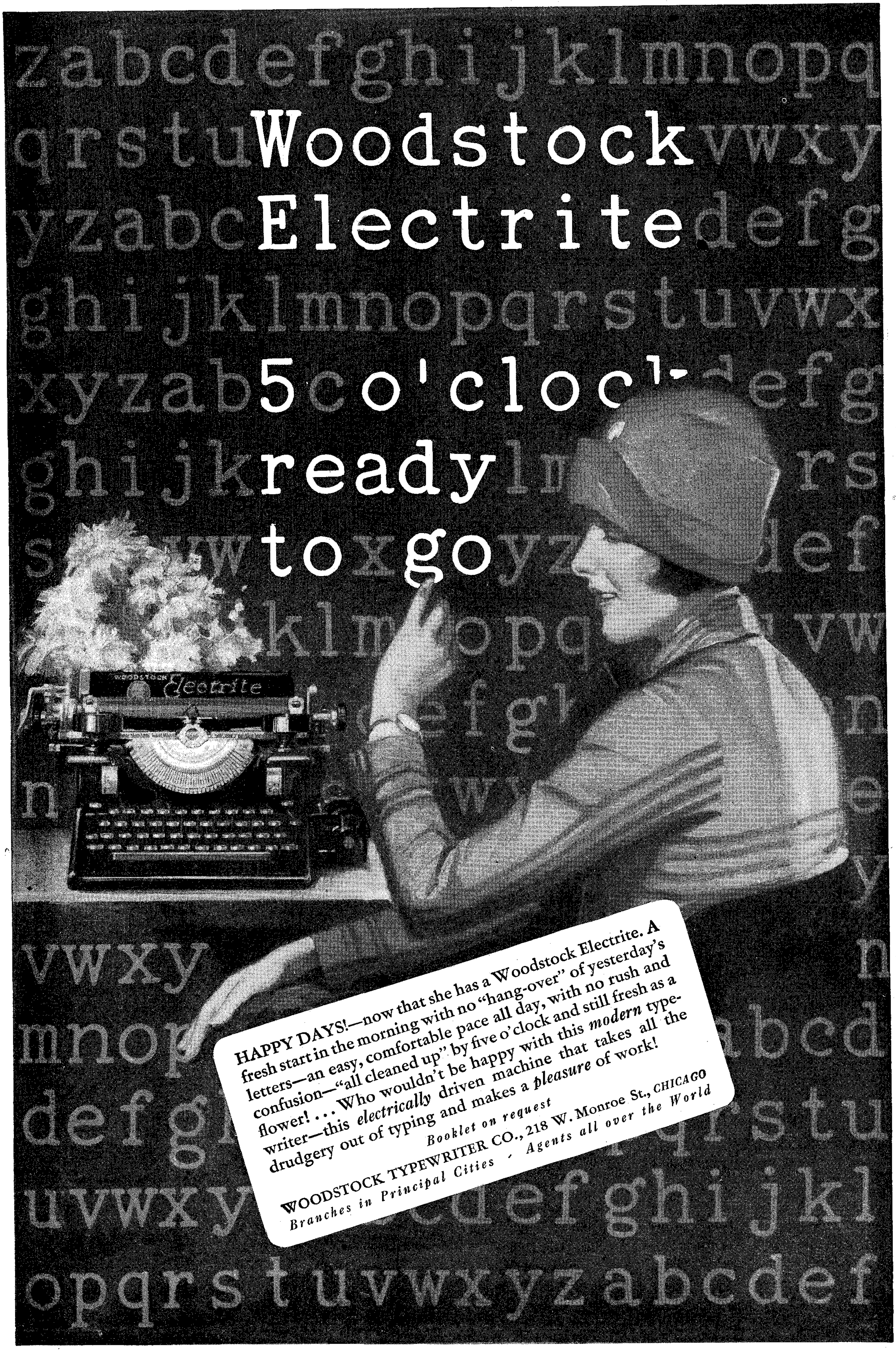
"So, so, so," said the other Svobodniki, nodding in elation.

Since he touched on the question of clothes, I made bold to ask for an explanation of the nude pilgrimages.

"It is simple enough, brother," Ivan began. "Now, look! This is my shirt, made of linen, which we ourselves have woven; and these are my trousers, likewise made of linen. We make these clothes ourselves, from spinning to sewing. And under these clothes is my body, and that's the work of God. Now the clothes are our own work, the work of man, and of them I am not ashamed; but the body is the work of God, and of that I am ashamed. *Nu*, is there reason in that? What is there about the body that man should be ashamed of? If God is not ashamed of it, if it is the very image of God, why should man be? Did Adam have clothes? Do beasts wear clothes? Do birds wear clothes? Supposing you threw a cloak over the back of a goat, how would it look? It's the same with man, brother. Only man's mind is poisoned; yes, poisoned by the things that rob him of freedom, and that's why he thinks that the body is a terrible thing and should be covered up. But we Svobodniki say, freedom, freedom of the body from the poison that gets in there from foods that are boiled and broiled and roasted, and freedom of the mind from false and poisonous ideas, from slavery and from the things that cruel, selfish people have invented who did not know what freedom meant."

As I was listening to these speeches, I could not help thinking of Tolstoy. How that sublime barbarian would glow with joy at such fiery denunciation of Western civilization! In essence the Svobodnik view of life is boldly Tolstoyan. I am not so sure but the ironic Christian nihilist would even approve of the nude pilgrimages.

"I suppose you are followers of Tolstoy,"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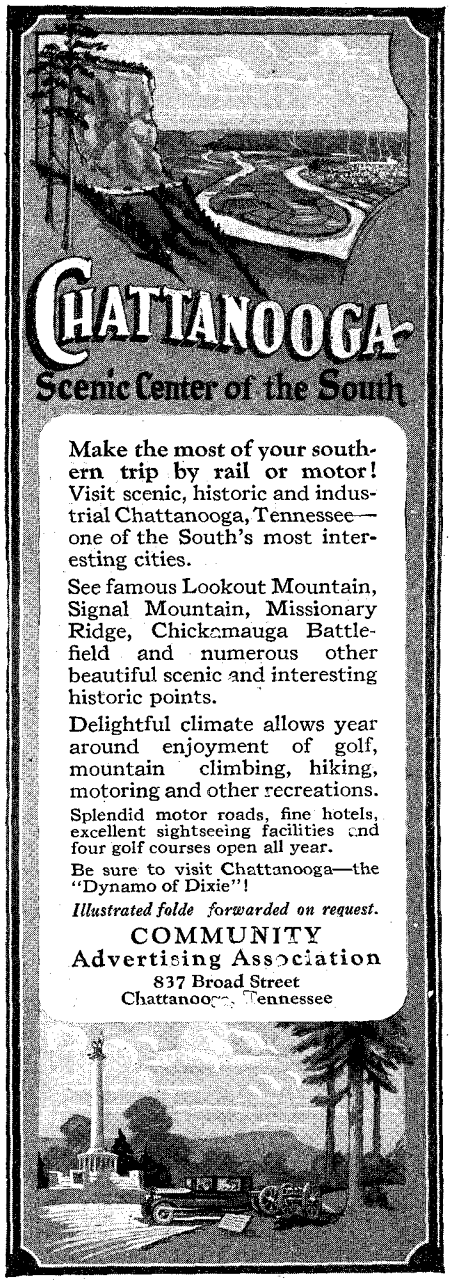
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

I said. To my amazement, the name did not seem to register animation.

"Tolstoy," one of them repeated—"was not he a general in the Czar's army?"

"No, he was a writer, one of the greatest that has ever lived."

"A writer?" Ivan repeated in a tone of indifference. "Then he was not of much account."

One evening we gathered in the home of a young Svobodnik. Ilya was his name, a blond, blue-eyed, wiry, handsome, boyish-looking youth, with a shrill musical voice such as good tenors have. He was married to Lusha, or, rather, lived with her, for Svobodniki do not recognize marriage. Like Tolstoy, they regard celibacy as the ideal life; but when a man and woman do decide to live together, they are "brother and sister." Lusha was one of the prettiest Russian girls I had seen in western Canada—slender, bob-haired, with deep-blue eyes, dark brows, full red lips, and a fine set of teeth. She was the daughter of a Doukhobor, and no Svobodnik. In the morning, while Ilya would get his breakfast in the garden and orchard, she would bake potato pancakes for herself, and fry potatoes and make tea. When I came to the house she was busy amidst baskets of tomatoes and peaches, which she was canning for winter use. When Ilya introduced her to me as "my sister," she indignantly protested, insisting she was his wife.

"I believe in absolute freedom," he explained, "and when a man has a wife, he has a possession, and there are no possessions in the kingdom of heaven. If Lusha ever falls in love with any one else—"

"But I won't," Lusha interrupted, almost with a scream.

"I only wanted to say that if you should—"

"I won't, tho," she persisted. "You know I love only you."

> Being a man, he yielded, and did not refer to the subject again. Lusha served supper. At one end of the table sat the Svobodniki, and before them she set down plates of cucumbers, tomatoes, radishes, watermelons, onions, and we read on:

At the other end were a Doukhobor friend, she, and I, and before us she placed hot soup, cakes, bread, and jam. It was one of the most memorable meals I've ever had. In the pale light of the lamp, in that whitewashed hut in the Canadian Rockies, the long-haired Svobodniki, in their white linen garments, crunching away with zest at raw fruits and vegetables, seemed a pathetic and unearthly sight. Ivan asked Lusha if she had any oatmeal in the house. She went to the cellar, soon returning with a big box of oatmeal, which she handed to Ivan. He poured some into a bowl, sprinkled raisins over it, poured in water, stirred it, and began to eat it, praising highly its gustatory and nutritive qualities. He ate it with so much relish that I had not the heart to inform him that the commercial oatmeal in question is far from being an uncooked food.

There was an old Svobodnik woman at the table. She was over eighty, bent and toothless, and with a face that seemed like a lump of withered flesh without bones. She was one of the most talkative persons there, and in the course of the evening she

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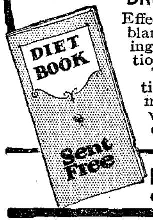

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narrated an experience she had which illuminates the Svobodnik attitude toward suffering.

"A group of us," she began, "had gone to a certain village on a pilgrimage. We stopt at the railroad station and began to sing. A crowd had gathered, and one of our men who could talk a little of the Anghlick language explained to the people there what it meant to be a Svobodnik. He told them that we believed in absolute freedom, and that even the clothes we wore were a sign of slavery. Then in protest against the slavery in the world we disrobed. We were arrested, and sent to an insane asylum. There they took us into a ward and told us we must go to work; but we refused. Then two persons threw me to the floor. Of course, I did not resist. We Svobodniki believe if people want to beat us or cut us up, let them do it. Our spirit will make us insensible to the pain. Then these two persons jammed a brush into my hand and shouted, 'Now will you work?' And I shook my head, and said: 'No. Let me out of here. I have done no one harm.' Then they grabbed my hands and beat them against the floor until I lost all sense of feeling, and after that they stood me up against the wall, seized my arms, twisted them back, forced my mouth open with an iron thing, which they rolled around inside until they wrenched two of my teeth out and tore off a strip of flesh inside of my right cheek, and the blood gushed forth and soaked my clothes. Then they flung me to the floor, dragged me around, kicked me into a corner, and left me there. And when I came to I clambered to my feet and stept over to the window. I looked outside at the sky and the sun, and of a sudden I felt Christ in my heart, and light came to my soul, and I felt free and happy and began to sing."

That night I lay awake for a long time, meditating. How childish these Svobodniki seemed! How futile their outlook upon life, and their impossible anarchic conceptions of freedom! To an Anglo-Saxon, with his orderly ways, his utilitarian aspirations, his search for a comfortable berth in the world, the efforts of these unread, unlettered muzhiks to attain a certain peculiar standard of spiritual perfection must appear absurd and irrational. But, then, judged by Anglo-Saxon standards, are Raskolnikov, Prince Mishkin, Ivan Karamazov, or his brother Alyosha, the saint, persons of normal mind? And what of Tolstoy himself, renouncing in his old age fame and fortune, and fleeing in the dark of night from a comfortable home and a loving family to a distant wilderness in the hope of finding peace of soul?

Conan Doyle Please Write.—KALAMAZOO, Dec. 19.—A Rotary charm and resolutions commending the self-sacrifice and bravery of Wateri Kitashima, secretary of the Rotary Club of Tokyo, Japan, have been forwarded to him by the Kalamazoo College, and Mrs. Williams, who lost their lives in the Japanese earthquake in 1923.—*From a Grand Rapids paper.*

And Everywhere That Mary Went.—

TEACHER—"Jane, can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI?"

JANE—"Mary."

TEACHER—"Now, Lucy, who followed Mary?"

LUCY — "Mary's little lamb." — *The Baptist.*

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WEAN..Providence............Shepard Stores

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WMC....Memphis........Commercial-Appeal
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KHJ......Los Angeles......Los Angeles Times

Every Friday, 8:30-9 P.M. (P.T.)
KFOA....Seattle......................Seattle Times

Every Tuesday, 9:30-10 P.M. (P.T.)
KGO......Oakland........General Electric Co.

Every Wednesday, 3-3:30 P.M. (C.T.)
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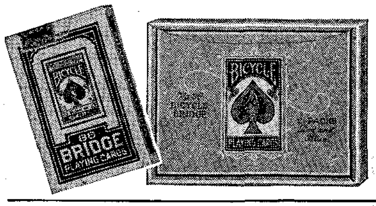

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

WHY THE NEW YORK BANK RATE WAS RAISED

THROUGH NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, all Wall Street was watching every Thursday afternoon to see whether the New York Federal Reserve bank rate would be raised. For, as *The American Banker* reminds us, when in November the Boston Federal Reserve bank advanced its rediscount rate to four per cent., followed closely by advances in the rate of the Cleveland, Philadelphia, and San Francisco banks, it was generally thought that the New York rate would be advanced sooner or later, putting the entire Federal Reserve system on a four-per-cent. basis. This banking daily reasons that the New York bank picked the date, January 7, for making the advance because it was thought that at that time it would cause the minimum shock to the financial world; and the editor is in agreement with a number of other financial writers in considering the step both inevitable and appropriate. *The Wall Street News* is one of several journals to point out that the advance in the New York rate from 3½ per cent. had no connection with the internal condition of the bank, for the ratio of reserves to all liabilities including deposits, and the total reserves, were both higher on the 7th than at the end of last year, or in January, 1925. In Wall Street generally, we read in the New York *Herald Tribune*, the action of the New York Reserve Bank authorities was given a double significance: "that a weighty warning against certain trends on the American business horizon is timely, and that Great Britain has emerged successfully from its trial period with the gold standard." Taking only the domestic situation into account the advance was several months overdue, in the opinion of close students of money conditions. As *The Herald Tribune* explains:

> Unhealthy speculation in securities, on real estate and in the building industry, combined with excessive expansion in instalment buying, were the influences leading to expectation that the rate would be increased. The one impediment has been England's position.
>
> Last April, when England returned to gold as the basis for her currency, American bankers regarded the step as so important in the general rehabilitation of Europe that they extended all the financial and moral help in their power. The critical period in England's venture came in the autumn, when her importers had to pay, first, for cotton and wheat in America, and, later, for rubber and tobacco in the Far East. The Bank of England lost important sums of gold in shipments abroad.
>
> But the strain is over and England has weathered the crisis, according to best-informed opinion. With the Bank of England rate at 5 per cent., it is in normal command of the London bill market and the spread between it and the new rate in New York still will be sufficient to protect England's position.
>
> The domestic business situation, according to the barometers ordinarily used by business men, has been crying for the curb of a higher rediscount rate for months. Speculation in stocks has increased menacingly in volume over the last year.
>
> One year ago funds lent on stock and bond collateral by about 720 leading banks all over the country amounted to $4,606,000,000; from that figure such loans have risen by almost exactly $1,000,000,000.
>
> Speculation on the Stock Exchange is not the only weak spot in the present business horoscope which is understood to have occupied the attention of Federal Reserve officials. Inflation of real estate and building, not alone in Florida, but generally throughout the country, has figured conspicuously. Furthermore, there has been a fear that instalment buying, through the agency of mushroom finance companies, might have exceeded the bounds of consumers' capacity.

It is the general opinion of conservative men, says the New York *Journal of Commerce* "that the stock market at present is enjoying the use of quite all the fluid banking resources that can safely be advanced to it and that no further increase should take place for some time to come in the amount of the brokers' loans or loans on collateral"; and "that for the present the danger of inflation should be carefully guarded against in our own interest as well as in that of foreign countries." Continues this paper:

> The Reserve system has thus far done nothing to check the unwise and speculative use of money. It has at last advanced its rates, and in two of the districts the definite reason has been assigned that the purpose in view was the checking of inflation and speculation. Obviously if those objects are desirable, and if the recent advances do not attain it, they will have to be followed by others.
>
> In all this, of course, the problem is merely that of keeping the national supply of credit intact and liquid. The Reserve system has no "call" to attack or even to check stock speculation so long as it does not infringe upon the reserves of the banks or endanger their liquidity. It has every "call" to do so if either aspect of the credit position is brought into jeopardy. Particularly is this true at a time when other nations naturally look to us for guidance. Many of them are borrowers here; others regulate or base their rate upon the rates prevailing in the United States. It is safe to say that the Bank of England would not have juggled as it has with its own discount rate during the past few months had it not felt more or less assured of a very low rate in this country. Both as a warning and as a guide, therefore, to other markets which are leaning upon this one for aid should our rate policy be forward-looking.
>
> The Reserve system is to be congratulated upon having perceived the necessity of an upward movement of rates. No doubt that has been clear to the visiting financiers from abroad who have been looking over the conditions here and, no doubt, their advice has had its effect. Be that as it may, Reserve bank policy has taken the wiser course, and it is to be hoped that it may pursue the same path, adapting itself carefully to existing conditions and guiding the market without obstructing or on the other hand "supporting" it.

Editorially, *The Wall Street Journal* can see nothing in prevailing money-market conditions and bank reports to account for the raising of the New York bank rate. And it concludes that "the London money market safely weathered the year-end requirements so the Federal Reserve bank was free to put up its rate in line with the rest of the system, even if this step was belated and inconsistent with the easier-growing money market." But the same paper's commentator on the stock market takes a slightly different position, holding that the Federal Reserve bank simply acted in accordance with the law of supply and demand and with no idea of checking inflation or speculation:

> Business is running at a record rate, and still mounting, and demand for funds to carry on this great volume of trade and commerce shows a corresponding increase.
>
> Manufacturers, bankers, brokers, and others, who are posted on business and finance say there is no inflation. Commodity prices, generally, are lower than a year ago. Balance sheets of the great corporations show that inventories are normal. Industry never had more surplus cash. A 4 per cent. bank rate in the face of record business supports these facts. If there were inflation the bank rate as well as call and time money would be much higher than current quotations.

The effect of the rate increase on the stock market will be comparatively slight, in the opinion of the financial editor of the New York *Sun*, who says:

> The contrast between the situation now and that of last November, when other of the regional banks moved up their rates, is striking. Then the picture was one that embraced heavy speculation in motor stocks, with three million share days and with the commercial demands for credit increasing; now it is one of comparatively modest turnover in stocks and with the commercial demand for credit decreasing. In November the market superstructure had grown heavy, while further advances

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

were being touted on all sides; since then the motor boom has been liquidated and, while railroad stocks have risen, the speculative fever has moderated.

If the industrial upswing is continued a point will be reached at which the new bank rate is effective and the charge for money is adjusted on a slightly higher basis. If the upswing in industry is to culminate in another of those minor peaks similar to that of last spring, money will become very plentiful again and the Federal Reserve Bank might be faced, later on, with the necessity of lowering its rate.

The issue comes down, more or less, to the question of the character of business during the coming six months. If inflation finally is on its way the present increase is only one of a series that will be called out to check speculative tendencies. But lacking inflation, and convincing signs of it still are missing, good business with minor fluctuations and with reasonably easy money still seems the probability. Lacking inflation, the makings of a real bear market seem to be absent.

"That no important selling occurred on the bank-rate action, and that parts of the market promptly recovered were indications that there has been no real change in the Wall Street situation," says Stuart P. West in one of his Consolidated Press financial articles.

THE PAWNBROKER—NEW STYLE

THE old-fashioned "hockshop" is becoming such a dignified institution these days, writes Rowland Wood in a Consolidated Press dispatch from New York, that the pawnbrokers are beginning to think of themselves as bankers, and are contemplating having their shops in the metropolis placed under the supervision of the State Banking Department. In the old days "Uncle" flourished in bad times and found trade dull in good times, but to-day, Mr. Wood discovers, "his dapper, suave successor flourishes with the rest of the population." This writer, in the course of his investigations, found himself finally in the office of the secretary of Simpsons' Inc., the oldest chain of pawnshops in New York. This office was in the Wall Street financial district. It was here that Mr. Wood heard expounded the modern theory of one of the oldest and most abused businesses:

> Pawnbroking, it seems, no longer can be regarded as fattening on the misery of the poor. There may be a few pawnshops in the slums, which make loans on clothing and such things. But the profits to be had from the poor no longer are tempting to the average pawnbroker. He trafficks almost exlusively in jewelry. His place of business looks like a cross between a high, grand jewelry store and a bank. In many cases the three balls have disappeared entirely and in its stead is a neatly gilded sign reading "Such-and-Such Loan Association."

"The pawnshop is essentially a bank," said the secretary of Simpsons', who went on to inform Mr. Wood that:

> There are thousands upon thousands of people in New York who distrust stocks and bonds. They invest in jewelry and precious stones. When they need funds for business expansion, or some sudden emergency, they come to us and borrow on their collateral, just as a man with stocks or bonds borrows at a bank.
>
> There is another class of customers who use the pawnshop as a safe depositary for their securities. We have one customer—a prosperous contractor, who has kept a diamond ring worth several thousand dollars "in hock" with us for years for fear he might lose it. He borrowed $50 on it, pays us the interest on that sum and knows his property is safe.
>
> Another customer has a Sunday suit of which he is very proud. He hocks it for a nominal sum every Monday, and takes it out every Saturday, clean, neat and ready to be worn.
>
> Profits from the poor? The poor haven't enough to make it worth the pawnbroker's while any more, even if he wanted to take advantage of them. Pawnbrokers have found a richer field.

WHY BELGIUM LEAVES THE LATIN UNION

REPORTED French astonishment at the announcement of the Belgian Government that it will withdraw from the Latin Monetary Union at the end of the year is not shared by the New York *Sun*, which really does not see how the step could have been avoided. Before setting forth the reasons leading to Belgium's action, the New York paper offers this bit of historical information:

> In 1865, forced to act by practical necessity, the Governments of France, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy entered into a monetary agreement, the most important provision of which established a uniform unit of currency for all of them. Thus the so-called Latin Union came into being.
>
> The new unit, equivalent to approximately 19.3 cents in American money, was known as the franc in France, Belgium and Switzerland, and as the lira in Italy. Three years later Greece became a member of the union. Since then other Continental countries, without formally entering the union, have adopted the same standard. It is known in Finland as the finmark, in Poland as the zloty, in Roumania as the leu, in Spain as the peseta, and in Jugo-Slavia as the dinar. A number of these units have been established since the war.

A uniform currency is a mighty useful thing, particularly in the case of a group of adjoining countries. "It immensely simplifies international trade, retail transactions close to international borders, and the problems of the traveler." But all these practical advantages have been destroyed since the war, says *The Sun*, which points out that:

> With the French unit now worth, at present quotations, 3.84 cents, the Belgian unit 4.53 cents, the Italian 4.03 cents, the Greek 1.39 cents, the Spanish 14.18 cents, the Polish 12 cents, the Finnish 2.52 cents, the Jugo-Slavian 1.77 cents and the Roumanian .46 of a cent, the fact that the gold

value of these currencies is all the same becomes practically of no importance. Tho no country may have withdrawn from the Latin Union legally, every country but Switzerland has withdrawn from it in fact. None of the currency units listed above, with the exception of the Spanish and Polish, has any genuine chance of returning to a 19.3 cent value.

So what Belgium has done, we are told, is merely "to give formal recognition to a long-existing state of affairs":

With its own currency now quoted substantially higher than that of France, it can certainly not act as if the two currencies were interchangeable; it would only be heavily the loser by such a process. France is still on a paper basis with no definite plans for returning to a metallic basis. Belgium, on the other hand, is putting itself in a position to return to a gold standard. It would be impossible for it at this time to restore its 4½ cent franc to a 19.3 cent franc, and ruinous to try. What its new currency unit will be has not yet been announced. It would be in its own interest, however, to make its new unit uniform with that of some other country which already has a gold currency, such as Great Britain or the United States.

RECORD-BREAKING CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

PREDICTIONS that Christmas Shopping records would be broken in 1925 were fully verified when the official returns came in, for the Federal Reserve Board reports that Christmas shoppers spent more money at the retail stores in all parts of the country than in any other December in the history of the nation. It seems that sales averaged 7.2 per cent. larger than in December, 1924, with the greatest increases in the Chicago, Atlanta and New York districts and the smallest in those of Minneapolis and Kansas City. The percentages of increases were reported from the respective Federal Reserve districts as follows: Chicago, 15.3; Atlanta, 11.5; New York, 9.5; Philadelphia, 7.7; Dallas, 6; San Francisco, 5.6; Cleveland, 5.5; St. Louis, 5.3; Richmond, 4.9; Boston, 4.8; Kansas City, 1.7; Minneapolis, 0.9. In the New York *Times* Washington dispatch which carries this information, we are further told that sales of mail-order houses in December, 1925, which represent Christmas shopping particularly for the agricultural districts, were 15.1 per cent. larger than in December, 1924, and sales at 5-and-10-cent chain stores were 16.2 per cent. larger.

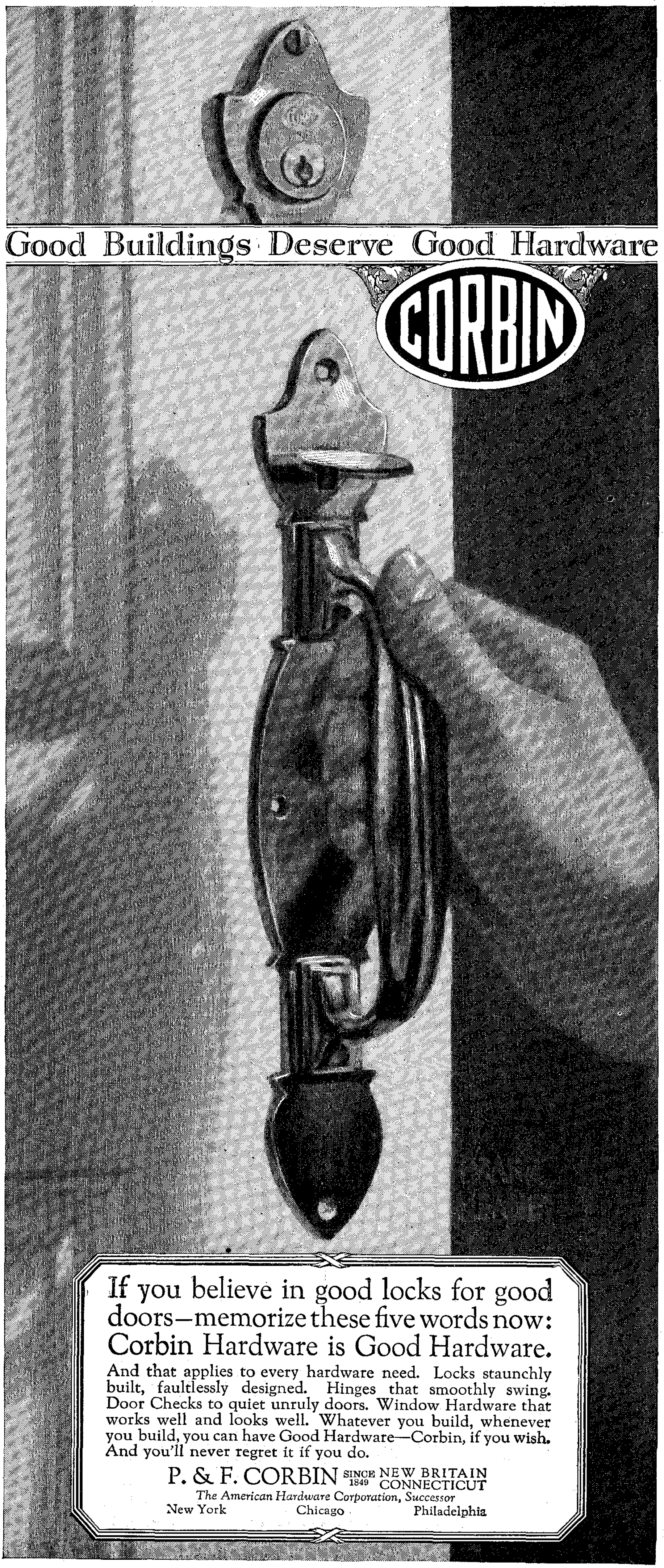
A Skeptic.—FIRST STENOG—"I don't believe half I see in print."

RIVAL DITTO—"Judging from your spelling that must include what you see in the dictionary."—*Boston Transcript.*

Betrayed!—The young husband had arrived home to find his wife in tears.

"Whatever is the matter, darling?" he inquired.

"Oh, dearest," she sobbed, "I've worked hard all the afternoon making custards, because you are so fond of them, and—they've turned out to be sponge cakes!"—*Christian Guardian.*



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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

January 6.—Prince Ludwig Windisch-Graetz, who has been arrested in connection with the conspiracy, furnishes the Budapest police with a list of about forty persons who participated in the manufacture and distribution of 10,000,000,000 French franc notes as part of an alleged plot to undermine the French franc and to install Archduke Albrecht on the Hungarian throne, says a dispatch from Vienna.

January 8.—A violent earthquake shakes Tuscany, Italy, and results in minor injuries to a score of persons and damage to several hundred peasant houses.

January 9.—The floods in western Europe, which have been very serious, are reported subsiding. The property loss caused by the rising of the Seine is estimated at 500,000,000 francs.

The Czecho-Slovakian Government has suggested to other nations composing the Little Entente that they propose to the League of Nations a joint inquiry into the political motive behind the wide-spread counterfeiting of French franc notes in Hungary, says a dispatch from London.

January 10.—A passenger train running between Guadalajara and Mexico City is held up, looted and burned by bandits, and fifty people, passengers and troops who were guarding the train, are murdered.

January 11.—Eight of the twenty-two bandits who held up the Guadalajara-Mexico City passenger train and killed passengers and troops are captured by Federal troops and executed.

January 12.—The representatives of the Allied Powers in Budapest have demanded the abdication of Admiral Horthy as Regent of Hungary, according to a dispatch from Vienna.

DOMESTIC

January 6.—The United States must "build up a resistance" against the price control by foreign Governments of basic commodities, or we will be "confronted with a most appalling vision of future world relations," says Secretary of Commerce Hoover to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

The Senate orders an investigation of the alleged failure of the Department of Justice to bring contempt proceedings against the Aluminum Company of America.

The Foreign Affairs Committee recommends to the House an appropriation of $50,000 to defray expenses of the American delegates to the preparatory disarmament conference to be held at Geneva.

January 7.—One hundred and thirty-two American playwrights, meeting in New York, form an organization to protect the motion-picture and foreign rights of their output.

Proposed legislation to create a board of mediation to settle all disputes between the railroads and their employees which are not otherwise susceptible of adjustment and to abolish the Railroad Labor Board is submitted to President Coolidge by Senator Watson of Indiana, W. W. Atterbury, president of the

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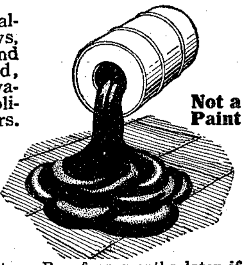

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Pennsylvania Railroad, and a delegation of heads of railroad unions.

January 8.—Col. B. Frank Cheatham is appointed Quartermaster-General of the Army to succeed the late Maj.-Gen. William H. Hart.

January 9.—The State Department has made "formal representations" to the Mexican Foreign Office concerning the new alien land law and petroleum act passed by the Mexican Government, says a Washington dispatch. The new land law is said to violate the rights of American citizens possessing interests in Mexico by compelling them either to give up their interests entirely or sell them at a confiscatory price.

William K. Hale, described as a cattle baron in the Osage hill country, and John Ramsey, farmer and cattleman, are indicted by a Federal grand jury on a charge of murdering Henry Roan Horse, a wealthy Osage Indian, in 1923. Roan is said to have been one of the victims of a conspiracy to murder and rob Osage Indians.

January 10.—Democratic members of the Senate Finance Committee announce that they will seek a tax-reduction of $500,000,000, approximately $170,000,000 more than the reduction in the measure now before the House.

January 11.—By a party vote of ten to seven, the Senate Finance Committee rejects the proposals of Democrats, as presented by Senator Simmons, for changes in the surtax rates and other modifications of the House tax bill, and adopts the normal and surtax rates of the latter measure.

Senate investigations and hearings between July 1, 1924, and April 24, 1925, cost $215,283, it is stated in the annual report of the Secretary, Edwin P. Thayer.

John W. Langley of Kentucky resigns as representative-elect to the Sixty-ninth Congress, following his failure to have the United States Supreme Court review his conviction of participation in a conspiracy for illegal removal of liquors from the Belle of Anderson distillery in Kentucky. He was sentenced to two years in the Federal penitentiary in Atlanta.

nuary 12.—Secretary Hoover announces the formation by leading automobile manufacturers in the United States of a $10,000,000 corporation to acquire rubber plantations abroad to fight the foreign rubber combine.

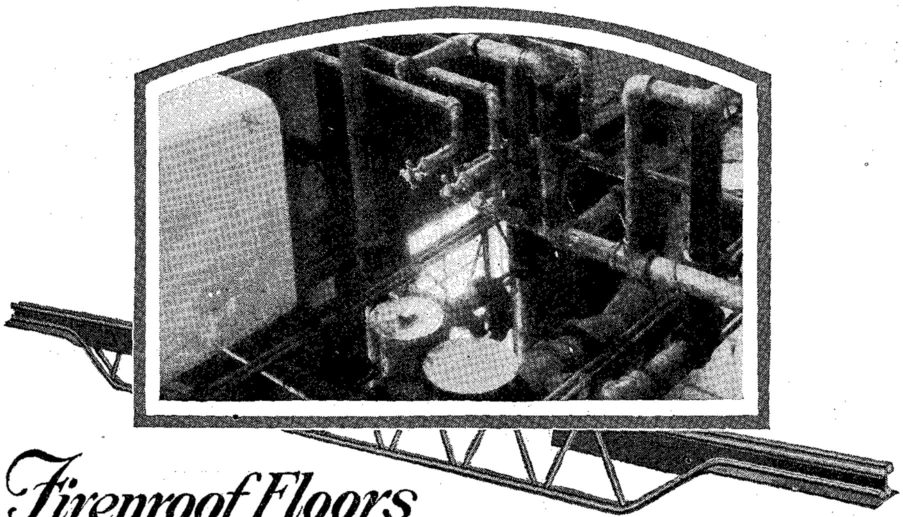
ie New York State Court of Appeals upholds the constitutionality of the Walker law compelling the listing of members of the Ku Klux Klan and other similar secret societies.

e committees of anthracite operators and miners which had been negotiating n New York for a settlement of the coal trike break off negotiations.

ald P. Nye, who was appointed by overnor Sorlie of North Dakota to ll the seat of the late Senator Edwin . Ladd, is seated by the Senate by a ote of 41 to 39.

.-Gen. William Lassiter, now in command of the Panama Canal Zone, is pointed by President Coolidge to ceed Gen. John J. Pershing as president of the Plebiscitory Commission the Tacna-Arica arbitration.

Federal grand jury investigating alleged conspiracy against the ge Indians in Oklahoma is adned for thirty days.



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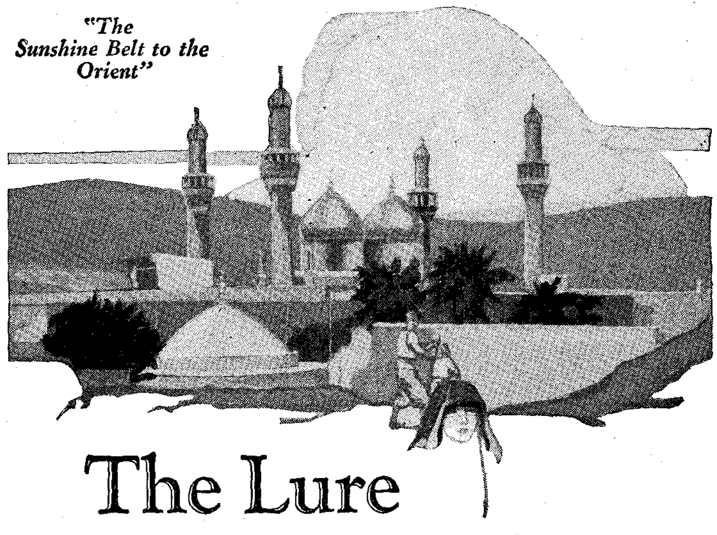
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"S. G.," Livingston, Calif.—(1) The Austrian Imperial House is known in history as "The House of Hapsburg." It is commonly supposed to have derived its name from the castle of *Habsburg* or *Habichtsburg* (Hawk's Castle), on the bank of the Aar, in the Swiss Canton of Aargau. The castle is said to have been built about 1027 by Werner, Bishop of Strassburg. His nephew, Werner I., was the first Count of Hapsburg; but the real founder of the House of Hapsburg was Albrecht (or Albert) III. (c. 1172), the son of Werner II. (2) The Latin expression "casus foederis" is translated in the dictionary: "a case coming within the terms of a treaty, constitution, or contract."

chaulmoogra.—"M. DeZ.," Corona, L. I.—The word is *chaulmoogra*, and not *shaulmoogra*, and is the name of an East-Indian tree of the Indian plum family with a succulent fruit yielding a fixed oil (chaulmoogra-oil) used in leprosy."

chiropody, podiatry.—"M. E. F.," Chicago, Ill.—The practise of *chiropody* was founded in or about 1785 and at that time denoted "the treatment of diseases or the removal of excrescences of the hands and feet," the word being formed from the Greek *cheir*, hands, plus *pous*, foot. Since that time the meaning has been altered to some extent in practise to refer chiefly to treatment of ailments of the foot alone, but is still correctly applied to treatment of the hands.

The science of *podiatry* differs from that of *chiropody* in that *podiatry* refers solely to the treatment of diseases of the foot.

In exact terminology, a specialist who treats diseases of the hand is properly a *manicure*. Unfortunately, this word has lost its original meaning so that it is now generally used to designate a specialist in the treatment of the fingernails. A *podiatrist* is one who specializes in diseases of the foot. A specialist on both the hands and feet is properly a *chiropodist*.

combining form.—"Miss S.," New York and "B. B.," Oshkosh, Wis.—The expression "combining form" denotes "a changed form of a word used as the first element of a derivative word, as *cardio-* (for *cardiac*) in *cardio*graph, *cardio*pyloric, etc."

corpse.—"I. DeB. W.," San Antonio, Tex.—In the fourteenth century, *corpse* was of the Old French spelling "cors" which was perverted after Latin to *corps* (body), and this fashion came also into England, where "corps" is found side by side with "cors," and became gradually (by 1500) the prevalent, and at length the ordinary form, while at the same time "cors" from the sixteenth century spelt *corse* has never become obsolete. The first meaning given to *corse* was "a living body" and since 1292 writers wrote of *corse* in that sense. It was then defined as a person or a man's self, but these meanings became obsolete when the spelling "corse" was discontinued and *corpse* was introduced. *Corpse* was then defined as, "the dead body of a man" and was used with an epithet, dead, or lifeless which is felt to be pleonastic in ordinary speech. In 1385, Chaucer, in "Cleopatras," wrote, "Forth she sette This *dede corps*," and in 1386, he wrote, "As in a toumbe is all the faire above And under is the *corps*." According to the King James Version of the Bible (1611), the angel of the Lord smote the Assyrians "a hundred and four score and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning behold they were all *dead corpses*" (Isaiah 37:36). Until 1850, some writers wrote of a *dead or lifeless corpse* while others wrote simply of a *corpse*: but since about 1385, it has had the meaning of "the dead body of a man."

dictionary.—"B. S. B.," Anthony, Kans., and "D. K.," New York.—There is no justification for the pronunciation *dik'shun-ri* for the word "dictionary." In the latter part of the seventeenth century, and in the beginning of the eighteenth, the pronunciation was represented as *diks'nari*, but we have outgrown this illiteracy and pronounce the word *dik'shun-a-ri*, giving the *a* the sound it has in *air*.

disassociated, dissociated.—"C. W. G." Los Angeles, Calif.—The word *disassociated* is correct. In meaning, it is the equivalent of *dissociated*, but is formed by the addition of the prefix *dis-* to the root *associated*, whereas *dissociated* is direct from the Latin *dissocio*.

good thing; sure thing.—"R. W. C.," New Orleans, La.—The expressions *good thing* and *sure thing* (or *sure card*) are colloquialisms of long-established usage, so why change them? When they fail "to fill the bill" they will be discarded. *Good thing* has been current in both language and literature for more than a hundred years; *sure card*, the equivalent of *sure thing*, is several centuries older—old in Shakespeare's time and used by him.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

The Confirmed Quitter.—The greatest tobacco evil is the man who habitually quits smoking.—*Life.*

A Pat Reply.—"What Child Is This?" Probably of Irish Origin.—*From a choir program of the First Baptist Church, Erie, Pennsylvania.*

One Caught Every Minute.—Florida is establishing a bird sanctuary. A reservation for visiting fish will be established later. —*Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.*

Twenty Miles Below Zero.—Miles City, Montana, was hardest hit. The temperature, which was 16 miles below zero, slipped to 20 below early this morning.—*From a Denver dispatch in the El Paso Times.*

He Does a Flop.—One of the best examples of power from a seemingly slight diet is the Oriental coolie who subsides on several handfuls of rice per day.—*Brooklyn Central (Y. M. C. A.).*

Salute the Skipper.—Newlywed (after the ceremony) — "Dearest, do you really think that I'll prove a satisfactory mate?"

Mrs. Newlywed — "Oh, you'll do for a mate, all right. Now look me over and tell me what you think of your captain."—*The Continent (Chicago).*

A Lively Phantom.—

DEAD RESIDENT OF
PALO HELPED ROUT
CIVIL WAR REBELS

—*Headlines in the Cedar Rapids Republican.*

Bagged a Biped.—"What is the name of the species I have just shot?" demanded the amateur hunter of his guide.

"Well, sir," returned the guide, "I've just been investigating and he says his name is Smith."—*Judge.*

Prohibition Festivity.—Mistress—"Why don't you bring in the plum-pudding, Jane?"

Jane (exultingly)—"We couldn't get the brandy to light, mum; but it's all right now, we poured a little kerosene over it."—*Boston Transcript.*

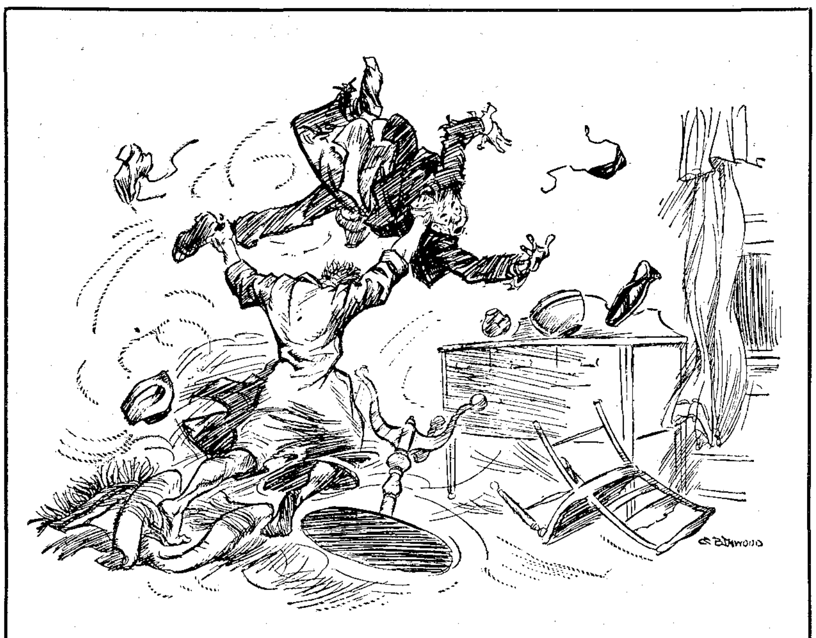
The Master Key.—The bride was telling her friends that Uncle George had promised to furnish her kitchen with all necessary equipment—a surprize because Uncle George was notoriously "close." Just as she had finished dilating on his unexpected generosity, a small box arrived. Upon opening it she found a can-opener to which was attached a card reading: "I am sure this will be all the equipment you will find necessary in your kitchen. Uncle George."—*The Baptist.*

A Lady Solomon.—

WIFE OF 59 ADMITS SLAYING

—*Scarehead in the Chicago Daily Tribune.*

Perambulatory Cities.—Los Angeles and Tucson, Arizona, have come to San Diego for an extended stay. They have taken an apartment at 3709 Sixth street, corner of Pennsylvania, and plan to remain through the coming winter.—*Social Note in a San Diego paper.*



Burglar (after several minutes of it): "Fer Gawd's sake Mister! Aint you ever goin' to call a cop?"

—G. B. Inwood, in *Judge*, which has adjudged this the prize joke of 1925.

Why Argue?—Prof—"Can you prove that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two sides of this triangle?"

Stude—"I don't have to prove it. I admit it."—*Denver Parrakeet.*

Now It Needs a Bath.—

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece one time was white;
But that was in the good old days
When we burned anthracite.

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

For a Change.—We asked Tom, our very nice letter-carrier, how he was going to spend Christmas, as the Government has given him the day off. He said that he thought he would take a nice long walk. —*John E. Hassard in the Great Neck News.*

Mrs. Stribling's Hat in the Ring.—A happy pair of newlyweds almost missed the Birmingham Special to New York Saturday afternoon at Brookwood station, when, showered with congratulations by newspaper reporters and photographers, Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrence Stribling, Jr., of Macon, Ga., the latter a prominent contender for the light heavyweight pugilistic crown, posed for pictures and then dashed through the station just in time to be "all aboard" before the train pulled out.—*News Item in the Atlanta Constitution.*

Pull Down the Shades!—

PAJAMAS, ONE-THIRD OFF

—*Ad in the Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.*

More Room.—

RELIEF SEEN AS COLD KILLS 32.

—*Headline in the Cincinnati Post.*

Decorating the Squab.—The youngster who defined "coquette" as "something made out of chicken" wasn't far wrong if we put quotation marks over the "chicken." —*Boston Transcript.*

Get Your Rubbers.—Many officers and their waves from the Bremerton Navy Yard are planning to attend the theater this evening.—*Society item in a Seattle paper.*

A Cosmopolite. — In the Pontiac schools there is one representative from Finland, Greece, Turkey, Belgium, Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Serbia, Lithuania and Uruguay. —*Pontiac (Mich.) Daily Press.*

Plenty of Time.—The Author (who has been waiting to accompany his wife)—"Will you be very much longer, dear?"

She — "No, darling, I've only got to put my hat and gloves on."

The Author—"Oh, all right, I'll just write another chapter."—*Passing Show (London).*

The Tired Business Man.—The Nagel bus ordinance requiring all automotive passengers to use pneumatic tires, was adopted by the Common Council, yesterday.—*Detroit Evening Times.*

Didn't Waste 'Em, Anyway.—"Hope you liked those queer little Chinese back-scratchers I sent you, dear."

"Is that what they are? Mercy! I've been making my husband eat his salad with them."—*Boston Transcript.*

Making It Easy.—Mrs. Buy-on-Time—"How much is this hat?"

Clerk—"It's $10 cash."

Mrs. B.—"And how much by instalments?"

Clerk—"It's $15—$10 down and $1 a week for five weeks."—*The Continent (Chicago).*

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—*Classified ads in the Winter Haven (Fla.) Chief.*

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